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HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX  
YALE COLLEGE



HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF  
NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-SIX  
YALE COLLEGE

FIFTEEN-YEAR RECORD

EDITED BY  
JOHN HERSEY  
CLASS SECRETARY



PUBLISHED WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE  
CLASS SECRETARIES BUREAU

1952

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*To the Class of '36:*

I served my apprenticeship in American History with the class of 1936, in your Sophomore year and my first year in Jonathan Edwards and History 20. I have known many of you well since those pleasant days. Some of you have been my colleagues. Many of you have been close personal friends. Your class has brought distinction to Yale. I could ask for nothing better than the friendship and support you have given me in my apprenticeship as President.

May I take this opportunity to send you my thanks and best wishes?

Sincerely yours,  
(Signed) A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD





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YALE COLLEGE



## YALE'S GREATEST CLASS

BY JOHN HERSEY

Every five years the Class of 1936 publishes a book about itself. When one member of our class, celebrated among his friends at college for his combative spirit, a quality that has matured splendidly in him over the years, was asked a few months ago to write a brief autobiography for this, our third, volume of the record, all he replied was: "I think Five-Year Class Histories are a ridiculous waste of time and money." He was probably right. Yet the urge to categorize, to poll, to sort men into various labeled lumps of humanity, is very strong in our country, and nowhere stronger than among graduates of the Ivy League, most of whom suffer from a strange recurrent fever, galluping marquanditis. An early Ivy Leaguer, Ralph Waldo Emerson, said that this tendency of man to classify himself, to find what unities he can among his fellows, is at least more important than classifying animals, which his young friend Thoreau liked to do.

The class books of Yale '36 do have a certain interest. In the first place, the Class of 1936 is getting to be known as Yale's Greatest Class—more about that later. In the second place, the books assemble some interesting sociological data, such as the fact (to give but one example here) that the members of the Class of 1936 last year had an aggregate income from all sources, before taxes, of nearly sixteen million dollars—more about *that* later. And in the third place, the experience of this class, which was educated during a terrible depression and grew to middle age through a worse war, provides an indirect answer to those who have alleged, lately, that Yale is a larva-bed of socialism and irreligion. That is so much gooseberry juice. Yale is the mother of Republicans. Her loyal sons are desperately respectable. They are the fellows walking along in the Brooks Brothers shirts. The Fifteen-Year Record of '36 doesn't prove anything in this discussion of Yale, of course, but it hints, it hints.

A long time ago—in the spring of the year when Mussolini went into Ethiopia and Hitler deprived Jews of citizenship, the year Roosevelt signed the Social Security Act, Will Rogers crashed with



Wiley Post, and Dutch Schultz was bumped off in a gin joint in Newark—a sardonic redhead, a young editor of the Yale *Daily News*, writing an article in that paper about a Prom, characterized '36 as Yale's Greatest Class. In the light of some not entirely creditable shenanigans a few of his classmates had taken part in, the redhead was evidently trying to be ironical. The end-irony is that the label has stuck and may very well prove to have been apt and true. The group is extraordinary. It is not simply that the class has an unusually high number of men of reputation, notoriety, or fantastic affluence. It is rather that the group has so many symbolic qualities; it spreads so wide and reaches so far; it is the best and worst and quintessential in our culture.

### *Our Class Distinctions*

We of this class are modern man: we flee our century and at the same time we try to creep into its very heart. One of us is a sport who hunts wild animals with the bow and arrow; one of us is an endocrinologist who hunts putrefaction with radioisotopes. One of us is part owner of a 1911 Chalmers, which starts kind of hard on cold days; one of us has twice flown across the country in a matter of minutes in Bendix Transcontinental Races. One of us sells raw fur pelts for the Company of Adventurers Trading into the Hudson's Bay; one of us, an atomic scientist, has been the mayor of Richland, Wash., a new city, symbolically named, of adventurers into the darkling future.

We have served the American success-ideal; we have an unusual number of prominent men. We have the publishers of three big-city newspapers, in New York, Pittsburgh, and Seattle. We have the captains of two really huge businesses, and lieutenants of several others, who'll get their shoulder bars soon. One of our moguls is officer and director of 34 companies. We have the developer and exploiter of a phenomenally successful home-permanent-wave packet whose good news in the past five years is that he has had a daughter; he christened her Toni. We have a man who is coming to be recognized as the foremost ornithologist of our country. We have a pretty big wheel in the movies; two owners of radio chains; some pathfinders in television. We have two nationally syndicated columnists. Indeed, we have a whole pocketful of good writers. One of them, who hasn't had any books published but has been working on a novel for about ten years, has been saying publicly ever since college that he intends to be the greatest writer in the world, and he may one day be. Many others, less disciplined, have completed books—and a sampling of titles will show the extraordinary range of their enterprise: *Search for the Spiny Babbler*, *Thinking Straight*, *A Pattern of Politics*, *Siege of the St. Lawrence*, *Collective Bargaining and Market Control in*



*the New York Coat and Suit Industry, Atlantic City Cantata, and Alkylaminoalkyl Esters of Aminonaphthoic Acids as Local Anesthetics*. Some of us are persuaded that one of our classmates may one day be President of the United States. On the whole we are too young to be Senators and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court as yet—but some of our classmates have been developing ominous tendencies in those directions. We have a famous Fifth Avenue florist; the entrepreneur of a famous commercial language school; the boss of a famous laboratory for the development of antibiotics.

Like the troubles of our times, we crop up everywhere. A member of our class was one of the team of three who first made contact with the Communists at Kaesong and set up the endless truce talks there; another was among the last American officials to be ousted from the U. S. Consulate in Peking by the Chinese Peoples' Government, and was later in the Consulate in Saigon, Vietnam, that denied Graham Greene, the English Catholic novelist, a visa to the United States on the ground that he had once flirted with Communism. Another is a big corporation executive in the newest country in the world, Israel. Another serves imperialism as sales manager for Socony-Vacuum in Singapore, British North Borneo, Johore, and Sarawak; another has served humanity and the Marshall Plan, doing flood relief work in the Po Valley. It is a safe bet that more members of the Class of 1936 have insinuated themselves into the State Department than communists and homosexuals put together. We help edit the Voice of America. In the last five years we have taken 913 trips abroad, as exploiters, tourists, missionaries, diplomats, bearers of aid, and oglers of monuments.

There is no facet of our society in which we have not been reflected. One of our English majors worked for a long time as an apprentice machinist and learned the difference between a gih and a hob. We have a baker of cakes and a sculptor of busts; a canner and a tanner. There are quite a few noted psychiatrists among us; quite a few of us have gone mad. One of us does research at the Yale Laboratory of Applied Physiology on alcoholism; more than one of us have joined Alcoholics Anonymous. (We also have a man who works for Nips, Inc., and a member of the Lubrication Committee of the American Gear Manufacturers' Association; but there may be no connection there.) We have a ski lift operator and a snow shoe instructor; and a man who has played an English butler in the Little Theater of Miami Beach, Fla., where it *never* snows. We have a stereophotographer and an anthropometrician. One of us is the boss of four hundred women in a telephone office in Cleveland. We have a large number of university professors and prep school teachers—and, to keep them well stocked with diplomas, the production manager of the sheepskin division of a large leather company. One of us is a

professor at Harvard and one of us is the gunnery officer on the *U.S.S. Princeton*. We have several forest rangers and many farmers and enough lawyers to populate a small country or two, such as Liechtenstein or the Nyasaland Protectorate. One of our lawyers represented Howdy Doody. Another conducted a successful defense of Carol Paight, the Bridgeport girl who mercy-killed her father when she learned he was riddled with cancer. One of us has been a jailbird, but on the whole we are utterly dependable and respectable—we are President of the Reliable Springs and Wire Forms Company, and we have been King of the Memphis Cotton Carnival. We are the man in charge of complaints at Macy's. One of us is a bank vice-president who lives in Little Silver, N.J. Though one of us was a prominent America Firster, 67.72% of us put on uniforms during the war, and while some of us have been satisfied merely to reminisce about k.p., one of our go-getters has made a big thing of selling power-driven potato-peeling machines. One of us has made a hole-in-one. One of us directs a \$15,000,000 slum clearance project in Baltimore. Evidently baffled by the hurtling years, one of us has taken up, as a hobby, puzzle construction.

### *The Hundred Million Dollar Class*

The average member of the Class of 1936 is in his 38th year. He has been married nine years, six days, 20 hours, 38 minutes, and 24 seconds. He has 2.31 children, each of whom he spanks 11.5 times a year. You have to watch these averages. This one, for instance, was brought *way* up by three men who, like the little old woman who lived in a shoe, spank their children 365 times a year, or say they do. Of course a questionnaire like the one sent our class draws many a half-true, many a twice-as-big-as-life, many a would-be-funny answer. Wiseacres' responses usually revealed themselves, and were eliminated from the reckoning whenever possible. A fairer index than the average, perhaps, is the median, the figure that is in the middle, half spank more, half spank less, indicating, as it were, the center of gravity of the situation. The median figure for spankings is three per capita per annum—*very* progressive. The average man spends 41 minutes and six seconds in active play with his children on each weekday and three hours and 13 minutes altogether on weekends.

But, to come to the point: the astounding thing about the average member of '36 is his wealth.

As head of the family, this man's income before taxes from all sources, last year, was \$19,226.41. Of this total, he earned \$11,329.01 (median \$9,392.50); he took in \$5,189.30 in unearned income; his wife earned \$186.10; and she had unearned income of \$2,522.00.

This average man has life savings of \$71,212.74 (but here the



median is \$10,865.38), and he has \$41,293.28 (median \$28,268.00) worth of life insurance.

A book published this year, *They Went to College*, by Ernest Havemann and Patricia Salter West, affords a comparison of these figures with the incomes of other college graduates in the country. According to this book, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton graduates had, in 1947, the year on which the book is based, a median gross income of \$7,365. The '36 median of *earned* income alone for last year was higher than that figure by more than two thousand dollars; and while inflationary years have intervened since the survey reported in the book, the outside sources of income cited above would, it is safe to say, keep the '36 median gross income well above the current median for graduates of the Big Three. The median income of graduates from other Ivy League campuses (Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, and Pennsylvania) was reported as \$6,142. The median from 17 technical schools (California, Carnegie, Massachusetts, etc.) was \$5,382; from 20 Eastern colleges (Amherst, Bates, Bowdoin, Brown, etc.) was \$5,287; from the Big Ten (Chicago, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Michigan, Minnesota, Northwestern, Ohio State, Purdue, Wisconsin) was \$5,176; from all other midwestern colleges was \$4,322; from all other Eastern colleges was \$4,235. The median of all American men was \$2,200.

In proportion as the average member of our class is rich, he is also property-ridden. He owns 1.19 automobiles, .017 of an airplane, 2.79 radios, .45 of a television set, .86 of a house, .43 of a dishwasher, .86 of a washing machine, .27 of a clothes drier, .33 of a deep freeze. He is waited on by .69 of a servant. In spite of the load he is already toting, he says he daydreams of buying such things as a movie camera, a mangle, a record player, a rototiller. What house he has is worth \$32,428.30 (median \$24,384.61). Last year he spent almost exactly the same amounts on charity and on travel—\$581.51 and \$581.20, respectively.

The aggregate earned income last year of the 830 men in the class, extrapolated from answers to questionnaires by about half of them, was \$9,394,353.00, and their aggregate income from all sources was \$15,939,966.40. The totals, like the averages, are boosted by the exceptionally rich—but there is an exceptional number of *them*. Of 365 men who answered the question, "What are your total savings?", 57 said they had savings of between \$100,000 and \$5,000,000. Extrapolating from answers to the questionnaire, the aggregate savings of the class amount to \$59,106,574.20, the aggregate life insurance carried is \$34,273,432.40, and the aggregate value of homes is \$13,123,923.87—making aggregate estates, at this moment, of \$106,503,930.47. This does not include incidental chattels, such as our 23 Cadillacs, 61 Buicks, 10 Packards, 5 Lincolns, and 19 assorted foreign

automotive showpieces. In spite of our evident belief in conspicuous consumption, four out of five men in the class say they are living within their incomes. And who can say how much the averages and totals were kept down by those who chose ways of life in which they knew they would never get rich?

Our earning power is obviously high. We seem to be men of steady habits who stick to our desks and workbenches. In spite of the enormous disruption of the war, we have held, on the average, only 3.12 jobs per man since graduation. Of 394 who answered the question "How often have you quit?", 220 replied that they had left 517 jobs. Of 391 who answered the question, "How often have you been fired?", only 47 said they had lost 66 jobs—and many of them were laid off because of reconversion or recession. One man reports that during a slump he was whittled off the staff of the Pal Blade Co.

One reason the class is so well off is that it has so many men in whom the inventive knack is combined with the acquisitive twist. A few examples, taken from our group of entrepreneurs who have dedicated themselves exclusively to the inner man, will illustrate the point. We have, for instance, a medicine man who says he "developed a nice process for making sodium pantothenate, a vitamin which doesn't seem to do or prevent anything, but which is included in all our vitamin combinations because the competition has it." One of our doctors, a specialist in kidney diseases, runs a television renting service on the side. "Making a helluva lot of money," he tersely writes. We prey upon the produce of our classmates; they are enriched and we are enlarged. We have among us one man who raises cattle on a 25,000-acre ranch; the operator of a feed lot in which beef cattle are fattened; the employee of a meat-canning company; and a fair number of amateur beef-eaters. Indeed, since graduation all of us have gained, in the aggregate, 9,710 pounds—nearly five tons of human midriff. The autobiographical notes of one of our feeders contain a sentence with either a grammatical error in it, or a rather unsettling piece of news about how he makes *his* money: he says he has been "stimulating the sales of ice cream cones and other paper products, such as straws and drinking cups." Several of the members of this prosperous class have had ulcers, but probably not from eating paper. One man, who refers to his ulcers as "lovely little volcanoes," looks forward to a wonderful month each year in the nothern Minnesota wilderness, where, he says, "the only sounds are the loon's call and the shriek of the arctic owl."

#### *"Slightly to the Right"*

Considering the wealth of the class, and its reluctant arrival at middle age, it is not surprising that its members are predominately conservative. "Am still a die-hard, gold-standard, balanced-budget



Republican," one writes on behalf of many. Or another, more down to earth: "I vote Republican, I drink bourbon, I play golf and poker." Of those who answered the questionnaire, 65% indicate they were Republicans when they left Yale, 14.75% were Democrats, 2% were independents, and 18.25% had no affiliation or conviction. Today 69.77% are Republicans, 16.37% Democrats, .76% are "both," 8.31% are independents, and 4.79% still have no affiliation. In the last Presidential election, 75.19% voted for Dewey, 14.94% for Truman, 3.29% for other candidates, and 6.58% didn't vote. In 1952, 72.56% say they want to vote for a Republican candidate. Answering these questions long before Eisenhower indicated his willingness to run, and many months before the primaries and conventions, 41.97% of those participating said they wanted to vote for the General. More members of the class wanted to vote for Taft (11.6%) than for all Democratic candidates put together (10.55%), and in the polling Truman got a net of minus one vote, because, while seven men said they wanted him, eight said they wanted anyone but him.

The class of 1936 indulges in lots of deploring but not much political action. "Wish I could do something constructive towards the millenium of world peace," one man writes, "but the pace of day-to-day living never seems to permit it." The standard plaint is in the vein of what another writes: "Democracy worked better under capitalism; let's try it again!" Very few members of the class have run for public office as yet. One ran for Congress in Illinois, but he picked the wrong district and year to be a Republican. Our most successful politician is the man who got himself unanimously elected mayor of Dellwood, Minn., where a total of seven votes was cast. Mostly our political action consists, as one writes that his does, of "voting for losing candidates." A fair statement for the majority, probably, is made by the man who writes: "My political beliefs are slightly to the right of what they were when I left college—as much, I imagine, because the world has moved to the left as because I have moved the other way. I know less and understand more than I did fifteen years ago."

There are still various minorities, also die-hard, of those who are willing, as one man says he is, to champion "such unfashionable causes as socialized medicine, Secretary Acheson, classical education, and the cat's superiority to the dog as a pet." One man swears he met a man in '48 who *knew* Truman was going to win, but the fellow's wife shut him up before he could persuade our classmate. Another minority spokesman expresses the opinion that the picture in America "has not been improved by the advent of those never-fading vaudeville stars of '50 and '51, McCarthy and MacArthur." Despite the number of our adherents to NAM and GOP, a surprisingly large

minority has worked for USES, OPS, ICAO, CAB, WPB, WSB, ECA, BEW, RFC, FEA, and FCDA. Our smallest minority, consisting of one man, writes that Yale is being taken over by the commies.

Re-reading the five- and ten-year books of the class, one of our public servants was reminded of the comment once made on the architecture of the old State Department building in Washington—that it shows how wrong people can be when they're so sure they're right. "This is a formidable time to be positive," another writes; yet mostly we go on trying to be sure of ourselves. We have our stubborn convictions; we have our fanatacisms. We have a dedicated Henry Georgist, who is convinced we'll all simmer in a pot in hell until we go to the single tax. We have a Yogi. "I meditate," he writes, "on the foibles of a disintegrating society." We have several World Federalists. "Me," writes a Cape-Codder, in despair at being confronted with perpetual world crisis, "I'm going fishing."

### *God and Man After Yale*

Four out of five men in our class acknowledge a religious affiliation—to be exact, 299 out of 383 who answered the question on religion, or 78%. Of those 299, 122 said their affiliation was Episcopal, 56 Congregational, 49 Presbyterian, 30 Catholic, and 16 Jewish. The average man goes to church 15.8 times a year (median: five). We have one vicar, several ministers, and many deacons, elders, and plate-passers. One of us has written a book on the Bible, another a book on democracy and the churches.

There is, to be sure, a strain of skepticism toward orthodoxies in the autobiographies sent for the book—but for the most part this seems to be some sort of midst-of-life questing, for we are getting older. Two statements—both, it happens, from doctors—typify this strain. One writes: "I belong nominally to the Conservative Jewish synagogue, but heaven knows, by this time, what I really believe. It surely isn't the 'faith of my fathers,' I know." The other says: "I believe we have two chief responsibilities in our work, whatever it may be: first, to do the job for which we have been trained to the best of our ability; second, to use that job as a framework for a life dedicated to helping others. The Christian faith is the hope of mankind, but the organized church is an archaic vehicle for its practice and perpetuation. That is why the individual must be deeply aware of the two responsibilities in his work." In any case, men who write in this way are considerably outnumbered by those who say they are turning *toward* organized religion; and they in turn are considerably outnumbered by those who say nothing at all on the subject.

### *War and Peace*

Since it seems to be the destiny of our class to participate in most



of the symbolic acts of our era, it was inevitable that one of us should have been called back into the Navy to help demothball ships. Another has flown 101 air combat missions in the sky over Korea. Another, a doctor, has worked on a research project to determine the delayed effects of million-volt irradiation. Several have worked on guided missiles and the atomic bomb. We are represented at Lockheed, Sikorsky, Pratt and Whitney, Wright Aeronautical, Chance Vought. One man, who has worked on an Atomic Energy Commission geological survey in southeastern Idaho looking for T.E. (Trace Elements, a government euphemism for fissionable materials), is characteristic of those of us who have had to be screened for security. He writes:

Once when I met a T.E. man,  
I asked him the way to the nearest can.  
"Sorry," said he, just as I feared,  
"Can't tell you—you haven't been cleared."

To date, despite the deep confidences and dread secrets we have enjoyed, no member of our class has lost his job because he was a poor security risk. In fact, the whole disturbing question of loyalty is raised only once in the book, by the man who writes, "I do wish the Yale Athletic Association would recognize loyalty when they allocate the tickets."

Four of five men in the class think the United Nations will survive; yet nine out of ten consider the organization, in its present form, too weak to keep the peace. Two out of three think it is gradually being strengthened. One man out of three thinks war is inevitable, and he believes (taking his median opinion) that it will come in 1955.

One man says, with truculent brevity, "My hobby is guns." Another, however, a Commander in the Navy, says *his* hobby is becoming a civilian. Another writes, "With the world situation what it is, it is obvious that we may some day need to defend our homes, as did our ancestors of yore, with our rifles. And now, as then, skill with the rifle can only come with assiduous effort. Therefore the need of training young men with the rifle before they reach military age. I would like to appeal to my classmates to join in this effort, both by influence and personal leadership. May I pass on to all the slogan of the National Rifle Association?—*America again a nation of riflemen!*" Another, who worked on guided missile control and bombing computer systems during the last war and now has a new engineering consultant business of his own, writes, "Most of the work entails electronic and mechanical design of military systems, components, etc., and the future looks very promising." One of our classmates is a distributor of formaldehyde; if our Cassandras are proved right, *his* future will be a busy one, too.

*Putters and Putterers*

We are busy. The entire autobiography of one of our high-pressure characters consists of a single sentence: "I seem to be hard pressed for time." Yet it is one of the signs of our middle age that we are settling into habits in diversion, as in everything else. Our amusements range from the bucolic (reported from Massachusetts) to the alcoholic (reported from Texas). We tend more and more to concentrate on a single interest. One man reported in the ten-year record the acquisition of a gold-fish. He still has it. Probably our purest case of singlemindedness is the organic chemist who went into organic gardening and then took up the pipe organ. Our hobbies are mostly constructive—such things as repairing old clocks, fly-tying, refinishing antiques, casting bronze. At least ten of us play with electric trains. We keep aquariums and terrariums. A handful of us don pink coats, unchagrined, and hunt the fox at the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club, in Ohio. One Ohioan has caught a 581-pound blue-fin tuna, but not in Ohio; one Denverite shot an elk last year, but fortunately not in Denver. On the whole, we are slowing down athletically. One in three plays golf or tennis or both; there is a pronounced middle-years swing from tennis to golf. One of us has held the Number One tennis ranking in New England; another, who has played in all the major golf championships, including the U.S.G.A., has been a runner-up eleven times—but mostly our muscular glories are behind us. We are turning to quieter pastimes. The favorite sport of one of our classmates (not the permanent-wave mogul, as it happens) is curling. One man says his only exercise is unzipping his briefcase at night. Even in sport we have a managerial tendency—one of us is on the Executive Committee of the U. S. Golf Association and another is President of something called Southern Skis. We are extremely clubbable men. We have been put up for membership and got past the blackballers 1,574 times, all told, and one of us belongs to two clubs called "Saddle and Cycle" and "Fin 'n Feather." By far the most common and rewarding sparetime occupation among us, though, is puttering around house and yard, fixing things, cleaning up the mess in our immediate vicinity and leaving more distant chaos to cops and statesmen. One man rakes leaves under the largest oak tree in Connecticut; it gives him plenty to do.

*"Culture Must Be Served"*

Our cultural yearnings are perhaps best characterized by the fact that now, fifteen years out of college, we consider the most useful Yale courses to have been English and Accounting. Our reading habits are fairly good—on the average, 1.89 books per month per man. The average man at least flips through 4.6 magazines a month, though he subscribes to 5.08. We follow the pattern of upper-income Ameri-



cans in being, so far, relatively casual television viewers. More than half the class, 54.91%, still don't own sets. Of the class of 830, 496 of us don't watch television at all, while 334 watch on the average 55 minutes and 12 seconds a day. Two evidently choleric men can only stand to watch one minute a day. (Maybe they'd like to join the National Rifle Association, train awhile, and then go after their classmate who is art director of Young & Rubicam, in charge of t.v. commercials.) Excepting television, we tend to prefer mechanical entertainments, such as movies and the radio, to entertainments that require work, such as walking through art galleries and staying awake at lectures and concerts; except that we're willing to work at dancing. The average man goes to 12 movies a year, 3.22 concerts, 4.24 plays, 1.2 art exhibits, 2.7 lectures, and 4.84 dances. He drinks a little more than he did at Yale—11.8 highballs, cocktails, or beers a week (median: 8.8). Our foremost patron of art (or perhaps he likes to think of himself as a victim of art) is the classmate who allowed his bicycle shop on Chapel Street, New Haven, to be torn down to make way for a new Yale Art Gallery. As the demolition cranes went to work, he said, for quotation in the press, "Culture must be served." Another patron, who has taken up being an angel for Broadway plays, reports that this activity enables him to get seats to any show in town—from scalpers, at scalpers' prices. A few of us are amateur, and a very few professional, actors. We have won Arthur Godfrey's "Talent Scouts" contest; sung Pimen in *Boris Godunov*; played Ravenal in *Show Boat*. One of us, a member of the Grosse Point Players, took the lead some time ago in *Jenny Kissed Me*. "All in all," he writes, "it is a busy life and a pleasant one."

### *The Women in Our Lives*

Speaking of what Jenny did, we seem on the whole to be a highly uxorious group. One of us, in keeping with this, is a manufacturer of wedding rings. Of those who answered the questionnaire, 91.75% have bought his product, or a competitor's, only 2% have been divorced, and 77% of the divorcees are remarried. Though the class is about evenly divided on whether the world is better or worse off than when we graduated, which was toward the end of the big depression, 88.4% of the class consider themselves personally better off, or at least no worse off, than they were then; and they attribute by far the greatest part of their well-being to work, home, and family. By and large, our wives are domesticated but not tamed. About two thirds of them went to college, and about two thirds had jobs before they had us. One man in six married a secretary. However, only 4.4% of our wives have jobs now. (Among these few wives, it happens, there is a noted interior decorator and one of the best novelists in the country.) The overwhelmingly predominant

interest, among wives, is family and home; but a very large number of men list, as their wives' hobbies, such varied things as Braille, ceramics, talking, the D.A.R., puppets, and sleep. Only four men have the courage, or the cantankerousness, to say that they disapprove of their wives' interests, and one notes as his reason: "Have to pay bills."

The average man says he does the things Dr. Kinsey was interested in 1.78 times a week. This makes his sexual age, on the Kinsey gradient, about 48. The average is drawn from a quite astounding range of activity, or lack of it—all the way from one man who avers a consistent tally of eight times a week to one who lets it go at twice a year. Six say they are wholly abstemious. One man, evidently absent-minded to a high degree, says he has "no idea."

### *Time's Winged Chariot*

Though few of us feel our Kinseyan age, it cannot be denied we are getting on. One of us, an Associate of the Society of Actuaries, could tell us exactly how middle-aged we are; but we don't need, indeed we actively don't want, his measurements. We are conscious enough of our decrepitude. On the average each of us has gained 10.7 pounds since graduation. Even those who have not gained weight are aware of the catabolism that has set in. One writes that he weighs exactly what he did in college but is a different man—"somehow muscle has been transformed into a chemical unknown." Our class baby matriculates at Yale this fall. Two or three of us have already retired; this is the second sentence of one man's two-sentence autobiography: "Can't seem to make enough money because of taxes to retire as yet." "I am an old bachelor and I have no hobbies," one writes, and we can hear his knuckle-joints crack as he forces his arthritic fingers to put the words on paper. Another man measures the progress of his material aggrandizement by the progress of his physical decay: he broke a front tooth crown on spare ribs in 1946 and another on lobster in 1951; things are getting better, he says. And we display another symptom of decay—maudlin nostalgia. Once in a while one of us gets out his trumpet and seems, he says, to hear the echoes of its blasts in the far reaches of the Yale bowl, where once it youthfully sang. "Went to the Yale Glee Club concert last year in Plainfield," another man writes, "and had one of those rare and elegant evenings when time stands still and the years drop away, singing with the Club at the reception which followed, remembering yesterday so clearly and yet making fun to remember tomorrow, too."

Our advancing age has given us a sense of the life cycle. The wheel turns; ashes to ashes; one of us sells fertilizer in the country and one works for a dust-collecting company in a city. We find our values shifting as the clock ticks swiftly on. A man who finally had the



gumption, a couple of years ago, to quit the city and go back to his small home town to live, sums up all the time before that: "Thirteen years of jockeying, jostling, grubbing." Some of us, like the man who spent ten years at the experimental towing tank at Stevens Institute, must have felt we weren't getting anywhere. But more and more men seem to have begun to choose not to get anywhere. A reader detects, in some of the autobiographies, something more than the slowing down that comes with maturity—something that must be connected with the times we inhabit: something like the Buddhist's limiting of his desires. One man, a school teacher, subsists on one pleasure, which is seeing the lacrosse teams he coaches win—a small thing, but his. One man moved to open Oregon from the chiseling east because he was so disgusted with materialism; another, who had been a stock broker before the war, dropped everything after it, in his early thirties, and started at the bottom of that appalling stairway, the study of medicine. Very many men have gone to the land. A Vermont single-family farmer tranquilly tells his whole story with a brief quotation. " 'Nine bean rows have I there,' " he says, " 'and a hive for the honey bee.' " Our outstanding Thoreauvian, who lived alone beside a Massachusetts pond for a year after graduation and then went into the insurance business, is back on a farm now with a family. He says he doesn't count coins or reckon reputation, but thinks "of lush green rows of potatoes passing beneath the tractor, of two laughing children swinging from birch tops, of a pretty wife picking blueberries against a great white cloud on a mountain top, of hesitant fingers dipping into the hot sap pan, of rich brown earth-curls falling away behind the plow, of frosty starry nights when the eager dog barks coon-tree along some distant ridge, of smooth slopes of snow marked only by blue shadows and the tracks of our own skis, of sunsets and sunrises, and the more to come." It is not "security," in the urgent, traditional American sense, not the assurance of financial safety, not freedom from physical hazard, that this large, and growing, body of men who have shifted gears, as it were, in mid-life, seems to be after. The Thoreauvian's wife stepped on a rattlesnake in a raspberry patch not long ago, and he was so severely stung by a swarm of bees that his heartbeat was, for a time, imperceptible. To this group, enough money seems to be less than they had thought it could be. These are the men who, by deliberate choice, keep the income averages of the class from soaring even higher than they are. These men seem to wonder what Yale taught them.

Of the "more to come" the members of the class seem, on the whole, unafraid—better than unafraid: quite anticipatory. Some of us, naturally, have been jarred by the world. The wife of a fellow who's deputy to the colonel who's in charge of finance in Kokura, Japan, writes in her husband's stead, and concludes: "Need I add

that our future is most uncertain? Have just sold our home in Westchester, and I am writing this on a packing crate." For most of us, though, these are simply middle years. We have traveled quite a piece; we've got a long piece further to go. Some of us have shifted gears; some of us are just reaching for the lever. "I feel," writes one, unabashedly, "that my years of greatest happiness and of greatest usefulness to mankind lie ahead rather than behind."

### *And for Yale*

Although we permit ourselves occasional orgies of sentiment about Yale, occasional trumpet-shrieks or glees gloomily sung with highball in hand, our material support of the University has been considerably less than orgiastic. Though the average total annual donations to charity have been \$581.51 per man, the average gift to Yale has been only \$13.21 a year. One man in ten gives nothing to the University. In the ways that are painless, however, we have been an exemplary set of old grads. The average number of revisitations of New Haven is 10.26 (the median is 3.71; the average is evidently brought up by a few football faithfuls). One of our class is a member of the law firm that defends Yale against all comers; another is curator of maps in the University Library; another is an editor of the University Press. We have more associate fellows of colleges than any other class. One of us has served a term as the youngest member of the Yale Corporation. Several of us have gone back to Yale to teach. The question, "Will you send your son to Yale?", brought answers that indicate a slightly tyrannical tendency among some of the fathers. There were 368 fathers among the answerers; 153 said yes; 8 said no; 4 said maybe; and 294 said they would leave it up to their sons. In other words, there were something like 117 men who said both that they would send their boys to Yale and that they would leave the decision up to them.

### *And Sue Yale*

Well, it's impossible for the editor to say whether this book is a ridiculous waste of time and money. For the errors in it, the elusive misprints that may hurt, the garbled names and numbers, the few autobiographies lost in the shuffle, he can only apologize in advance. If you feel obliged to sue, sue Yale; then you can hire a classmate—a mercy-killer's knight or a video puppet's champion—to support your case in court, and you will have a classmate—Yale's legal eagle—to oppose your case. Indeed, *one* good thing about this book may be its chance of bringing us back together again in ways like *that*. One can hope that the man who manufactures garter parts will get together with the man who buys women's stockings for Lord and Taylor. Maybe, at the very least, some euphonious corporations will



result from associations and re-associations brought about by this volume—Renziehausen, Harnischfeger, and Kieckhever, for instance, or Lingo, Hollup, Booz, and McGloon. Certainly the hollow-eyed pack of writers in our class deserves to know again, and know *much* better, their classmate who is now First Vice President of the American Lead Pencil Company.

*(This chapter appeared in the September, 1952, issue of Harper's Magazine. Proceeds from the article were assigned to the Class of 1936 Fund and were applied toward the expenses of this book.)*

# THE CONFIDENTIAL QUESTIONNAIRE

## HOW MUCH DID ALMA MATER?

1. *What did you major in at Yale?* Number answering: 404

Economics	79	French	8
History	53	Mechanical Engineering	8
English and American Literature	48	International Relations	7
Pre-Medical	26	Mathematics	7
Industrial Administration	25	Electrical Engineering	6
Applied Economics	23	Art	6
Sociology	14	Engineering	5
Chemistry	12	History, the Arts, and Letters	7
Government	9		

*Four each:* General academic; biological science; chemical engineering; civil engineering; philosophy.

*Three each:* Geology; metallurgy; history and government; Spanish.

*Two each:* Architecture; biochemistry; German; physics; forestry and plant science; social sciences; history and economics; zoology.

*One each:* Art appreciation; American history and psychology; military science; language; banking; English and pre-medical.

No major 6

2. *Is your life work in the field of that major?*

Number answering: 400

Yes	167	41.75 %
No	216	54 %
Partly, related	17	4.25 %

3. *Did you win scholastic honors?*

Number answering: 339

Phi Beta Kappa	32
Honors	86
Sigma Xi	5
Tau Beta Pi	5
Delta Omega	1
None	210

4. *Did you win any varsity letters?*

Number answering: 398

Yes	92
No	306

*How many?*

One—55; two—16; three—16; four—3; five—1

5. *What College course has proved most useful to you?*

Number answering: 385

English and American Literature 61	Physics	13
(Includes: Berdan Daily	Chemistry	11
Themes, 17; French's Chaucer,	History	11
2; Berdan, Age of Pope, 2;	Industrial Relations	10
Tinker's Age of Johnson, 2;	International Relations	9
Young's Shakespeare, 1; With-	Mathematics	8
erspoon's Milton, 1)	Anthropology	5
Accounting 35	Sociology	5
Economics 29		
<i>Four each:</i> Applied physiology; R.O.T.C.; Seward's Industrial Management; Westerfield's Banking.		
<i>Three each:</i> Advanced organic chemistry; French; German; N.R.O.T.C.; naval science; Northrop's Philosophy and Science; philosophy; psychology.		
<i>Two each:</i> American sciences; American Thought and Civilization; art; biochemistry; business law; calculus; chemical engineering; electrical engineering; engineering; engineering drawing; geology; Government 36; Haggard's courses; histology; History, Arts, and Letters 21; industrial psychology; logic; modern European history; public control of business; Spanish; statistics; Urban's Philosophy.		
<i>One each:</i> All strictly cultural courses; American society; architecture; A.R.O.T.C.; B. Heidelberg; biology; business psychology; business statistics; economic geography; education; Electrical Engineering 45; engineering efficiency; experimental engineering; finance; forestry; French history; history of art; history of England; honors thesis; human relations; immunology; inland transportation; law; mechanical drawing; mechanical engineering; metallurgy; military science; modern history; music; nineteenth century English history; pre-medical; public utility regulation; Saxon's Business Operations; sculpture and painting; security analysis; science of society.		
No one in particular	25	
None	17	
Don't know or don't recall	15	
All courses	7	

6. *What course has given you the most pleasure or satisfaction?*

Number answering: 325

English and American Literature 106	History	23
(Includes: Tinker's Johnson	International Relations	21
and 19th Century Poets, 18;	Haggard's Physiology	12
French's Chaucer, 3; DeVane,		
2; Crawford, 2; Berdan, 5;		
Raff's English Novel, 1;		
Young's Shakespeare, 1; Mi-		
zener, 1; Phelps, 1.)		
<i>Five each:</i> Anthropology; economics; German; Spanish.		
<i>Four each:</i> Geology; government.		
<i>Three each:</i> Art; art appreciation; human relations in industry; music; music appreciation; science of society; sociology; Urban's Philosophy; psychology; physics.		
<i>Two each:</i> American history; biology; Allison's French History; Dunn's Government; mathematics; organic chemistry; public finance; English history; pictorial art; History, Arts, and Letters 31; Northrops Philosophy of Science; engineering drawing; electrical engineering; Lull's		



Organic Evolution; Simond's History of Music; Meek's History of Architecture; modern European history.

*One each:* Accounting; Art 10; astronomy; architecture; American society; appreciation of architecture; automotive engineering; banking; biochemistry; business statistics; business operations; chemistry; calculus; classical civilization; contemporary drama; ethnology; education; engineering; fine arts; Freshman history; forestry; corporation finance; German; government; great living religions; Gabriel's American Cultural History; history of art; Hellenistic civilization; history, arts, and letters; industrial psychology; J. Phillips' Pots & Pans; Latin; languages; marine engineering; Mitchell's English Constitutional History; naval science; physical chemistry; political science; R.O.T.C.; sculpture; sculpture and painting; Seward's Industrial Management; Shakespeare; societal evolution; Winslow's Epidemiology; Wolfers' Political History; Werntz's Business Operations and Relations; zoology.

Can't say	18
No one in particular	13
None	5

7. *If you had it to do over, would you go to Yale again?*

Number answering: 406

Yes	358
No	33
Perhaps	11
Yes and No	2
Depends how Yale has changed	2

8. *If not, would you skip college?*

Yes	1
Go to another college	35
Yale and another	1

9. *How many times have you visited Yale since graduation?*

Number answering: 391

None	32	Six	28	15-20	5	50	9
One	42	Seven	2	20	11	70	3
Two	47	Eight	8	25	7	100	2
Three	35	Ten	25	30	9	200	1
Four	28	12	13	30-50	1	300	1
Five	25	15	15	45	2		

Many 27

Have lived or worked in New Haven 11

Average of those who were explicit: 10.26 visits

Median 3.71 visits

10. *What has been your annual average contribution to the Yale Alumni Fund, if any?*

Number answering: 387

None	34	5.00	74	10.-15.	4	30.00	4
\$1.00	11	5.-10.	8	12.00	3	35.00	1
1.50	1	6.00	3	15.00	26	40.00	1
2.00	14	7.00	3	16.00	1	50.00	13
2.50	2	7.50	1	20.00	16	75.00	2
3.00	12	8.00	1	25.00	30	100.00	5
4.00	2	10.00	113	25.-30.	2	2.-150.	1

Average: \$13.21

Median: \$10.28

## BREAD &amp; BUTTER

1. *How many jobs have you held since graduation?*

Number answering: 385

One	93	Four	44	Seven	8	Ten	2	Fifteen	1
Two	85	Five	36	Eight	9	Eleven	1	Eighteen	1
Three	82	Six	17	Nine	3	Twelve	2	Nineteen	1

Average: 3.12

2. *What is your line of work?*

Number answering: 407

Law	39	Insurance	18	Investment Banking	9
Medicine	35	Teaching	16	Banking	8
Sales	31	Advertising	10	Executive	8
Manufacturing	28	Accounting	9	Farming	9

*Six each:* Administrative, merchandising.*Five each:* Cost accounting, government, journalism, personnel, real estate, research.*Four each:* Chemical engineering, finance, newspaper work, oil industry, production manufacturing, self-employed.*Three each:* Engineering, mechanical engineering, production factory management, industrial engineering, textiles, lumber, teaching and research, retailing, transportation, writing.*Two each:* Broker, expediter, investment analysis, printing, sales engineering, television, plastics, hardware, foreign trade, pharmaceutical chemistry, management consultant, publishing, building construction, ministry, consulting engineer, civil engineering.*One each:* Architecture, architectural woodwork, air-conditioning, autos, air transportation, business, hotel business, production engineering, coke and coal, diplomacy, forestry, dentistry, international relations, investment counsel, investment management, construction engineering, navy, army, marines, steel fabrication, vocational counsellor, research analysis, physics, psychoanalysis, real estate management, economist, radio, sculpture, actor-singer, aeronautical engineering, baking, credit finance, editorial, grain buying, aircraft shipping, foreign service, plumbing and heating supplies, technical expert, comptrollership, museum, cotton buying, jewelry, public housing and city planning, radio engineer, statistics, utilities, utility construction, rice farm, veterinarian, geologist, canning, marketing, radio, pathologist, public health, pension plan, farmer relations, wool, traffic, medical student.3. *If you did graduate work, what degrees did you earn?*

LL.B.	42	M.A.	16	B.F.A.	3
M.D.	37	M.B.A.	11	M.F.	2
Ph.D.	18	M.S.	6	M.P.H.	2

*One each:* M. Arch., M.F.A., J.S.D., S.T.B., J.D., DD.S., D.V.M., LL.D., LL.M., B.D., D.Eng., M. Eng. M.C.P.4. *Are you happy in your work?*

Number answering: 405

Yes	349	No	10	Don't know exactly	41	Partly	5
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5. *How many times have you quit?* Number answering: 394

None	174	Four	21	Seven	3
Once	96	Five	8	Nine	1
Twice	50	Six	9	Eleven	1
Three	30			Twelve	1

220 men have quit 517 jobs

6. *How many times have you been fired?* Number answering: 380

None 333 Once 38 Twice 4 Three 3 Four 2 (both layoffs)  
47 men have been fired or laid off 66 times

7. *Were you in one of the services during the war?*

Number answering: 394

Yes 268, or 67.72%

No 126, or 32.28%

*Which branch?*

Navy	120	Army Medical	8	Naval Air	4
Army	80	Coast Guard	7	Ordnance	4
Air Force	27	Medical	4	O.S.S.	3
Marines	10			Merchant Marine	3

*One each:* A.A.F. Auxiliary, A.A.C.S., U.S.P.H.S., Maritime Service,  
Chemical Corps, C.O., U.N.R.R.A., F.B.I., Psychological Warfare,  
Management, Civil Service, Government.

8. *Do you feel that your war service, if any, hampered you in your career?* Number answering: 207

Yes 92

No 115

*Do you think it helped you in your career?* Number answering: 246

Yes 117

No 54

Did both 35

Did neither 39

Not sure 1

*Why?*

Hampered:	Delay: loss of training, contacts, opportunities	60
	Waste of time; stagnated	15
	Had to start all over	5
	Complete change of job, to one not liked	2
	Complete frustration	2
	Lost desire to practice law	1
	Enervated	1
Helped:	Increased experience, maturity, perspective	87
	Through training, gained knowledge	13
	Gained self-reliance, confidence	8
	Found career in service	6
	Trained for job	5
	Helped find what wanted to do	4
	<i>Two each:</i> Travel, helped country in war, appreciate being American, developed stamina, helped law practice.	
	<i>One each:</i> Gained promotion, learned organization, was permitted to specialize, chance to get out on own, got out of rut, instilled resolution of purpose.	
Mixed:	Delay, but gained experience	14
	No difference	13
	Not related	5



8. *Would you rather be doing something else?*

Number answering: 390

Yes	86	No	292	Not sure	12
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*If so, what and why?*

Business for self	9	To earn more	4
Farming; it's healthier	5	Related, but less sweat and toil	2
Writing, painting	5	Avoid commuting	2
Job on grounds of ability, interest	5	Get out of service	2
Prefer research	4	Same work, different company	2

*One each:* Prefer Army, something to help war mess, to live in New England, more progress, smaller business, teaching, larger firm, to get out of New York, there must be an easier way to make a living, economist, managing as opposed to production engineering.

10. *Do you feel you have made the progress you should have since college?*

Number answering: 402

Yes	197	No	104	Not sure	98	Unanswerable	3
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DIAMONDS AND DIAPERS

1. *What is your present status?*

Number answering: 400

Married	367, or 91.75%	Single	25, or 6.25%	Divorced	8, or 2%
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2. *If married, how many times?*

Number answering: 372

Once	351	Twice	21
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3. *If married, how many years?*

Number answering: 372

One	11	Seven	19	Thirteen	37
Two	13	Eight	15	Fourteen	24
Three	7	Nine	32	Fifteen	13
Four	15	Ten	57	Sixteen	3
Five	14	Eleven	42	Seventeen	4
Six	20	Twelve	45	Eighteen	1

Average: Nine years, six days, 20 hours, 38 minutes, and 24 seconds.  
Median: Nine years, eight months, 12 days, five hours, 31 minutes, and 12 seconds.

4. *If divorced or widowed, did you remarry?*

Number answering: 30

Yes	23	No	7
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5. *How many children have you?*

Number answering: 368

None	28	Two	134	Five	8
One	44	Three	112	Six	2
		Four	40		

368 men have 850 children  
Average number per father 2.31  
Average for the class 2.1

6. *Did your wife, if any, go to college?* Number answering: 369

Yes 241, or 65.3% No 128, or 34.7%

*Did she graduate?*

Yes 150 No 79

7. *Did she have a job before marriage?* Number answering: 361

Yes 240 No 121

*If so, what?*

Secretarial	59	Government	9
Teaching	30	Newspaper	6
Nursing	13	Medical Technician	6
Sales	11	Modeling	6
Social work	10	Science research	4

*Three each:* Banking, draftsman, writing, merchandising, magazine.

*Two each:* Administrative analyst, junior executive, radio, commercial artist, interior decorating, personnel, receptionist, underwriter, artist.

*One each:* Actress, auditor, accountant, airline clerk, airplane pilot instructor, court reporter, credit bureau, chemist, dress designer, antique shop proprietor, dancing teacher, statistician, United Nations, O.S.S., laboratory technician, shopper, medical illustration, religious youth work, interpreter, Navy yeoman, musician, stylist, textile design, law, patent research, IBM tabulator, public health, show designing.

8. *Does she have a job now?* Number answering: 364

Yes 16 No 348

*If so, what?*

Secretarial 4 Teaching 2

*One each:* American Public Health Association, interior decorator, novelist, painter, model, real estate, dancing teacher, nursing, recreation worker, miscellaneous.

9. *What are her main interests?*

(Some men have given more than one interest)

Family and home	266	Junior League	15	Arts and crafts	11
Reading	47	Local politics	15	Antiques	9
Music	41	Sports	15	P.-T.A.	9
Gardening	29	Tennis	15	Travel	9
Civic groups	27	Bridge	14	Church	9
Golf	25	Friends	14	Interiors	8
Arts	21	Horses	12	Painting	8
Charity	16	Theater	12	Social service	8
Social activities	16			Writing	7

*Five each:* Baseball, sailing, skiing, League of Women Voters, schools, garden club, clubs.

*Four each:* Current affairs, fashion, flower arranging, fishing, job, clothing design.

*Three each:* Red Cross, dancing, pets, Scout work.

*Two each:* Ballet, ceramics, A.A.U.N., hunting, philately, Smith College, swimming, philosophy, psychology, public health.



One each: Architecture, finance, hospital work, looking for a house, talking, photography, publishing, smoking, drinking, Braille, bowling, puppets, marriage, flying, history and geography, history and literature, Russian language, French literature and language, minerology, medicine, D.A.R., cocktail hour, starting family, sleep, spending money, television, voluntary teaching.

10. Do you approve of these interests?

Number answering: 292

Yes 286

Yes (with reservations) 2

No 4

If not, why?

There are other valuable interests than children1

Will have no other interest when children grow up1

Have to pay bills1

Nothing in common (but no criticism)1

IN IT COMES AND OUT IT GOES

1. How much do you earn a year?

Number answering: 393

\$400	1	\$5000	18	\$10,000	25	\$15-20,000	1	\$25,000	15
\$1500	1	\$5500	7	\$10,500	5	\$16,000	10	\$15-25,000	2
\$2400	1	\$6000	18	\$11,000	10	\$16,500	1	\$25-30,000	1
\$2500	1	\$6500	12	\$11,500	3	\$17,500	2	\$30,000	6
\$25-4500	2	\$7000	15	\$12,000	16	\$18,000	7	\$35,000	3
\$3000	5	\$7500	26	\$10-15,000	1	\$19,000	1	\$40,000	5
\$3500	6	\$8000	26	\$12-16,000	1	\$20,000	9	\$45,000	2
\$3800	1	\$8500	16	\$13,000	12	\$22,000	3	\$50,000	4
\$4000	9	\$9000	21	\$13,500	4	\$23,000	1	\$60,000	2
\$4500	4	\$9500	7	\$14,000	11	\$24,000	1	\$75,000	1
\$4900	3			\$15,000	27			\$120,000	1
Average:						\$11,329.01			
Median:						\$9,392.50			
Aggregate for those answering						\$4,452,300.00			
Extrapolated aggregate for whole class						\$9,394,353.00			

2. How much other income do you get a year?

Number answering: 387

None	126	\$800	1	\$4,000	10	\$16,000	2
\$40	4	\$900	2	\$4,500	1	\$20,000	6
\$50	5	\$1,000	26	\$5,000	19	\$25,000	4
\$100	6	\$1,200	6	\$6,000	11	\$35,000	1
\$150	1	\$1,400	1	\$7,000	5	\$40-60,000	3
\$200	10	\$1,500	12	\$8,000	4	\$50,000	4
\$250	4	\$2,000	19	\$9,000	1	\$80,000	1
\$300	10	\$2,500	5	\$10,000	11	\$115,000	1
\$400	4	\$2,800	1	\$12,000	2	\$125,000	1
\$500	20	\$3,000	17	\$12-15,000	1	\$150,000	1
\$600	6	\$3,500	7	\$15,000	4	\$175,000	1
Average:						\$5,189.30	
Median:						\$550.33	
Aggregate for those answering:						\$2,008,360.00	
Extrapolated aggregate for whole class:						\$4,297,890.40	

3. *How much does your wife earn per year?* Number answering: 362

None	337	\$300	2	\$3,000	1	\$5,000	3
\$50	1	\$600	2	\$3,500	1	\$6,000	1
\$100	3	\$800	1	\$3,720	1	\$7,000	1
\$200	1	\$2,000	1	\$4,000	1	\$10,000	1
\$200-600	1	\$2,500	2	\$4,600	1		

Average: \$186.10  
Aggregate for those answering: \$67,370.00  
Extrapolated aggregate for whole class: \$154,277.30

4. *How much other income, if any, does she get a year?*

Number answering: 352

None	206	\$1,000	14	\$4,500	1	\$15,000	3
Less than		\$1,100	1	\$5,000	18	\$20,000	1
\$100	6	\$1,200	6	\$5-10,000	1	\$25,000	2
\$100	6	\$1,500	3	\$6,000	3	\$30,000	1
\$150	2	\$1,600	1	\$7,000	3	\$35,000	1
\$200	5	\$1,800	1	\$7,500	2	\$40,000	1
\$250	3	\$2,000	7	\$8,000	3	\$45,000	2
\$300	4	\$2,500	3	\$8,500	1	\$50,000	1
\$500	9	\$3,000	8	\$10,000	4	\$60,000	1
\$600	2	\$3,500	6	\$12,000	1	\$70,000	1
\$900	3	\$4,000	6	\$13,000	2		

Average: \$2,522.00  
Aggregate for those answering \$887,750.00  
Extrapolated aggregate for whole class: \$2,093,260.00

Average income from all sources, per family: \$19,185.13  
Aggregate income from all sources, for those answering: \$7,415,780.00  
Extrapolated aggregate income from all sources, for the whole class: \$15,923,655.70

5. *What are your total savings?*

Number answering: 365

None	35	\$7,500	2	\$32,000	1	\$175,000	1
\$250	3	\$8,000	4	\$35,000	6	\$200,000	5
\$500	13	\$9,000	1	\$40,000	5	\$225,000	1
\$600	2	\$10,000	26	\$45,000	1	\$250,000	4
\$1,000	14	\$11,000	1	\$50,000	10	\$275,000	1
\$1,500	5	\$12,000	6	\$60,000	5	\$280,000	1
\$2,000	14	\$13,000	1	\$65,000	1	\$300,000	3
\$2,500	3	\$14,000	1	\$70,000	4	\$400,000	4
\$3,000	10	\$15,000	18	\$75,000	3	\$475,000	1
\$3,500	4	\$16,000	1	\$80,000	1	\$500,000	5
\$4,000	7	\$17,000	1	\$90,000	5	\$600,000	1
\$4,700	1	\$18,000	3	\$100,000	15	\$700,000	1
\$5,000	27	\$19,000	1	\$110,000	1	\$900,000	1
\$6,000	9	\$20,000	12	\$120,000	1	\$1,000,000	1
\$6,500	3	\$23,000	1	\$125,000	3	\$1,500,000	1
\$7,000	2	\$25,000	15	\$135,000	1	\$5,000,000	1
		\$30,000	11	\$150,000	6		

Average: \$71,212.74  
Median: \$10,865.38  
Aggregate for those answering: \$25,992,650.00  
Extrapolated aggregate for whole class: \$59,106,574.20

6. *How much life insurance do you carry?* Number answering: 387

None	12	\$13,000	5	\$34,000	1	\$90,000	7
\$3,000	3	\$15,000	23	\$35,000	17	\$100,000	6
\$4,000	3	\$17,000	6	\$38,000	6	\$110,000	1
\$5,000	3	\$18,000	5	\$40,000	22	\$115,000	1
\$6,000	1	\$20,000	40	\$45,000	14	\$125,000	3
\$6,500	2	\$23,000	10	\$50,000	28	\$135,000	1
\$7,000	1	\$25,000	24	\$55,000	7	\$150,000	4
\$7,500	1	\$26,000	4	\$60,000	11	\$175,000	1
\$8,000	5	\$27,000	4	\$65,000	3	\$250,000	1
\$8,500	2	\$28,000	5	\$70,000	12	\$300,000	1
\$10,000	27	\$30,000	26	\$75,000	5	\$400,000	2
\$11,000	2	\$32,000	5	\$80,000	3	\$450,000	1
\$12,000	1	\$33,000	3	\$85,000	5	\$500,000	1

Average: \$41,293.28  
Median: \$28,268.00  
Aggregate for those answering: \$15,980,500.00  
Extrapolated aggregate for whole class: \$34,273,432.40

7. *Are you living within your income at present?*

Number answering: 399

Yes 326, or 81.7%      No 65, or 16.29%      Variable 8, or 2.01%

8. *Do you own a car, or cars?*

Number answering: 397

Yes 384      No 13

*How many?*

None	13	Three	9
One	214	Four	3
Two	157	Five	1

*What make or makes?*

Ford	102	Cadillac	23	Packard	10
Chevrolet	74	Studebaker	23	Willys	10
Buick	61	Dodge	21	Jeep	9
Plymouth	46	Pontiac	22	Austin	7
Oldsmobile	32	Chrysler	18	Lincoln	5
Mercury	25	DeSoto	10	Nash	5

*Three each:* Ford truck, Henry J, Jaguar, Frazer.

*Two each:* Anglia, Crosley, Hudson.

*One each:* Allard, MG, Fiat, Lagonda, Jeepster, Morris Minor, Renault, Singer, Marmon, Rambler, Chevrolet truck, LaSalle, foreign make, racing car.

No answer, though one or more owned: 30  
397 answerers own 472 cars.  
Average: 1.19 cars per man.

9. *Do you own an airplane?*

Number answering: 397

Yes 7      No 390

Average: .017 of an airplane per man.



10. *What kind of a home do you have?* Number answering: 401

House 331, or 82.54% Apartment 70, or 17.46% Both 1

11. *If a house, do you own it?* Number answering: 337

Yes 289, or 86.02% No 47, or 13.98%

*How much is it worth?*

Under \$10,000	3	\$22,000	12	\$55,000	4
\$10,000	4	\$25,000	35	\$60,000	6
\$12,000	12	\$28,000	4	\$65,000	2
\$14,000	10	\$30,000	25	\$70,000	1
\$15,000	13	\$35,000	25	\$75,000	3
\$17,000	7	\$40,000	22	\$80,000	2
\$17,500	4	\$45,000	13	\$100,000	5
\$18,000	18	\$50,000	15	\$150,000	1
\$20,000	22			\$200,000	2

12. *How many radios in your home?* Number answering: 404

None	4	Four	56	Seven	5
One	64	Five	23	Eight	2
Two	121	Six	13	Nine	2
Three	108			Ten	1

Average: 2.79 radios per man.

13. *Do you own a television set?* Number answering: 397

Yes 179, or 45.09% No 218, or 54.91%

*If not, why?*

Don't want one	56	Not worth it	4
Not good for children	34	Too busy	3
Poor or no reception	29	But will soon	3
Don't like programs	28	Distracting	2
Cost	25	Bad for eyes	2
Waste of time	20	Prefer phonograph	1
Interferes with reading, etc.	9	Others in family have	1
Moronic	4	Wife won't let me	1
Waiting for color	4	Children don't like it	1
Not perfected	5	Had one, sold it, upset family life	1

14. *Do you own or regularly rent a summer home?*

Number answering: 399

Yes 108, or 27.06% No 291 Use big boat 1 Use trailer 1



15. *How much do you give to charity each year?*

Number answering: 384

Nothing	4	\$150	20	\$900	1
\$10	2	\$200	56	\$1,000	19
\$15	2	\$250	24	\$1,200	4
\$25	15	\$300	22	\$1,500	6
\$30	5	\$350	5	\$2,000	9
\$40	3	\$400	15	\$2,500	2
\$50	32	\$450	3	\$3,000	2
\$60	8	\$500	34	\$3,500	2
\$75	12	\$600	4	\$5,000	6
\$100	45	\$700	1	\$10,000	3
\$125	7	\$750	6	\$40,000	1
		\$800	4		

Total donations from those answering: \$223,300.00

Extrapolated total for whole class: \$482,653.30

Average: \$581.51

Median: \$233.03

16. *How much do you spend on travel per year?*

Number answering: 361

Nothing	32	\$300	26	\$2,000	12
Under \$50	11	\$350	10	\$2,500	3
\$50	16	\$400	17	\$3,000	1
\$75	3	\$500	43	\$3,500	3
\$100	38	\$600	11	\$4,000	1
\$150	13	\$800	8	\$5,000	4
\$200	46	\$1,000	26	\$8,000	1
\$250	18	\$1,200	4	\$10,000	1
		\$1,500	13		

Average: \$581.20

Aggregate for those answering \$210,815.00

Extrapolated aggregate for whole class: \$482,396.00

17. *Do you have servants?*

Number answering: 399

Yes 202

No 197

*How many?*

None	197	Two	34	More	8
One	118	Three	7	Part-time	34
		Five	1		

202 men have 277 servants.

Average: .69 of a servant per family.

18. *Do you have an automatic dishwasher?* Number answering: 392

Yes 167, or 42.6%

No 225, or 57.4%

—*a clothes washing machine?*

Number answering: 398

Yes 344, or 86.4%

No 54, or 13.6%

—*a clothes drier?*

Number answering: 397

Yes 107, or 26.9%

No 290, or 73.1%

—*a deep freeze?*

Number answering: 397

Yes 131, or 33%

No 266, or 67%

20. *If you had a little more money, what is the first thing you would like to buy?*

House	50	Boat	28	Summer home	9
New car	34	New furniture	11	Addition to house	8
More securities	16	Travel	11	Servants	8
Improve property	12	Deep freeze	10	Clothes	7
		Dishwasher	10		

*Six each:* Bonds for education of children, pay debts, savings, home in country, more land.

*Five each:* Airplane, pay for house, vacation for wife and me.

*Four each:* More insurance, mink coat for wife, paintings, a ranch, things for home.

*Three each:* Additional appliances, books, refrigerator, beef cattle, clothes drier, record player, garage.

*Two each:* Country club membership, tennis court, organ, pool, interest in business, new roof, redecorate house, television, another bathroom, college education for children, water system for cottage.

*One each:* Annuity, automatic washer, another business, better health, jewelry for wife, construction material, telescope and microscope, movie camera and projector, house in Florida, shrubs, workshop equipment, fireplace, new bed, tractor, fencing, pipes, mangle, give more to peace and religious causes, recorder, horses, golf lessons, piano, shotgun, rototiller, an island, fishing club membership, insulation, improve our standards, oil well, new apartment, encyclopedia, motion picture rights to "Guys and Dolls," a private school for children, case of gin, bottle of Dramboie, a steak.

Don't know 18

Nothing 14

## THE PLEASURES OF LIFE

1. *What are your main hobbies?*

Reading	92	Farming	14
Home and garden	92	My work	11
Golf	80	Model railroad	10
Boats and sailing	49	Painting	10
Fishing	48	Politics	10
Music	47	Picnics and camping	9
Photography	45	Flying	9
Sports	36	Theater	8
Tennis	35	Collecting things	7
Family and children	32	Drinking	7
Woodworking	32	Rifles and shooting	7
Card games	29	Television	7
Hunting	26	Horses	6
Travel	18	Writing	6
Skiing	17	Stamps	6
Swimming	15	Dogs	5

*Four each:* Antique refinishing, friends and conversation, cars, chess, community interests, hiking, squash.

*Three each:* Barber-shop quartet, people, home movies, baseball, art, women.

*Two each:* Naval Reserve, ornithology, parties and night clubs, dancing, astronomy, amateur radio, investments, old cars, toy soldiers, records, jazz, Army Reserve, Boy Scouts, movies, radio.

*One each:* Animal breeding, the beach, bicycling, fly-tying, junk shopping, fire department, how to build, knitting, rug-making, electricity, ranching, zoos, driving, handball, anthropology and archeology, language, dramatics, entertaining, evening out with wife, argument, tools, teaching, repairing old clocks, auto racing, recorder, polo, designing, science, railroading, trees, bees, pool, summer home, genealogy, working with young people, backing shows, "living loving praying laughing reading writing fighting."

None 23

## 2. What sports do you play regularly?

None	134	Skiing	24	Hunting	7
Golf	141	Sailing	16	Badminton	6
Tennis	124	Fishing	8	Skating	6
Swimming	48	Softball	8	Volleyball	4
Squash	27	Bowling	7	Riding	4

*Three each:* Baseball, table tennis.

*Two each:* Horseshoes, rowing.

*One each:* Bicycling, canoeing, calisthenics, curling, folboating, hiking, hockey, handball, pool, polo, shooting, racing, trapshooting, soccer.

## 3. What sports do you like best to watch?

None	35	Golf	24	Swimming	5
Football	249	Boxing	16	Track	4
Baseball	155	Basketball	13	Sailing	4
Tennis	50	Wrestling	6	Horseracing	3
Hockey	25	Polo	5	Road racing	3

*Two each:* Boat racing, crew, horse shows, skiing, soccer, roller derby, all sports.

*One each:* Handball, skating, racing, rodeos, squash, gymkhanas.

## 4. Since graduation, how many trips (not counting military) have you taken abroad?

Number answering: 393

None	225	Five	5	Ten	2
One	79	Six	6	Fourteen	1
Two	46	Seven	1	Fifteen	1
Three	18	Eight	1	Forty-six	1
Four	7				

Average: 1.1 trips per man.

Median: .87 of a trip per man.

## How many countries have you visited?

Number answering: 171

One	27	Nine	7	Seventeen	2
Two	9	Ten	14	Nineteen	1
Three	11	Eleven	2	Twenty	4
Four	14	Twelve	7	Twenty-three	1
Five	10	Thirteen	2	Thirty	3
Six	23	Fourteen	4	Thirty-one	2
Seven	9	Fifteen	3	Around the world	1
Eight	13	Sixteen	1	Most of Europe	1

Average for travellers: 7.43 countries.

Median for travellers: 5.57 countries.

Average for whole class: 3.18 countries.



5. *How many movies do you see a month?* Number answering: 393

None	116	One	102	Five	5
1/12	7	Two	50	Six	3
1/6	16	Three	6	Seven	1
1/4	16	Two-Three	7	Eight	2
1/3	18	Four	9	Ten	1
1/2	33			Fifteen	1

Average: 1 movie a month (393 men see 394 movies a month).

Average for movie-goers: 1.66 movies a month.

Median for class: .73 of a movie a month.

6. *How many hours a day do you watch television?*

Number answering: 385

None	230	1/2	51	Two	18
1/60	2	3/4	4	Three	5
1/10	5	One	31	Three-four	1
1/4	22	1 1/2	16	Occasionally	8

Average for class: 22.2 minutes a day.

Average for television viewers: 55.2 minutes a day.

7. *How many books do you read in a month?* Number answering: 196

None	13	Four	24	Nine	1
One	63	Five	14	Twelve	3
Two	40	Six	10	Fifteen	1
Three	25	Seven	1	Twenty	1
		Eight	1		

*How many books do you read in a year?* Number answering: 227

One	14	Ten	14	Fifty	3
Two	33	Twelve	16	Fifty-five	2
Three	19	Fifteen	5	Sixty	3
Four	20	Twenty	11	Seventy	1
Five	14	Twenty-five	11	Eighty	1
Six	33	Thirty	5	A hundred	2
Seven	5	Thirty-six	2	A hundred twenty	2
Eight	7	Forty	2	A hundred fifty	2

196 men read at the rate of 2.74 books a month.

227 men read at the rate of 13.7 books a year.

Consolidated average: 1.89 books a month.

8. *How many magazines do you read regularly?*

Number answering: 389

None	12	Six	32	Eleven	1
One	26	Seven	12	Fifteen	3
Two	74	Eight	11	Twenty	4
Three	83	Nine	6	Thirty	1
Four	55	Ten	14	Thirty-five	1
Five	53			A hundred	1

Average: 4.6 magazines a month.

*How many do you subscribe to?*

Number answering: 392

None	13	Seven	23	Fifteen	1
One	23	Eight	21	Fifteen-twenty	3
Two	50	Nine	7	Seventeen	1
Three	60	Ten	19	Twenty	2
Four	50	Eleven	1	Twenty-five	1
Five	59	Twelve	9	Thirty-fourty	1
Six	49			Forty-six (free)	1

Average: 5.08 magazines.

9. *How often a year do you attend opera or concerts?*

Number answering: 393

None	137	Six	28	Eighteen	1
One	64	Seven	2	Twenty	5
Two	45	Eight	1	Twenty-five	3
Three	34	Ten	12	Thirty	3
Four	23	Twelve	9	Fifty-two	1
Five	21	Fifteen	4	Occasionally	1

Average: 3.22 concerts.

*How often a year do you attend the theater?*

Number answering: 390

None	45	Five	27	Twenty	4
One	43	Six	47	Twenty-five	4
Two	86	Eight	12	Fifty	1
Three	52	Ten	19	Sixty	1
Four	37	Twelve	7	Occasionally	2
		Fifteen	5		

Average: 4.24 plays.

*How often a year do you attend an art exhibit?*

Number answering: 381

None	218	Four	7	Twelve	5
One	64	Five	6	Twenty	2
Two	55	Six	9	Often	1
Three	11	Eight	1	Occasionally	1
		Ten	3		

Average: 1.2 art exhibits.

*How often a year do you attend a lecture?* Number answering: 383

None	197	Six	15	Twenty	7
One	26	Eight	7	Twenty-five	2
Two	49	Ten	17	Forty	1
Three	26	Twelve	6	Seventy-five	1
Four	12	Fifteen	2	Often	2
Five	15			Occasionally	1

Average: 2.7 lectures.

*How often a year do you go to a dance?* Number answering: 386

None	73	Six	42	Fifteen	5
One	27	Seven	3	Twenty	5
Two	51	Eight	18	Twenty-five	4
Three	52	Ten	14	Thirty	2
Four	32	Twelve	17	Fifty	2
Five	34			Occasionally	4

Average: 4.84 dances.

10. *To what church, if any, do you belong?* Number answering: 299

None	84	Presbyterian	49	Methodist	6
Episcopal	122	Catholic	30	Reformed Jewish	5
Congregational	56	Jewish	11	Baptist	3

*Two each:* Dutch Reformed, Unitarian, Universalist, Lutheran, Protestant.

*One each:* Christian Science, Society of Friends, United Church of Canada.

11. *How many times a year do you attend?* Number answering: 378

None	82	Twelve	11	Fifty-two	19
One	22	Fifteen	11	Fifty-five	2
Two	38	Twenty	18	Sixty	9
Three	20	Twenty-five	14	Sixty-five	1
Four	26	Thirty	9	Seventy five	2
Five	10	Thirty-five	3	Eighty	2
Six	29	Forty	7	Ninety-five	1
Eight	8	Forty-five	9	150	1
Ten	14	Fifty	6	300	1
Eleven	2			365	1

Average: 15.8 attendances.

Median: 5 attendances.

12. *How many clubs do you belong to, if any?*

Number answering: 399

None	90	Three	56	Six	7
One	100	Four	28	Seven	3
Two	90	Five	22	Eight	3

Average: 1.9 clubs.

13. *Do you drink?*

Number answering: 402

Yes 374, or 93.1%

No 28, or 6.9%

*Does your wife?*

Number answering: 367

Yes 355, or 91.2%

No 32, or 8.8%

14. *Do you smoke?*

Number answering: 402

Yes 276, or 69%

No 126, or 31%

*Does your wife?*

Number answering: 394

Yes 253, or 72%

No 111, or 28%

15. *If you drink, is it more or less than at Yale?*

Number answering: 378

More 181, or 47.8%      Less 103, or 26.7%      Same 94, or 25.5%



16. *How many highballs, cocktails, beers do you drink a week?*

Number answering: 368

None	6	Seven	18	Twenty-two	1
One quarter	2	Eight	17	Twenty-four	4
One half	3	Ten	49	Twenty-five	12
One	13	Twelve	34	Twenty-eight	1
Two	18	Fourteen	13	Thirty	17
Three	22	Fifteen	24	Thirty-five	3
Four	14	Sixteen	4	Forty	1
Five	27	Eighteen	8	Forty-five	1
Six	21	Twenty	24	Fifty	3
		Twenty-one	8		

Average: 11.82 drinks.

17. *Do you think this is too much?*

Number answering: 376

Yes 57, or 15.2%

No 319, or 84.8%

18. *What was your weight at Yale?*

Number answering: 400

115 lbs.	1	155	43	195	2
120	4	160	34	200	5
125	10	165	44	205	1
130	10	170	33	210	1
135	25	175	30	215	2
140	26	180	13	220	1
145	34	185	19	230	1
150	51	190	9	235	1

Average: 159.3 lbs.

Median: 160 lbs.

*What is it now?*

Number answering: 400

120 lbs.	1	160	31	200	7
125	3	165	61	205	4
130	7	170	36	210	6
135	3	175	37	215	4
140	11	180	28	220	5
145	22	185	33	230	1
150	30	190	21	235	1
155	27	195	19	240	1

Average: 170 lbs.

Median: 171.1 lbs.

19. *How many times a week or month do you do the things Dr. Kinsey was interested in?*

Number answering: 293

Week

One	47	Two-Three	16	Five	9
One-Two	7	Three	35	Six	1
Two	59	Three-Four	2	Eight	1

Average: 2.18 a week.

Median: 1.31 a week.

Month					
One	5	Six	13	Twelve	3
Two	18	Seven	4	Twice annually	1
Three	17	Eight	7	Four annually	1
Four	9	Ten	4	None	6
Five	12			No idea	1

Average: 4.27 a month.

Median: 5 a month.

Consolidated average of week and month: 1.78 a week.

55 additional answers were given by foxy grandpas who gave no period, week or month; readers will have to draw their own conclusions.

One	5	Four	8	Eight	3
Two	12	Five	3	Ten	7
Three	11	Six	4	Fifteen	2

## NEXT GENERATION

1. If you have children, how many minutes do you spend in active play with them? Number answering: 320

Number answering: 320

Weekdays (in minutes)					
None	15	Twenty	16	Ninety	8
Very little	8	Thirty	124	One-twenty	15
Fifteen minutes	36	Forty-five	12	One-eighty	3
		Sixty	83		

Average: 41.1 minutes per weekday.

Median: 40.2 minutes per weekday.

Weekends (in hours)			
None	7	Two and a half	7
One quarter	4	Three	47
One half	18	Four	37
One	45	Four and a half	5
One and a half	20	Five	16
Two	69	Six	18
		Seven	1
			Eight
			Nine
			Ten
			Twelve
			Fourteen
			Two full days

Average: 3.23 hours per weekend.

2. *Do you send them to public or private school?*

Number answering: 293

Public school	176, or 60%	Private school	97, or 33.1%
Half and half	20, or 6.8%	Pre-school age	22
No answer, though children		16	

No answer, though children 16

3. *How many sons do you have?*

One	146	Two	97	Three	26	Four	2	Five	1
272 men have 431 sons.									

272 men have 431 sons.

*How many daughters?*

One 138              Two 86              Three 28              Four 5

257 men have 414 daughters.

4. *If you have sons, will they go to Yale?*

Yes 153      No 8      Leave it up to him-them 294      Maybe 4  
A substantial number answered both "Yes" and "Leave it up to him-them."

5. *How many times do you spank your children, per capita per annum?*      Number answering: 309

None	78	Eight	1	Forty	1
One half	4	Nine	1	Fifty	5
One	33	Ten	14	Fifty-two	5
Two	50	Eleven	1	Sixty	1
Three	25	Twelve	19	Seventy-five	1
Four	27	Fifteen	2	One hundred	4
Five	11	Twenty	7	Three hundred	1
Six	13	Thirty	2	Three sixty-five	3

Average: 11.5 spankings per capita per annum.  
Median: 3 spankings per capita per annum.

THE WORLD

1. *What was your political affiliation, if any, when you left Yale?*      Number answering: 400

Republican 260, or 65%	Other 8, or 2%
Democrat 59, or 14.75%	None 73, or 18.25%

2. *What is it now?*      Number answering: 397

Republican 277, or 69.77%	Both 3, or .76%
Democrat 65, or 16.37%	None 19, or 4.79%
Other 33, or 8.31%	

3. *For whom did you vote in the last presidential election?*      Number answering: 395

Dewey 297, or 75.19%	Other 13, or 3.29%
Truman 59, or 14.94%	Didn't vote 26, or 6.58%

4. *For whom would you like to vote in the next one?*      Number answering: 376

Eisenhower 159	Dewey 14	Warren 12
Undecided 54	W. O. Douglas 14	MacArthur 8
Taft 54	Stassen 14	Anyone but Truman 8
A good Republican 19	Paul Douglas 12	Truman 7

*Three each:* An honest man, Fulbright, Charles E. Wilson.  
*Two each:* Chester Bowles, Byrd, Saltonstall, a dark horse.  
*One each:* Baruch, Byrnes, Driscoll, R. M. Hutchins, McMahan, H. C. Lodge, a liberal Democrat, anyone but Taft.  
For a Republican: 72.56 %  
For a Democrat: 10.55 %  
For Eisenhower: 41.97 %  
For Taft: 11.6 % (more than all Democratic candidates put together).  
For Truman: minus one vote.



5. *Do you think the United Nations will survive?*

Number answering: 394

Yes 311, or 78.88%

No 83, or 21.12%

6. *Do you think the U.N., as presently constituted, is strong enough to keep the peace?*

Number answering: 383

Yes 41, or 10.7%

No 342, or 89.3%

*Do you think the U.N. is gradually being strengthened, to the point where it will be able to keep the peace?*

Number answering: 363

Yes 232, or 63.91%

No 129, or 35.54%

Maybe 2, or .55%

6. *Do you think war is inevitable?*

Number answering: 401

Yes 144, or 35.91%

No 257, or 64.09%

*If yes, when?*

1952	19	1957	15	1975	3
1953	24	1958	6	Periodically	4
1954	7	1960	4	Sooner the better	1
1955	16	1962	15	Don't know	10
		1965	4		

Median opinion: 1955

7. *How do you think war can be avoided?*

Strong armed force	109	Better foreign policy	17
Strengthen and support U.N.	42	World police force	15
Strong U.S., politically, economically	31	Get and stay tough with Communism	12
It can't be	23	Honest, strong talk with Russia	11
Collapse of, revolution in Russia	21	Education	10
Stronger leadership in Washington	18	Religious revival	10
Strengthening of all free nations	18	Affirmative action	7
		International cooperation	8
		Tolerance and understanding	7

*Four each:* Population control, higher morality.*Three each:* World federalism, propaganda, patience, a big stick, free trade, atom bomb, complete disarmament by all.*Two each:* Call Russia's bluff, purging of MacArthurites and McCarthyites, follow present policy, mind our own business, remove business from politics, use Quaker theories, negotiated peace.*One each:* Kennan theory, contain war in Korea, Golden Rule, less chauvinism, get rid of Acheson, improve transportation and communications, no fighting, re-educate Russia, good philosophy between capitalism and socialism.

8. *Do you foresee a major depression?* Number answering: 383  
 Yes 142, or 37.07% No 241, or 62.93%

*If yes, when?*

Soon	1	1957	27	1967	4
1952	9	1957-60	10	1972	3
1953	20	1962	15	After war	15
1954	2			Don't know	6

*If yes, why?*

Usual cycle	24	End of military		Labor's income too	
Inflation	20	spending	6	large	2
Over-production	12	Taxes	4	Government expro-	
Unsound government	8	Government debt	4	priation	2
Over-expansion	7	Politics	2	Overpopulation	1
		Credit collapse	2	Greed	1

*If no, why?*

Government defense spending	58	Production bringing lower prices	7
Will be controlled	29	Government aids to business	7
Increased population and demand	19	Learned much before	5
Average buying power greater	10		

*Three each:* Industrial activity, tension, scientific advancement.

*Two each:* Limited credit factors, shortage of goods, wages can't go down, welfare state.

*One each:* Business leaders more cautious, increased foreign buying power, people with worthless money have nothing to lose, unsound foreign trade, lowered standards, no gold standard, forewarned is forearmed.

9. *Is the world better or worse off, in your opinion, than in undergraduate days?* Number answering: 383

Better 187, or 48.82% Worse 142, or 37.08% Same 45, or 11.74%  
 Better materially, worse spiritually 9, or 2.36%

*If you think better, why do you think so?*

Higher standards of living	30
Understanding of world obligations of U.S.	16
Realization of position of U.S. as world leader	11
Realization of world's interdependence	11
Average man understands more	9
Technical advances	9
Other things are behind us	6

*Five each:* Little unemployment, society more equalized, control of economic swings.

*Four each:* Better information on world affairs, people more conscientious, learned a few lessons before.

*Three each:* No Hitler, less complacency, U.N., educational opportunities, more prosperity for all.

*Two each:* Less F.D.R., Atom Bomb, know value of preparedness, New and Fair Deal, high production, clearer goals.

*One each:* More consideration for the individual, higher morality.

*If you think worse, why do you think so?*

Threat of a war	18	World War II and effects	10
Too socialistic	16	Inflation	9
Rise of communism	16	Effects of F.D.R.	9
Russia	12	General ethical breakdown	8
Lack of leadership	12	No sense of security	7
Poor government	11	Lack of moral stamina	5
Atom bomb	10		

*Four each:* People losing initiative, national debt, Truman.

*Three each:* Nearer to total war and destruction, taxes, uncertainty of future, selfishness.

*Two each:* False economy, lack of confidence.

*One each:* Lowered living standards, shortages due to increased population, loss of power, greater risks, unions, increased cost of living, television, facing same situation as before, on world scale.

10. *Are you, on the whole, happier now than you were in college, or less happy?* Number answering: 387

Happier	295, or 76.23 %	Less happy	36, or 9.3 %	The same	47, or 12.15 %
Both	3, or .77 %	Don't know	6, or 1.55 %		

*If happier, why?*

Have family and home	161
Established situation (financial, social, etc.)	60
Successful and likeable work	35
Have goal in life	31
More mature	30
Accomplishment—doing something worthwhile	17
Independence	15
More self-confidence	15
Better adjusted	14
Broader experience	12
Security	12

*Four each:* Community life, no problems, satisfaction.

*Three each:* More understanding, take life as I find it now, creative profession.

*Two each:* Less selfish, found God, more settled and less restless.

*One each:* Control over own future, sex.

*If less happy, why?*

More responsibilities and worries	17
Know more	6
Work too hard	5
World affairs	4
Lack of accomplishment	3

*Two each:* Threat of war, *couldn't* be as happy.

*One each:* Lack of understanding, taxes, no wife-children-home-roots, miss those days and friends.

11. *Anything else on your mind?*

All answers to this question, except one, have either been eliminated as facetious or referred to the proper authorities. The exception:

Can there be anything else?



## THE FIFTEENTH REUNION

By RICHARD A. R. PINKHAM

What has modestly been described as Yale's Greatest Class held a memorable fifteenth reunion.

From as far away as Ceylon (Schoellkopf) to as close aboard as Mory's (Davis) 187 members of 1936 Ac and Sheff came back by boat, plane, train, Cadillac and 1934 Ford to make the New Haven night hideous with wassail. Even Dick Barr came.

What made this occasion special? The program was pretty much like any other class. Everybody gathered in Pierson College. A tent in the Quadrangle. People in the tent. Beer in the people. Normal. A class dinner. An outing at the shore. A hilarious parade to a gruesome baseball game. Common to all reunions without doubt.

So what was so special about this class, about this reunion? Perhaps both questions can be answered by the fact that the reunion collected a class which, despite four years of business career spent in engaging the enemy, had been able to produce a Pulitzer Prize Winner (Hersey), Yale's youngest Corporation member (Bingham), the most Yale College Fellows of any class, an overnight millionaire (Harris), two major newspaper editors (Reid and Block), a man who can speak extemporaneously in pure iambic pentameter (Heckscher), America's top ornithologist (Ripley), the presidents of two major U. S. corporations (Havemeyer and Grace), and an impressive spate of less spectacular success stories.

Perhaps, too, it was because most of these men who have made their mark (generally a dollar mark) in life came back, relaxed, had fun. Maybe it was because this was true as well of EVERYBODY who came back.

One reason for the unanimity of fun was that the costumes were designed by Reunion Chairman Jack Cates to eliminate any possibility of inhibitions. How can any man be stuffy in a tri-corne hat and knee breeches? How can anybody be expected to recognize anybody else when everybody is dressed the same? Who cares what a guy's name is after the fifth bottle of complimentary Budweiser? Carefree, see?

Add to this three perfect days of weather, close proximity to one of the country's best golf courses and it is easy to see that the cards were stacked for something special.

The highlight? Well, the lottery suggests itself. Jerry Roscoe managed to produce sixty-five different prizes, donations from members of the class. Everything from two round trip Pan American tickets to Bermuda (won by Pinkham), to a dry oil well in Oklahoma (Pine), from a free delivery of a baby if you came to New Hampshire (Bryant), to a pedigreed poodle puppy (Weintraub).

This produced more than \$1,500 for the Class and Alumni Fund and the week-end's biggest laughs when Dean Steve Buck drew his own name out of the hopper to win a beautiful prize and Whitelaw Reid won a Sunday subscription to the *Herald Tribune*.

There were serious moments. Dean Buck and Whit Griswold spoke movingly on Saturday night. An Executive Committee was nominated and approved and a Reunion Chairman for 1956 was designated. But generally the accent was heavily on fun and games. Particularly when wives and moppets swarmed into Pierson College Monday morning for the mad parade to the baseball field. (G. Farham took the cake: 5½ kids present.) Wives look good after three days of stag existence. Sort of like your first date after three months of prep school. So a blow was struck for family solidarity to cap the climax of a week-end that will be remembered for five years to come—until the terrific 20th.

## IN MEMORIAM

### DEXTER LORIN ANDREWS.

Andrews was born in Minneapolis, November 18, 1912, the son of Sewall DuBois and Lilla Shepard Finch Andrews.

After leaving college in 1933, he entered business with his father in the firm of F. H. Pfunder, Inc., of Minneapolis. In 1949 he resigned as president of the company and of the Goodrich-Gamble Company of St. Paul to become executive secretary and a director of the Earl Partridge Company, his father-in-law's wholesale dry goods firm in Minneapolis. He was a director of the Lincoln office of the Northwestern National Bank. Andrews was prominent in Community Chest and Red Cross activities, serving as chairman of a division in several Red Cross drives and as general chairman of the Hennepin County campaign in 1948. During World War II he was a Red Cross field director in Texas. He was killed on February 22, 1951, in the same airplane accident at Paxton, Nebr., in which Edmund Pillsbury lost his life.

On November 11, 1939, Andrews married Louise Partridge, who survives him with three children: Sally, born November 3, 1942, Dexter Lorin, Jr., on October 5, 1944, and Grace on June 15, 1948. His mother, a brother, and a sister (the wife of Charles S. Morrill, '25 S.) also survive him.

### GARDINER CARPENTER.

Carpenter died in Paris on March 7, 1952. His autobiography, which he had sent in from the American Legation, Saigon, Vietnam, appears on page 82.

### EDMUND PENNINGTON PILLSBURY.

Pillsbury was born in Minneapolis, December 23, 1913, the son of John Sargent and Eleanor Jerusha Lawler Pillsbury.

He became associated with the Pillsbury Mills, Inc., in January, 1937, and at the time of his death was vice-president, in charge of



the grain merchandising division. He was a director of Munsingwear, Inc. Because of an eye defect, Pillsbury was rejected for active service in World War II, but was accepted as a civilian flight instructor, serving in that capacity for two years. He was killed in an airplane crash at Paxton, Nebr., on February 22, 1951—the same accident in which Dexter Andrews lost his life.

Pillsbury was married December 14, 1939, to Priscilla Keator. She survives him with their three children: Priscilla R., who was born in March, 1940, Edmund P., Jr., born in April, 1942, and Joan K., born in September, 1945. He also left his parents, two brothers, John S. Pillsbury, Jr., '35, and George S. Pillsbury, '43, and two sisters, one of whom is the wife of Thomas M. Crosby, '37, and the other of Stanley R. Resor, '39. Another brother, Charles A. Pillsbury, '39, was killed in World War II.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

[The names and addresses of those who did not submit autobiographies appear on page 340.]

AMMI HOLDRIDGE ADLER; 457 Forest Circle, South Charleston 3, W. Va.

My job is that of plant engineer with Ohio-Apex, Inc., a division of the Food Machinery & Chemical Corporation. The Thermal Insulation Society and the Instrument Society of America are special interests. Hobbies are hunting, gardening, and maintaining a private hunting lodge on Greenbrier River, Pocahontas County, W. Va. On December 10, 1947, I married Lorene Thorn, of Mannington, W. Va.

CHARLES T. ALEXANDER; Box 73, Grosse Ile, Mich.

I am married and have two children, boy and girl. I am employed by the Ford International Division of the Ford Motor Company.

HAYWARD R. ALKER; 501 Alhambra Circle, Coral Gables, Fla.

The request for this autobiography arrived as I was in the middle of renovating one of the old Florida boomtime mansions with the hope that I would stay in one place for a few years and relax in the sun. The renovation includes a swimming pool and some guest rooms; so now we will be prepared for any out-of-town visitors.

My business activities may be disposed of in a few brief words. I resigned as Vice President and Director of George S. Armstrong & Co., Inc., Management Consultants, 52 Wall St., New York City, in March, 1948, after eight years of living on trains and planes. Since that time I have considered myself as being retired but would not be averse to finding some activity *in Florida*. No more snow, cold, crowds and subways if I can help it. I'll just stick to a few hurricanes.

During the last War, I spent a brief hitch in the Navy as commander of an LSD (large steel desk). Oddly enough I was assigned to do management engineering work quite similar to much of my civilian work. I suppose there has to be an exception to prove the rule.

In December, 1949, I was divorced from my first wife, Dorothy Fitzsimmons, and shortly thereafter remarried Miss Louise Crownshaw. We spent our first four months living on board a forty-eight-foot cruiser at Bahia Mar in Fort Lauderdale, Florida and then became earthbound again in a small home on one of the canals in that Venice of America. However, we still were not satisfied with this expansion and so in June, 1951, we moved to Coral Gables into a house where we could really swing a cat without knocking down the walls. So when coming to Florida don't forget to look us up.

In the offspring line I have only three. Twin boys, Hayward Jr. and Henry III, are now thirteen, while my daughter, Charity, is rapidly approaching the age of twelve. At the rate everything seems to occur I anticipate becoming a grandfather only too soon, perhaps in time for our next reunion.

CHARLES BROOKER ALLEN; 183 Gaylord Drive, Waterbury, Conn.

As an embryo accountant, was thinly nurtured by Haskins & Sells, CPA's, NYC, from 1936 to 1941. The stipend being insufficient to get into trouble in the Village, Columbia U, night school extension, took care of my spare time until enough ready cash was accumulated for an MS sheepskin. A new CPA given to the world by New York State in 1939. Lost to public accounting in 1941, joining The American Brass Company's defense plant in Kenosha, Wisc. However, at the request of the president (*that* one), more active defense status assumed at Fort Sill, Okla., in February, 1942. Probably the oldest and least desirable 2nd louie in the artillery. The Army ground slowly, but fine. In a year I learned the proper position of ornaments, time required to travel to Whiskey Falls, and sundry numbers in the countryside. War was hell, but manueveurs was worser. Incidentally, has Tennessee ever recovered? So to SoPac, those odd little islands, hopping & skipping with Mac. With Eichelberger's 8th Army, Assistant Army Artillery officer to Eugene McGinley. A good outfit. Made me a Major when they ran out of regulars. Finally Atsugi Airport, Yokohoma, 87 points, and the hell with it.

Back in 1946 to the girl I left behind me, and a job with the same Brass Company, to support me until I married her. In September, 1946, Maria Randall (H. L. Randall, '12S) agreed. My training was rusty—I should have given her a thorough audit, as I still have to work. She further shocked me with a nine pound stem winder in November, 1950, named Henry Randall.

The American Brass Company has suffered somewhat and no little, but has so far refused to be overcome. It recently (1951) created a Chief Statistician and neatly neutralized me with this title. In five



or ten years I may be able to act like one. Now content with a maximum of three significant figures (one less for secretaries), dandy little averages, curves, charts and all those exotic government forms from LotusLand, D.C.

Not much of a joiner.

Hunt and fish excessively.

Meditate on the foibles of a disintegrating society.

GEORGE WILLIAM ALLEN; 200 Ivy Street, Brookline, Mass.

I married Anne Hathaway in 1946 and now have a three-year old son, Eddie. In five years of academic vagrancy since the war, have rather too successfully evaded the bitch-goddess Success. Except for an interlude as reporter on the *New Haven Register*, I've been teaching English at Columbia, Finch Junior College, Cooper Union, Yale, The University of Connecticut, and Harvard. Am now a Teaching Fellow in Humanities at Harvard, while working for a Ph.D. in the History of American Civilization (baldpate at his A B C's).

For recreation I dig in the garden, go surf-fishing on Cape Cod or Nantucket, and sometimes try to lead political unregenerates to the true faith. For President in 1952, I'm for Truman—the little man who's been right on the big issues like the U.N., foreign aid, Korea, and MacArthur; and who knows a good (Yale) man when he sees him—Dean Acheson. As for recent books, John Hersey's *The Wall* is one to make us humble—and proud.

HENRY G. ALLEN; Kenwood Station, Oneida, N.Y.

Since May 6, 1939, 5—count'em—5 children have been added to the population of Oneida. It was on this date that I nearly drove Procter & Gamble into bankruptcy by marrying one of their most able secretaries, Dink Gorman. Dink graduated from Berea College in 1938 and by the spring of '39 had convinced me that making soap flakes was really not the ideal future. So we came back to Oneida where I am now helping Oneida Ltd. revolutionize the sterling silver field through their Heirloom brand.

Although we do have 5 kids, only one, the last, is Yale material. The other four being from the distaff side will probably spend most of their time elsewhere. (Here's hoping that Dorothy Parker's definition of a Yale Prom is not too accurate should they decide to go.)

During the war I was quite active in the National Ski Patrol System, ending up as Regional Director for the State of New York. However, our recent purchase of a 200-acre farm has made it necessary to withdraw from extracurricular activities and concentrate on the development of bigger and better broilers, pigs, etc. We have lots of fun and we hope some day to make it a profitable business.

We certainly hope that anyone coming within gunshot of Oneida will get in touch with us.

STEWART J. O. ALSOP; 3139 Dumbarton Avenue, Washington 7, D.C.

With my brother Joseph, I am co-author of the political column, "Matter of Fact," for the New York *Herald-Tribune* Syndicate. I also contribute occasionally to the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. I was married to Patricia Hankey in England in October, 1944. We now have four children, Joseph W. Alsop VI, Ian Alexander Alsop, Elizabeth Winthrop Alsop, and Stewart Johonnot Oliver Alsop, Jr. During the war I joined the King's Royal Rifle Corps in 1942, transferred to O.S.S. in 1944, parachuted into France to join the Maqui shortly after D-Day, and resigned my commission in 1945. That year I was co-author, with Thomas Braden, of *Sub Rosa*.

AUSTIN EDWARD ANDERSON JR; 5 Burley Street, Danvers, Mass.

The five years which have transpired since 1946 have witnessed the firm entrenchment of the Anderson family in the life of a small community on the North Shore of Massachusetts. Our second son, Bruce, was born in February, 1948, bringing our family number to four, and in the spring of 1950, we began the building of our first home in Danvers, a town of 15,000 adjacent to Salem and 20 miles north of Boston. Of colonial design, it is typical of conservative New England, even to the traditional old stone wall.

In June, 1947, I left my job with a large Boston department store and became associated with a smaller retail store in Salem. By so doing, I have been able to develop other interests and activities which seem essential to me for a more well rounded life. I am a firm believer that our happiness comes in direct proportion to what we give of ourselves to our families, our friends, and the community in which we live.

Being Superintendent of the Sunday School and moderator of the Congregational church have been stimulating experiences but so has work with the Red Cross, Community Fund and other local civic and charitable organizations. I also count as valuable the time spent as a member of the committee in charge of the rebuilding of our local Town Hall.

Our new home has become somewhat of a hobby, particularly with the out of doors, yet we do have time for occasional concerts, lectures and the social activities typical of a small suburban community.

I still hope to be able to vote for a Republican President next year.



Although not discouraged, I fail to see how we can possibly achieve any form of stability either at home or abroad under the present administration.

CARL A. ANDERSON; 204 Acacia Avenue, Bethesda, Md.

Right after graduation in June, 1936, I went to work for the Aetna Casualty and Surety Company to learn the insurance business. This was dull stuff in the beginning but improved with time. Following a year in Hartford, Connecticut and six weeks in Buffalo, Aetna sent me to Washington, D. C., which has been home ever since. In 1940 opportunity beckoned in the agency and brokerage field so I said good-bye to Aetna. This turned out to be a fortunate move. The sign on the door now says "Vice President and General Manager" of what we fondly believe to be the best insurance house in Washington.

On the day of the Yale-Harvard game in November, 1939, Colonel Philip A. Scholl gave his daughter, Audrea, in marriage in the Army chapel at Walter Reed Hospital. We have a wonderful eight-year-old son Philip, and a suburban home in Bethesda complete with dog, canary and welcome mat.

There was time out during the war for a three-year hitch in the Navy, spent mostly on a destroyer in the Pacific. In spite of bombs, torpedos, kamikazes and typhoons I have not even a scratch, which is why I say I'd rather be lucky than smart. When it was over my two stripes were packed in mothballs and I hope they stay there.

Business has been very jealous of my time but I still manage to play an occasional game of golf, fish for three weeks in the summer and do a little Barber Shop Quartet singing. Yale friendships have been kept alive through the Yale Club of Washington which I have served as Secretary and Vice President.

NICHOLAS C. ANGEL; Antilles Signal Officer, SVC, OPNS and CGD, APO 846, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Since the last reporting, I have taken another major step in life's milestones—I have accepted my lifetime vocation, having cast my lot with the Nation's Armed Forces, renouncing private enterprise and wealth for a life of service. Now a Lieutenant Colonel, Signal Corps, Regular Army, am presently serving the nation in one of its hinterlands performing duties as the Antilles Signal Officer, Fort Brooke, Puerto Rico. My work in Signal activities consists of many interesting fields which enrich my personal life. My private life has enjoyed normal growth with healthy and happy fruition—married Jenny Barhaug of Casper, Wyoming, in 1941—three boys for mother Yale. The future? *Quien sabe?* Most '36'ers know better than I.



FRANK C. ARMSTRONG; 1001 19th, Golden, Colo.

After graduation I went to Canada, where I spent seven years working as miner, engineer, assayer, geologist and general handy man at several mines and prospects in northern Quebec and Ontario. Before the United States officially went to war the Navy discharged me. In the spring of 1943 I left the dignified relief of a geologist at a gold mine to join the Strategic Minerals program of the U.S. Geological Survey in the Northwest with headquarters at Spokane. In due time I became, by default, Northwest Regional Geologist. The fall of 1946 I started graduate work at the University of Washington and finished up at Stanford in 1949. During those years I divided my time between graduate work in the winters and summers with the Geological Survey in southeastern Idaho looking for AEC raw materials. Last June I transferred to the Trace Elements\* unit of the Survey in Denver. With all this classified material things are really bad, e.g.:

Once I met a T. E. man;  
 Asked him the way to the nearest can.  
 'Sorry,' said he, just as I feared,  
 'Can't tell you 'cause you haven't been cleared.'

Jean Ann Chestnut of Havre, Mont., and Montana State 1944, a tall, lithesome, chestnut-haired (of course) gal was lucky enough to win me in June, 1947. I seem to enjoy it.

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\*Government euphemism for fissionable materials.

GEORGE D. ARTHUR, JR.; 376 Post Road, Noroton, Conn.

The years since the last edition of this opus have not been as active as the previous five years. I am still with the same investment firm, now Cohu & Co. (instead of Cohu & Torrey), and I now appear to be assistant salesmanager as well as syndicate manager, but this isn't as important as it sounds. The active security markets which the last few years have witnessed have naturally increased the tempo of our business, and it looks as though this will keep up for some time to come, but Wall Street life is not as active and hectic as Army life.

We are still living in the same house in Noroton—a little more crowded now since the arrival of another George D. on March 23, 1947. The score is now two pre-war daughters and one post-war son. Maybe the Army did something for me after all. No more dividends foreseen on the horizon, but one never knows, does one?

Swimming, tennis, and sailing are first on the list after the innumerable chores which are always in evidence to be done around the house; my private flying license was allowed to lapse as the cost of living went up, but we hope to get a bigger sail-boat next year.

The Republicans are still very much in favor with me, but certainly a Democrat like Byrd is more of a Republican than some of the nominal members of the GOP. In any event, if Truman & Co. aren't relieved of their assignments soon, it won't be "Après nous le déluge" but instead "Avec nous le déluge."

WENDELL R. ATHERTON; 50 Columbia Street, Bangor, Maine.

The past five years seem rather uneventful compared with the preceding period spent in military service. However, it could be considered the most important period in my life.

In November, 1946, with the passing of my father, I was left alone in the practice of law, but the succeeding January saw me commence the first of two successive terms in the Maine Legislature as a representative from Bangor. This proved to be not only a novel but a very interesting and educational experience. Through seniority I was able to become Chairman of the House Committee on Legal Affairs during my second term. During this period I received an appointment to the Maine Commission on Interstate Cooperation, which I held for four years and which proved to be a valuable experience.

On June 1, 1947, I ended my bachelor days and immediately became a family man when I adopted my wife's daughter by a previous marriage, and one year and four days later my wife presented me with another daughter who was appropriately named Patience. But I am optimistically looking for a son to follow me to Andover and Yale.

In June, 1950, I was an unsuccessful candidate for County Attorney but may possibly try again in 1952.

As this five year period comes to a close and I look back, I feel that much has been accomplished and that it certainly ended on a very pleasant note at our Fifteenth Reunion which I enjoyed immensely even though there were many classmates whom I did not know well.

CHARLES LA POINTE AUDETTE; Box 77, Brookside, N.J.

As far as this writer is concerned, there was much more news to report in the autobiographies written five and ten years ago. First there was the excitement of getting married and getting started and then, of course, there was a lot of military news from most of us. All this is not to admit being in a rut—it is simply a reflection upon the way life seems to have settled down a bit.

Now we live 'way out in the country—an hour and a half away from New York and the job—occupying several acres on top of a large hill or a small "mountain" with what is said to be a twenty-



mile view. The same wife and the same son and daughter, plus a dog and a cat complete the menage. It all makes for a good, if not particularly glamorous, life.

Of course television has made its inevitable impact on most of the family, though "stuffy Dad" manages to stay away from its offerings all but one or two hours a week. No doubt there are many fine features to be seen, but they do seem to interfere with music, talking, reading and other pursuits of, to me, a more enjoyable nature.

As Assistant Manager of a selling organization—the Eastern Division of the Niagara Lithograph Co—quite a bit of travelling is involved, which gives one a chance to compare and exchange ideas. It also gives one a chance to weigh his own, and many of mine remain unchanged since our last report.

It seems truer every day that we need a leader, or leaders, who are men and not politicians. We desperately need a house-cleaning in our Federal Government—and this is no particular boost for the Republicans, many of whom are just as cynical and politically and socially immoral as the present Administration.

Some solutions may be to make the jobs more financially attractive, to eliminate patronage whenever possible and to do something about such outfits as the Prendergast mob that spawned Truman.

It is presumptuous to try to lay down a foreign policy, but it does seem that experience has shown the impracticality and unfeasibility of a U.N. set-up as it is now. Experience should have taught us something of what to expect from the Soviet, long before we re-recognized her, and we should have learned what to expect when we idly sat by watching our so-called "liberals" playing since 1932.

Maybe things will look brighter and taxes will be down by 1956—it could be!

WALDO A. AVERY, JR.; 121 Homewood Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

I'm still sincere enough after fifteen years to be a partner in the Charles H. Mayne Advertising Agency. I recently remarried, inheriting two future "Blues."

My interests involve golf, gardening, reading, and trying to prove to myself that the Weimaraner is not a wonder dog. Opinions and mink coats have given me little satisfaction to date . . . I look forward to November.

FREDERIC M. AYRES, JR.; 5111 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Had this addenda to the last report on my activities been written two weeks earlier, it would have been impossible to mention the fact that my three daughters were joined by a small brother on July 5 of



this year. Needless to say, the old man is more than glad to have the support of another male in a family so predominantly feminine. His arrival did not even prevent my attendance at reunion which two out of three of the girls' lack of cooperation accomplished in past years.

Other than that there is little to add to the story of five years ago. I am still in the same business in the same town doing more or less the same things; moderately active in several civic enterprises as typified by serving on the board of the local Goodwill Industries and quite interested in one or two extra-curricular businesses. Life is pretty routine but on a day to day basis happy and pleasant.

I dislike Truman.

BRUCE BABCOCK; 130 East 94th Street, New York 28, N.Y.

Fifteen pounds, two inches, one son, and two jobs ago, I sat down to write a ten-year biography—and I am asked already to make with the fifteen-year record. Something brief—like "The Wall," perhaps. Whatever happened to those last five years?

From where I left off, the first event worthy of note came in 1948 when, by mutual consent, I terminated my business association with Lex Thompson. At that time I joined Moore Business Forms, Inc., as a sales representative in the New York area, specializing in the design of business forms for the insurance field. This was my first experience as a salesman and, although my territory was short on farmers' daughters, the considerable change from my previous work proved as beneficial as it was interesting. In June, 1950, I again made a change, although continuing as a peddler, when I jumped at the opportunity of taking over the New York-New Jersey territory for the Wilmot Castle Company of Rochester, N.Y., manufacturers of hospital operating room lights and sterilizing equipment.

The family circle was enlarged on August 30, 1950, when Bruce, Jr. was presented with a brother, Clayton Campbell. Uncle Sam had prevented my seeing young Bruce until he was two, so Clayton was a completely new, occasionally harrowing, but ultimately wonderful experience. At the height of those four a. m. bottles, however, I wasn't at all sure that reenlistment wasn't the answer.

Paternally, I still find myself lagging far behind such virile classmates as Farnham and Pinkham, who evidently have no time for fishing. In line with catching up, Lucy and I still include a daughter in our plans.

In the field of pastimes, I have become during the last five years that worst of all addicts, a confirmed and incurable bridge player. If you're looking for a fourth, call Sacramento 2-7220, open twenty-four hours a day. My only regret is that my ability runs a distinct

second to my enthusiasm. With the exception of swimming and very occasional golf, physical exercise has become a regrettable rarity, and the result has been the rapid disappearance of any thing remotely resembling a muscle. Together with the usual and measurable evidences of (let's face it) middle age, I now find myself on the wagon—a fate much worse in anticipation than in realization. I only hope that my abstinence will place my troubles behind me chronologically as well as geographically.

On rereading my thoughts of five years ago, it is discouragingly ironic to realize that the World War III I mentioned jokingly at that time has since become a reality. I suppose all of us regret most that our fundamental optimism in that first post-war year should have proved so ill-founded, our statesmen so ill-advised, and our government so woefully lacking in leadership and any comprehension of moral integrity. As a citizen, I feel pretty thoroughly frustrated in the face of the pyramidal and seemingly endless corruption, mismanagement, and moral cowardice. Our only hope would seem to be in fact that things are so bad that none of us, regardless of our political affiliations, can stomach any more. The country is in dire need of more Americans and fewer politicians—let us pray that 1952 will find them.

EDWARD PARSONS BAGG, 3RD; 24 Princeton Street, Holyoke, Mass.

Shortly after Tenth Reunion, two sons, Laurence and Terry, came into our household. They are now four and five and a half years old, respectively. If environment has anything to do with it, then the two Yale sweatshirts which they sport at present might make them lean toward the Old Blue later on.

The Treasurership of Parsons Paper Company in Holyoke necessitates my signing checks now and then, but my main bulk of duty is in the production and developmental end of the business. Holyoke Hospital, Housing Authority, Y.M.C.A. and Rotary Club occupy the main civic participation in the setup. Once in a while wife Dot grouches a little about the time involved.

Fishing, boating, squash, volleyball, baseball, golf and other types of abnormalities divert the mind somewhat.

Lately, it seems, paths have crossed with a goodly number of classmates and it's always a pleasure to see them no matter what condition they're in. Some of them turn out to be worse correspondents than the author (how about it, Greenwood?).

Looking back five years, it's hard to believe that we were just getting out of uniform and settling back a little, only to enter the series of tensions which has brought about the present unpleasant



world situation. It's very difficult for most of us to comprehend such a complex mess. But the underlying struggle between two basic philosophies is certainly evident. Make the best of it, or better, if possible.

There, in short, are a few sketchy details. If you must know more, write, or better yet drop in and see what makes the wheels go 'round.

GEORGE H. BALDWIN; Lynch Building, Jacksonville 2, Fla.

During my years since 1936, I have been a patent attorney, naval officer, law student, and engineer in inverse order. Starting with General Electric in 1936, I tested transformers in Pittsfield, generators in Schenectady, and worked in the Research Lab. Then in 1939, G. E. sent me to Washington to go to George Washington University Law School (graduated LL.B., 1943). On December 6, 1941, I applied for a Navy commission, which was shortly after my being commissioned a husband by Bee Rhett of Charleston, S.C. During the next four years in the Navy, we christened George III and John Rhett, and in 1948 along came Bryan.

During the four years prior to 1949, I was a patent attorney for G. E. in Schenectady, bought a home, learned to ski, and was settled for life. But the lure of the Southland finally became too much and I resigned my job, threw over thirteen years of G. E. seniority, sold the house, took the Florida Bar exam, and bought a shingle which now adorns a door in Jacksonville's Lynch Bldg. Now I work like hell, belong to the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club, the local Bar Association, the Children's Museum, the Yale Club of Jacksonville, etc. If anyone wants to know where to live, I will be glad to send them a book. If they want to know where to establish a business, I will send two books, a crate of oranges, and the President of the Chamber of Commerce.

I share office space with the brother, Robert, '39, of White Cooney, '35. There is only one '36 in Jacksonville, me.

The "Dean of the Patent Bar of Jacksonville" has a door open to any visiting Yales. Just look under "Patent Attorney" in the phone book. The list consists of only one.

ALEXANDER STEWART BALLINGER; 865 West End Ave., New York 25, N.Y.

I claim to be the only member of Yale's Greatest Class now employed (and I use the term loosely) under the classification of Singer-Actor, and have never been happier—or broker. We moved east from California when it became obvious that, except for seasonal light opera work and some TV and radio, there wasn't enough of a market for my particular talents (?) in the land of Warners, Zanuck, and Schary. Have done a *little* of everything since moving to New York.



Sang the lead in a night club review in Boston, won Godfrey's *Talent Scouts*, worked with Jane Pickens in a night club act and on TV and radio for six months, played a part in Eddie Dowling's *Springboard To Nowhere* (which lived up to its title) in Chicago, did Ravenal in *Show Boat* at Corning, New York, and in between have taken anything I could get including singing commercials, radio talent contests, and convention shows. My three kids and wife keep me from getting too low between jobs. Wade and Mike, five, and Bruce, two, all sing like boids and have already been on a network radio show with me.

Our first winter east found us in Stamford, but commuting proved too much of a problem when I had to do a late show at the Waldorf. Have since settled for an apartment in town where we lead a fairly quiet existence, most of our spare time being spent with the children in trips to the park, zoo, beach, etc. As for "club affiliations," my one and only is a membership in the local YMCA. My current sentiments politically have been mostly pro administration foreign policy, pro United Nations, and anti MacArthur (also anti McCarthy). Did not vote for HST but find myself admiring his courage. Eisenhower would get my vote, should he run.

RICHARD D. H. BANBURY; 191 Elizabeth Street, Hartford, Conn.

I am married and have one son.

JOHN WILLIAMS BARCLAY; 324 Livingston Street, New Haven, Conn.

Since 1946, family, business and community life have continued in their usual course.

In the first field, a daughter, Louise, made her appearance on December 28, 1947, and was followed by a son, John, on April 29, 1950.

In the business line, law practice in the firm of Barclay and Barclay fills an eight hour day, plus a few evenings.

In the community, there are the ordinary hours and days devoted to fund raising and politics (Episcopal Church, Red Cross, United Fund, and Republican Party). An unsuccessful campaign for the State Senate in 1950 proved interesting but time consuming. Membership on the local airport commission and work as assistant corporation counsel in the city have been satisfying.

WILLIAM CRICHLOW LAMOND BARKER; 602 Fargo Boulevard, Geneva, Ill.

Some aphoristic Frenchman said, in effect—there goes the aphor-

ism!—He had not lived who was not radical at twenty, reactionary at forty. In a lesser degree, this probably applies to all of us. While I believed, generally, in paying bills while at college, I also was a little more in favor of world-uplift than at present. The lack of leadership, the irresponsibility, and the suicidal socialistic proclivities of our elected 'leaders' have surely had a sobering effect on others as on me. Let's work for the United Nations, but, simultaneously, let's work at least as hard on economy and efficiency in government, and ends and means.

In the fall of 1936, I embarked on a well-considered plan to become another Oliver Wendell Holmes, but abandoned this at the end of the academic year, when I decided to become another Wish Harris. After three and a half years in The Pullman Company, motivated entirely by heroism, altruism (and an eager draft board), I enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy and served the term, becoming married the while.

Since the war: six years making wood trim for furniture; three infants; same wife. Hobby, if you can call it that: rectifying or removing from sight the effects of the little demons' depredations. Future bleak, but one enjoys the struggle.

HENRY NOYES BARKHAUSEN; 294 East Rose Terrace, Lake Forest, Ill.

Since last writing, we have been able to round out our family by adding two boys to the two girls previously reported, Henry being born in May, 1948, David in January, 1951. Another step forward is my relief from a steady heavy schedule of traveling through the Midwest for the Northwest Engineering Co., Chicago; am now functioning for that company as the Chicago District sales manager, and enjoying a normal commuting life.

Usual recreation and exercise consists of puttering around house, yard and workshop, which I find satisfactory and enjoyable, although high point of each year is a short sailing cruise in Northern waters of the Great Lakes. I hope eventually to spend more time on my collection of material concerning old commercial sailing days on the Lakes.

Now that my business travels have tapered off, temporarily at least, I look forward to giving more time to local and civic affairs. Consider myself a Republican.

RICHARD W. BARLOW; Larchmont Acres, Larchmont, N.Y.

It is difficult to believe that another five years has rolled by since the last autobiography. On leaving the Navy in 1946, I returned to my profession as a life insurance consultant in New York City. After many years of hard work, the horizon has brightened considerably but the hard work still tags along.



In June, 1948, Eloise Atwood of Larchmont made that trip down the aisle with me, and we have been living happily in Larchmont ever since. Each year we try to spend some time in March at Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., where my wife makes it a practice to beat me at tennis every day. During the summer she repeats the process at the Larchmont Shore Club. And to think I taught her tennis three years ago!

It will be difficult for any of us to give an optimistic view of the world outlook. If the year 1953 can be passed without a full-scale war, I will be surprised.

JACOB THOMAS BARRON, JR.; 306 Allen Avenue, Allenhurst, N.J.

We moved down here on the North Jersey Coast on April 25, 1947. On July 27, that year, Robert Russell Barron, our second son, was born. On January 22, 1948, United Engineers & Constructors Inc. transferred me from field purchasing to expediting division of purchasing department. Except for weekends, I spent most of that year in Philadelphia (Home Office) and the next two on the road. At present my work is mostly in New York City and New Jersey, allowing me to get home nights.

Am a member of St. Andrew-by-the-Sea Episcopal Church (Allenhurst), National Republican Club (New York), Yale Club of Philadelphia and Allenhurst Beach Club.

STEPHEN L. BARTHOLOMEW; Essex Fells, N.J.

After nearly six years of flying for the Navy during which I amassed 4200 hours, we parted company in December, 1945. We made the happy decision to move back to my home town (and incidentally my wife's, too), where we settled down into the pleasant routine of suburbia, with Pop working for the Lock Joint Pipe Co. and Mom working for Carol and Steve, Jr., now aged eight and six respectively. There is now a third, Susan, aged ten months who has brought even more pleasure to the household. I am still working with Lock Joint as an estimator and Asst. to our Vice-President in charge of Sales.

My "spare" time is spent in gradually rehabilitating a fine house we bought in 1949, chasing fires as an ardent volunteer fireman, and working on the Budget Committee of the local Community Chest. A daily work-out on a rowing machine plus tennis on week-ends keeps me in what some would describe as a horrible state of good health. I keep up somewhat with Yale through the Yale Club of Montclair Bowl shindig every year. An annual visit to the mountains for two weeks every summer is enjoyed tremendously by all, but regret that we have not been able to make a family ski weekend as yet.



PHILIP K. BARTOW; 14 Sutton Place South, New York 22, N.Y.

I work for Wood Struthers & Company, members of the New York Stock Exchange; am married and have one daughter, who is at present attending Dana Hall, and two sons, ages four and one, by my second marriage. My main hobby is still golf—favorite indoor sport is the same as any one else's.

MARSHALL MORRIS BASSICK; Brooklawn Park Hills, Bridgeport, Conn.

1945 saw the arrival of our third child, Barret Moxley, and no year since then has seen another arrival (not that I'm disappointed). Nothing amazing or startling happened in the following years until the end of 1949, at which time a deal was consummated whereby a controlling interest in the Hatheway Manufacturing Company was assumed by me. Hatheway manufactures clothing buckles and women's garter parts (take that gleam out of your eyes, boys—it's not all beer and skittles). Many of our friends and cohorts engaged in the manufacturing business, especially metal parts, I am sure will agree with me that you can't make any money but you sure can get a liberal education in Government red tape.

My civic affiliations include The Exchange Club, which affords the opportunities for many pleasant associations.

ALFRED G. BAUER; 3745 Darlington Road, N.W., Canton 9, Ohio.

After graduation in '36, was employed by the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester, N.Y., and later in Pittsburgh and New York. Called into Naval service as mail coordinator, Navy Department, where I served in the executive office of the Secretary with duties including mail distribution to the U.S. Fleet, disposition of casualty mail, etc. Returned after the war to manage the Washington, D.C., office of Recordak Corporation (Eastman Kodak). Was married shortly before (in 1945) to Lelia Dean Frazier from Monroe, La. Have two children, a boy, two, and a girl, four. We moved to Ohio when I changed my vocation and went into the institutional canned foods business, the George S. Daugherty Company.

CHARLES BERTRAND BAYLY JR.; 2803A 16th Road South, Arlington, Va.

The period from June, 1946, to June, 1951, has formed a perfect circle in my life. Then a captain in the Judge Advocate General's Department of the Army. Now a captain in the Judge Advocate General's Corps of the Army. Each time has been part of an involuntary career. In the interim I acquired a wife and two sons. The second

is said to have my mouth. I wondered why I have not been eating well lately. My recall to the Army left Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc. without a tax attorney, but as yet the tax collector has not seized all of the Corporation's assets for back taxes. In uniform I am tax attorney for the Ordnance Corps, Department of the Army. If anyone cannot understand how a branch of the Federal Government can have any *tax-paying* problems, I shall be glad to explain.

NEIL P. BEALL; 226 South 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

I am a physician, attached to the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. I am single.

MONROE CURTIS BEARDSLEY; 1 Crum Ledge, Swarthmore, Pa.

After teaching Philosophy in the Directed Studies Program at Yale, I came to Swarthmore College in 1947, where we (that is, my wife and two boys, aged six and eight) have found a very busy and full life. Libby teaches Philosophy at the University of Delaware; during the past year, I have been doing research on a Guggenheim fellowship. Various college and community activities, and the usual difficulties in keeping up with growing boys, keep us occupied, but in the chinks of time an elementary textbook managed to get itself finished and published in two versions, as *Practical Logic* (unabridged) and *Thinking Straight* (abridged), under a 1950 Prentice-Hall imprint.

JOHN WILLIAM BEECHER, R.D. 1, Schuylkill Haven, Pa.

Returned East in 1947. Bought small farm and am presently raising chickens, crops and children, but not necessarily in that order. The third child arrived in June, 1949. Named Elaine. All are daughters, so Wellesley is more important topic than Yale. However, I have been interviewing and I hope helping local youths with Yale aspirations.

WILLIAM S. BEINECKE; 156 Beechwood Road, Summit, N.J.

Betty and I now respond to the wants of four young Beineckes: Ricky (eight), John (five), Sarah (three) and Frances (two).

The last two summers have found us well out on Cape Cod at Orleans. Fishing, sailing and swimming appear to be my principal activities in the summer. I golf and ski a little at other times. Five days at Aspen, Colorado, last winter and five or six days seeking salmon at Campbell River in British Columbia in 1948 are a couple of my top items in the last few years.

Three years ago I started my own law business in New York City and now number among my partners, Constantine Mittendorf ('37)



and Paul J. Chase ('39). This, I hardly need add, has been a pleasant and most stimulating enterprise.

Politically I am disturbed by the course of events in the world, as are we all. No quick and rapid solution for the world's ills occurs to me at the moment; so I will refrain from voicing anything further along this line.

I would like to record a real desire to see and talk with more of my classmates as the years go on than has been possible in the somewhat hurried past fifteen years.

PETER BELIN; 1607 28th Street, N.W., Washington 7, D.C.

For ten years now, proper introductions have not been made. From past Histories, you know my wife's name to be Mary—that's enough for me, but not for you wolves! She was Mary Cootes of Norfolk—and occasionally regrets the change. Two more boys—Alan, now aged four, and Graham, aged one—have increased the happy family; however, our only daughter, Beverly, died on May 2, 1951, from acute leukemia.

As I write, the sad note is projected with the passing of my former commanding officer, Admiral Forrest Sherman. As the intelligence officer on his staff for two years in the Mediterranean—1948 and 1949—I soon learned why and how he more recently has been able to bring the Navy up to the taut pitch of pride which is now hers. Since January 1950, my duties have been concerned again with intelligence in the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations.

There may be a truce, but certainly no permanent peace in Korea—not until we settle permanently with the U.S.S.R. If we really want a Pax Americana, which we seem to advocate, we will have to defeat the U.S.S.R. before we achieve it. I only hope enough of us want badly enough a Pax Americana.

CHARLES BELKNAP II; 74 Water Street, Guilford, Conn.

My wife is Rosalie Flagg, of Meriden, Conn., whom I married in 1940. We have three children: Rosalie, eight, Helen, six, and Charles, three and a half. I am self-employed, and my main interest is the sea. Almost six years in the Navy didn't help, either.

ROBERT E. BELKNAP, JR.; 5 Cove Street, Duxbury, Mass.

I have just been moved from Boston to New York City by my company, Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Sales, Inc., and at this point am spending 100% of my time getting acclimated to my new job as New York district sales manager and trying to find a place to live.



Therefore, there isn't much time for hobbies or interests—it will be sailing when we get the opportunity.

My office is in the Lincoln Building at 60 East 42d Street. I am married and have two boys and a girl—and another on the way.

HAROLD BELL; Brier Road, Gloucester, Mass.

The time zooms by, and I manage to grasp a bit of it occasionally. I wish, however, that it would slow down a bit to give us plodders a chance to catch up. My occupation is treasurer in charge of production at the Cape Ann Manufacturing Co. I hold the same position at home, having five children, a wife and duties. Between work and home my life is very full and pleasant, but I could be happier if we had a Yale 'thirty-sixer as Secretary of State.

JACK M. BELLEW; 26 Alameda Place, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

This latest chapter finds me still kicking textiles around, in one form or another. However, after almost five years of living in Manhattan (working there is bad enough) we decided to give the big city the heave-ho and came up to Mt. Vernon. This provides me with time enough to give the morning paper a going-over while I ride into town on the New Haven road, whose oldest equipment is reserved for the commuter runs. This move into Westchester also provided the kids with sections of lawn to ruin, lawn being one of nature's blessings which is practically non-existent in New York.

The family hasn't grown any since the last report, but the kids sure have, and keeping up with them as they shoot out of clothes is a joy I'm sure most of you are sharing in your own homes with your own little mobsters.

My work keeps me on the go, both locally and cross-countrywise. When at home, the comings and goings of friends makes the time fly by so fast it seems impossible to believe that fifteen years have passed since we were handed clay pipes and tobacco pouches. I still get up to New Haven often enough to trod the "old sod," and it still feels good.

RUSSELL ALWIN BERG; 138 Lexington Avenue, Fair Haven, N.J.

From 1937 to 1941, I held a number of jobs in radio communications and manufacturing, operating, testing, and building various kinds of electronics equipment. From 1941 to 1950, I was with the Signal Corps at Fort Monmouth Laboratories as a civilian engineer, primarily working on the development of communication and test equipment for use by the troops. Also, I had several field assignments, one of which was the installation of a radio relay for combat use in North Africa in 1943. To the best of my knowledge this was the first

of its kind used by the U. S. Army, and represented a fundamental change in communications techniques for mobile warfare. In 1950, I capitulated in my version of "At War with the Army" and resigned. Now I am Chief Engineer of Manufacturers Thread Grinding, Inc. of Eatontown, N.J., a small machine shop where my main assignment is to put my company into the electronics business. We are developing a line of microwave components which is coming along.

In August, 1942, I married Shirley H. Campbell of Sewickley, Penn. After two years at Vassar in the class of 1937, she had transferred to Pennsylvania College for Women, from which she had graduated. We have three children, Gretchen, seven, Peter, five, and Geoffery, three. Also, have Jimmie, officially Jeremiah of Milmoche, an Irish Setter.

For the last seven years, our house has been the center of most of my hobbies and diversions. After having been an apartment dweller for thirty years, it was fun to learn to build, rebuild, and repair around the house. On the intellectual side, I derive a lot of pleasure from trying to keep up with the ever expanding electronics field and in advancing my fundamentals in mathematics and physics. Being a radio engineer practically inevitably leads one into building a high fidelity radio receiver. To my surprise the result of this more or less technical exercise has been that I have found a great deal of interest in and pleasure from fine music.

ROBERT W. BERLINER; 4317 Elm Street, Chevy Chase, Md.

For the last year and a half I've been at the National Heart Institute, where I'm chief of the section on kidney and electrolyte metabolism. Previously I had been an assistant professor of medicine at Columbia. I've been married just ten years, have three children, two boys and a girl. Interests—work and family. Opinions—lean to the liberal.

ARTHUR D. BERLISS, JR.; 167 Brite Avenue, Scarsdale, N.Y.

In May, 1949, I resigned my publishing position as assistant to the President of the George May Companies and switched my allegiance to the Allen Hollander Company, Inc., producers of paper labels. Presently I am Vice-President and Secretary of this company, and of two other companies in the same field: The Tamone Label Company, Inc., and the Stanart Printed Specialty Company, Inc.

In May, 1950, I bought a house in Scarsdale. Offspring: Elizabeth Ann (now eight) and Henry Arthur (now six), and wife, Suzanne Frankel Berliss, heartily enthusiastic over move. I am learning how to be a commuter.



In May, 1951, the U.S. Navy put me on the Inactive Reserve being disapproving of ulcers (probably incurred by commuting).

Affiliations: Quaker Ridge Golf Club, Hirain Lodge #1, A.F. and A.M., and Jewish Community Center of White Plains.

IRVIN ELLIOT BERNSTEIN; 2130 N St., N.W., Washington 7, D.C.

Nothing really exciting has happened. I'm still with the U.S. Government; first with Central Intelligence Agency and now in Office of Chief Counsel, Office of Price Stabilization. My present work is the most enjoyable I've had since leaving school.

Still single, I'm still enjoying the material attributes of a Washington bachelor—i.e., flashy car, apartment, TV set, etc.

My views on the future are hopeful but not optimistic—unless another Tito miracle happens in China or a ruinous civil war breaks out in the U.S.S.R.

My favorite diversion is bass—when they bite.

JOHN ALEXANDER BEVAN; 26 Pelham Road, West Hartford, Conn.

Returning to the actuarial profession in 1946, I completed my fellowship in the Society of Actuaries during the following year and am now holding down the position of Assistant Actuary in the home office of the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company here in Hartford.

A son, aged four months, now takes up what spare time I don't devote to golf, tennis, squash or bridge. Altho extra poundage seems to be accumulating, I still found the agility last year to win a few tennis tournaments and play on the Lapham Cup squash team.

EDWARD M. BEYER; 5904 Meadow Lane, Dallas, Tex.

We are presently living in Dallas, Texas, where I am back in the brokerage business running the local branch of Harris, Upham & Co. Tracing the events which led to this would be a wearisome task, so I will merely state that I resigned from the Chemical Bank in 1948 to start a business with John Herold, 1936 S., leaving that and New York in 1950 to come to Texas for Harris, Upham.

Now some people regard Dallas as the Athens of the new world while others prefer to think of it simply as one of nature's cruel jokes. My own opinion lies somewhere between these two extremes, although I am not sure that Mrs. Beyer feels quite the same. In any event, we are settled here with our two daughters, and all four of us are learning rapidly about life as it is lived in the great southwest.



I still take no exercise, and I haven't been ill since I left the Navy. My principal hobbies are alcohol, reading and criticizing my wife's paintings. Being a simple soul, I believe the road to peace lies in world disarmament and free trade. My faith is still firm in that ancient saying, "Bet on the Yankees, sleep nights, and buy Superior Oil of California."

MALCOLM W. BICK; 162 Pineywoods Ave., Springfield, Mass.

The years 1946 through 1948 were spent in Baltimore, where I finished my residency training in ophthalmology.

In January, 1949, we moved to Springfield, Mass. I have three children: Michael S., eight; Elizabeth B., four, and Katherine R., seventeen months.

My time is fairly well occupied by an office in Northhampton, Mass., and one in Springfield.

MARTIN BICKFORD; 7Q Research Road, Greenbelt, Md.

Among our friends we are known as the nomadic Bickfords, having, by force of circumstance, moved to a new locale approximately every two years. My first job was with the Naugatuck Chemical Company, Naugatuck, Conn. The pre-war era saw us move to Washington, D.C., to join the U.S. Employment Service and the U.S. Civil Service Commission as a member of the Engineering Recruiting and Employment staff. As an Officer in the Naval service, I covered much territory and then proceeded to stay put for a two-year period in a Naval hospital for disabilities incurred. During my rehabilitation, I spent two years at Columbia University taking graduate work in Industrial Engineering. We are now back in Washington, D.C., and connected with the U.S. Civil Service Commission.

The family started with Anita Lautman, Hunter College '40, on June 14, 1941. Carol Sandra was born at Camp Pendleton, Ocean-side, California, on July 26, 1945, and Brad Jay saw the first light of day on March 11, 1948, in New York City.

Our interests vary from bridge to membership on the Board of Directors of the Greenbelt Consumers Cooperative.

LOUIS EDWARD BIERINGER; 210 Rockingstone Avenue, Larchmont, N.Y.

It has been six years since I took reluctant leave of the Navy. To date I am still a bachelor and have yet to vote for a winning Presidential candidate. As a small, struggling, independent business man, I have given the tire business back to Firestone and Goodyear and find my present ice-cream business much more palatable, especially since

it leaves me free, thru January and February, for the Ft. Lauderdale tennis courts. My tennis has improved to the point where I can beat my old Yale nemesis, but not the Boy Champion of Florida. Keep meaning to look up more of my old friends but seldom do. Refuse to answer number 19 of the questionnaire on the grounds that it might tend to incriminate me.

JONATHAN BREWSTER BINGHAM; 3203 R Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

The above is strictly a temporary address: we have a lease on this red-brick fortress of a house which expires on November 9, 1952. Although my boss is a Boston Cabot and a Republican, a Taft broom would probably sweep him clean too. I am only "on leave" from the now venerable law firm of Cohen & Bingham at 10 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y.C.

The assignment here, dating from last April, is in the State Department office having to do with foreign aid, military and economic. My title, which all four kids including Claudia (born since 1946) love to rattle off, is "Assistant Director of International Security Affairs for Non-European Areas."

Law practice the past five years has been challenging, sometimes entertaining, and always varied, with such clients as Jackie Robinson, James W. Gerard, Decca Records, and Howdy-Doody. In the interstices I have followed my yen for politics—in the Democratic Party and also in Americans for Democratic Action. My only attempt to run for office was in Marcantonio's Congressional District last year: with the help of 36ers Heckscher, Jensen, Mallinson and others, I was one of five proposed by the Democratic Party as possible coalition candidates, but the Republicans looked away.

Two years on the Yale Corporation, during the first of which Whitney Griswold was elected our sixteenth president, were a great experience. Got elected once, and lost twice—to Robert A. Taft and Quigg Newton. Who could complain about that?

Music and tennis still rank highest for after hours, with family baseball (hard ball, of course) coming up fast. One memorable summer was spent hitch-hiking all over the country with June. Rides came easier than they did in 1936!

JACOB WHEELER BIRD, JR.; 90 Huxley Road, Metuchen, N.J.

Have been employed by the National Lead Company since graduation, except for five years off for service in the Navy during World War II. Am now an assistant superintendent in the Perth Amboy Plant of that company. Have been active in the Naval Reserve since graduation. Also am a member of the Rotary Club.



Married September 6, 1940, to Doris Wallace Ramsey of Perth Amboy, N.J. No children.

Have no spare time worth mentioning, because of my job, Naval Reserve, and building a house. Whenever possible, however, indulge in reading, model-building and fishing.

ROBERT B. BIRGE; 211 Eakins Road, Manhasset, N.Y.

In June, 1947, Dottie and our one year old son, Robert Richards, and I moved from Arlington, Va., to Manhasset, Long Island. In Washington I had been renegotiating war contracts for the Quartermaster General; in New York these past four years I have been employed by Lampson, Fraser & Huth, Inc., a subsidiary of the Hudson's Bay Company (or the Company of Adventurers Trading into the Hudson's Bay). At Lampson we auction and sell at private treaty raw fur pelts, mostly mink, since the long haired furs are out of fashion. As personnel manager and more recently also assistant treasurer, I have had the stimulating experience of dealing with one of the most rabidly left wing unions in the country, the International Fur and Leather Workers Union.

The principal avocational interest for a while was a civic association called the Norgate Association, to which most of our neighbors belonged. Several civic minded citizens and I worked strenuously for a year and a half in an effort to incorporate Norgate and adjoining residential sections, also unincorporated, so that we might keep business at a safe distance and have some measure of self-government. We failed in these efforts and Dottie, Robin and I moved into the incorporated village of Munsey Park (Manhasset) a few months ago where the problems of traffic, business encroachment, etc., are under control.

For relaxation I like to paint and putter in and around the house, putting up wall paper, gardening, trimming the lawn. For sport, it is tennis and swimming in the summer, and in the winter sitting in front of a television set and watching those wonderful but erratic New York Rangers take an awful shellacking. Possibly evenings so spent will be more enjoyable now that the Rangers have a new coach.

RICHARD EDMUND BISHOP, JR.; Bevin Road, Northport, N.Y.

Married Edna H. Johnston on April 2, 1938. Have three children: boy ten, girl eight, and boy seven.

Belong to the local Lions Club, Yacht Club and P.T.A. Work with Nips, Inc., New York City, and Eaton-North, Inc., Northport, N.Y.

WILLIAM N. BIXBY, JR.; Hideaway Hill Farm, R.R. 1, Clayton 5, Mo.

R. E. Funsten Company employs me at its Treasurer. I was mar-



ried on April 15, 1939, and have two daughters. All my spare time is spent in building up a worn out 50-acre hill farm with beef cattle and grass farming as the primary object. This seems to be the perfect solution to never ending desires to become an agronomist of merit.

FRANKLIN H. BLACKMER; 408 Lamborn, Helena, Mont.

One more year at Yale in the Forest School prepared me for my career as a forester.

I entered the U.S. Forest Service in 1937 as a range surveyor (grass estimator) on the Medicine Bow Forest in central Wyoming. Since then I have worked with the Forest Service in Colorado, the Idaho Pan Handle, and now in central Montana. The jobs have covered all phases of forestry work: including timber sales, range management, administration of recreation areas, maintenance of roads, trails, telephone lines, radios, etc., etc., and fire control. The only change from the outdoor diet was a six-month detail to Washington, D.C., as a Civil Service Commission administrative intern. Altogether, the work has been most interesting and satisfying.

In 1938 Maxine Morse (Minnesota U. '37) decided the life of a Forest Ranger had enough glamour to compensate for the hardships of being a ranger's wife. She got a rough start, as our first station had no electricity, only coal stoves, a poor water supply, and an almost impassable access road.

We have three children—Franklin H. Jr. (Joe), an eleven year old with all the enthusiasm and despair characteristic of that age; Diane, nine years old, and Andy Rae, their spoiled young sister.

One of the undesirable features about the life of a U.S. Forest Service employee is that it is a steady grind during the summer months, so that vacations always come during the winter. Maybe that explains why my favorite recreation is still skiing. The whole family goes out also—whether for sport or merely in self defense—I wouldn't know.

We have moved so frequently in the last six years, we have hardly had a chance to become active in any of the local community doings. Joe has completed the sixth grade, and he has already attended six different schools, not counting the first grade which he took at home at the Ranger Station.

We've been in Helena for over a year, and have hopes of staying here awhile. My present title is Assistant Supervisor on the Helena National Forest. In addition to being a right hand man to the Supervisor, I handle the road maintenance, all timber sale activity, radio and telephone communication and fire control (the worst headache, but the most interesting part of the job).

Probably none of this sounds like a very logical development from

a Yale education. However, I always wanted an outdoor career, and I am satisfied that my years at Yale have made this career much more interesting (both on and off the job).

**JACK SCHOORMAKER BLAISDELL;** 1002 River Lane, Santa Ana, Calif.

The year 1946 found me a Major in the Army Medical Corps., stationed at McCornack General Hospital, Pasadena, Calif. While playing golf in the vicinity of the Rose Bowl in December, it struck me that I was nuts to live anywhere else but southern California. Sooo—bought a little house with a little down and brought wife and three kids to Santa Ana in beautiful Orange County. On leaving the Army in September, 1947, went into debt again and set up an office and fortunately have managed to do better than I ever thought possible at orthopedic surgery. "The practice" is booming, thank you, and keeps me busy. Have had a partner for two years to keep things under control. Now we live in a lovely California ranch house which we helped to build, paint, etc. It is furnished with pine antique furniture and in the garage are the beginnings of the workshop I've always wanted.

Hope to quit practice in 1972 and set up an antique shop with Fannie—Mrs. B., that is—and wait for the Grim Reaper, meanwhile gypping the unwary and bouncing the succeeding generations on my arthritic old knee.

Have missed all the reunions so far . . . pretty poor record . . . but hope to do better in the future. Greetings to all my old classmates anyhow.

**WILLIAM K. BLETHEN;** *The Seattle Times*, Seattle, Wash.

After graduation, I returned to my work of learning the newspaper business on *The Seattle Times*. Married in 1937 to Jane Calvert; two sons, William Kingsley, Jr., and Robert Calvert Blethen, six and five years old, respectively. Became Associate Publisher of the paper in 1939. Joined the Navy in October, 1941, and went on active duty February, 1943. Associate Publisher of *The Seattle Times* from 1945 to 1949. I am now serving as Publisher of the above-named paper.

**WILLIAM BLOCK;** 851 12th Street, Oakmont, Pa.

My intense preoccupation in the last class history with an unexciting military career resulted in the omission of my most vital vital statistic: the addition of a family. To put the record straight, was married on March 23, 1944, to Maxine Horton at Las Vegas, Nev., on a two-day Army leave. The marriage has been calm and



productive; witness Bill Jr., six, Karen Diane, four, and Barbara Lynn, two.

Have kept busy the last five years relearning the newspaper publishing business. What with rising costs and newsprint shortages, the road has not been all smooth. Managed to fritter away some of the family inheritance trying to start a Sunday edition of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* in 1949. Though of course an artistic success, it was a financial failure and was discontinued after eight months of nervous nail biting. Like it or not, the economic facts of U.S. life are dictating a trend toward less newspapers.

But for all the headaches there are interesting compensations; such as taking a small part in Pittsburgh's thrilling reconstruction and modernization program; or having a ringside seat at the 1948 political conventions in Philadelphia and watching the Grundy forces grab the Pennsylvania delegation away from Governor Duff, thereby assuring Dewey the Republican presidential nomination.

We have managed to find time too for a three months' tour of Western Europe, a trip to the West Indies, two summer vacations at Cape Cod.

Don't get enough physical exercise except by pacing the office floor, but also expend energy on such things as the local Community Chest, Pittsburgh Symphony, and the Foreign Policy Association.

In my opinion the most significant development in the last five years has been U.S. assumption of world leadership, accentuating a trend since our graduation. The Marshall Plan, NATO, Point 4, strengthening of the U.N. are a far cry from the head in the sand attitudes of the '30s. At last we realize that with power goes responsibility.

JOHN A. BLUM; 9 East 30th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

Back from a fat existence as a Navy anti-sub pilot, *above* the water, please, to that great humming mart of trade, Macy's. Responsible again for public relations and publicity operations. Then, after a year, tried for another twelve months to buy men's ties and socks; found J. Press taste not too exciting to my customers (their hard luck, manufacturers' good luck). Two more years as manager, adjustment service department: telephone system, phone and mail orders, and complaints, sweet heavens, complaints. Another year as assistant to v-p in charge of merchandising home furnishings; my baby: domestics. Finally decided enough (since 1939) was enough. Resigned May, 1950. Celebrated by taking Nancy and myself on long driving tour in Europe (very Western) plus the U.K. Liked the latter so much that I qualified for job as assistant to President, Lever Brothers, New York, where I'm learning much more than con-



tributing. Which reminds me I'd better stop this and do a little contributing right now.

WILLIAM W. BODLE; 5329 North Walrond Street, Kansas City 16, Mo.

I'm a chemical engineer for J. F. Pritchard & Company of Kansas City and have a wife, one son, two daughters, one dog, and one cat (expecting).

HUBERT OTIS BOSTWICK, JR.; 22 North 30th Street, Richmond, Ind.

The continuance of our serial A.D. 1946 finds our writer selling light mechanical rubber products for his pre-war employer, The Chardon Rubber Co., Chardon, Ohio, with territory covering the State of Ohio.

With the coming of July 29th, 1947, daughter Lynne arrived to join wife Anne and self.

1949 saw the writer transferred to Indiana to open up a sadly neglected area. He is at present traveling an area roughly bounded by Toledo, Cincinnati, Louisville, and Chicago.

Florida vacations have kept me in fair trim, which was no trial since those who recall will remember I was never one to lean toward paunchiness. As for entertainment, you have the many stories alluding to traveling salesmen.

ROWLAND S. BOSWORTH, JR.; 5411 North McCulloch Street, Temple City, Calif.

I work for the Singer Sewing Machine Company. Family consists of a wife and two monsters: two full-grown cockers, and four rat-sized cockers. Hobbies are garden and music; additional activities—none.

The above seems to occupy twenty-seven hours a day.

HENRI V. BOUSCAREN; Box 25, Wayne, Ill.

Stepping bravely and confidently into the world in 1936, this graduate found the early going slightly rougher than advertised. However, in 1939, Kathrine McNulty, Chicago, ex-Vassar, and very Irish, threw caution to the winds and agreed to terms. Came a business move to Dallas, and a return to the fray with new determination.

Here's a toast to that final, pre-inflation, pre-war year of 1941 spent in sunny Texas with a baby girl and good Yale friends to sweeten life!

A month after Pearl Harbor, a Yalie turned G-man embarked on

a spy hunt which led to Baltimore, New York, Buenos Aires, and intermediate points. By then, the little girl had a smaller brother, and the U.S. Marines a new private. Boot camp—O.C.S.—stateside—Bougainville jungles—the monkeys of Zamboanga—“Ding How” in China—and “*Out of the Stix in '46*” became a dream fulfilled.

The return to a grateful nation brought, in time, a baby girl (Post War #1), the printing business in Chicago, a house in the country, and the rainbow on the horizon still calling “Come and get it!”

EDWARD F. BOYD, JR.; Whitney Street, Westport, Conn.

The last five-year installment of this particular history left the central character sitting in an editorial office on lower Fifth Avenue, chin cupped in hand and brow thoughtfully creased. Prentice-Hall Inc.'s trade division continued to provide the background for his professional efforts for the next four years.

It was lots of fun knowing and working with such people as Rosamond Marshall, who would rewrite a complete historical novel on a handful of suggestions and make it twice as good the second time. Or Robert Payne, who insists on publishing two novels and two non-fiction works in the same year all in different categories and all very good—while at the same time he runs a college English Department in Alabama. Or Georges Simenon, who writes six novels in French in six months and gives you the choice of publishing two or three really good ones while he goes off for six months' travel. His method of writing is truly heroic and Balzacian—he turns out a sixty-thousand-word novel in twelve days, revises in three and sits back in a dripping sweat to recuperate. The urgency and sweat are communicated with great effectiveness to a correspondingly enthusiastic and faithful audience.

Then there was Herb Wind, Yale '37, who collaborated with Gene Sarazen on one of the best sports biographies ever. And Frank Bettger, whose tongue-twister title HOW I RAISED MYSELF FROM FAILURE TO SUCCESS IN SELLING sky-rocketed to a phenomenal sales total and made everybody at P-H very happy. He sort of pointed the way for me, too, because by the spring of 1951, the cost of living index was making it very difficult to raise three kids (youngest's a girl, see earlier report on others) on an editor's salary. So, I became sales manager for Kelvin Systems Corporation in June, 1951, and have been selling imported Italian machine tools in a bull market, the domestic variety being practically unobtainable at this writing. Thank God we're tooling up before the sky falls in this time.

Jinny, my wife, says I should put down that we've been married thirteen years and that the two older kids bring home good report



cards. The only way I can explain that is they must save up all their best efforts for school, because they sure raise a lot of hell around the house.

Politically I did my bit to get John Lodge elected governor of Connecticut, and I hope the Republicans get Eisenhower to run next year.

Physically I can't complain, though it does seem harder to get a good night's sleep than it used to—specially after a few drinks. Still play tennis and have just taken up badminton, an even faster game, I'm afraid. Still buy a fishing license every year and if anybody knows a good trout stream and wants a fishing partner, just say the word. I'll be there.

ROBERT S. BRADEEN; Essex, Conn.

I own and operate a hardware business in Essex. I have been married for sixteen years and have two daughters, one twelve and one eight.

EDWARD M. BRAINARD; 141 Dannel Drive, Stamford, Conn.

Free-lance radio and television writing is my profession, and the Kate Smith Hour is my chief job. I'm married and have one step-son. My favorite relaxations are fanning the Yale football team and the New York Giants.

WILLIAM B. BRAMAN; 2208 Drew Avenue So., Minneapolis, Minn. My family consists of my wife, Virginia Spreng, Northwestern '35, and daughters Beverly Ann, nine, and Sandra Lee, four. We have lived in Minneapolis for about three and a half years, where I'm employed by Butler Brothers in the floor covering division as a salesman in the Twin Cities area. We are Congregationalists, Republicans, and concerned about the national political and international situation and don't do enough about it. Classmates are always welcome.

JAMES HENRY BREWSTER, III; Meadow Road, Riverside, Conn.

No children have arrived since the last report, which is just as well, since three sons make for a three-ring circus seven days a week.

Resent fiercely the rapid passage of time and make strenuous efforts to preserve the college frame and hairline. Nature is winning. On the other hand, Nance has not aged a bit. Woe is me!

Golf, tennis, and paddle tennis (a recent substitute for squash) still being pursued relentlessly. Handicap now down to eight.

Was Assistant to the Vice-President of Fairchild Eng. & Airplane



Corp. in 1949, and participated in an ugly proxy fight which resulted in liquidation of the New York office and most of its inmates. Decided to form own company same year, and without going into the gory details, let us just say it did not work out.

Joined Republic Aviation Corp. spring of 1951 as Assistant to the Vice President (Sales) and find the aircraft industry as stimulating as ever. Technical boundaries appear to have no upper limit.

Am convinced peace on *this* earth will never prevail until the lesson of near-global destruction has been learned. Insist such is realism, not pessimism. Predict World War III is inevitable and that it will come between 1956 and 1960, when the final contestants have the required forces of destruction. War III will not destroy civilization, but it is a safe assumption that there will exist a slight delay in forward progression.

Have become a fanatic Georgist (single taxer) and sincerely recommend that everyone follow suit. Predict that worldwide Georgism will follow War III as the only economic science that has ever made basic sense. A sweeping statement, but do not argue until you read "Progress & Poverty" by Henry George. Amen.

HUBERT BRILL; 211 East 35th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

I gave up a legal career for Motion Pictures and Television. From 1937 to 1947 I have been technical director in Hollywood at RKO, Warner Bros., MGM, and Samuel Goldwyn Studios. I'm considered one of the most outstanding magicians and have taught such persons as Danny Kaye, Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson, Bert Lahr, Charles Coburn, Mae West, etc., magical effects which they have portrayed on the screen.

I have worked in television as an actor, producer, and director since 1938 on the Pacific Coast at Stations W6XAO and W6XYZ (now KTLA). In the November 15, 1939, issue of the Los Angeles *Daily News*, Virginia Wright, the Drama Editor, wrote "Hubert Brill was the first to introduce magic to local television set owners over the Don Lee Telecasting Station." On March 9, 1940, one of my programs over W6XAO, which I produced, performed on, and m.c.'d, boasted such entertainers as Dorothy Stone, Charles Collins, Fred and Mrs. Stone.

My career was interrupted from 1942 to 1946 when I served in the Army as Entertainment Director at Camp Haan, Calif., for a little over two years. The balance of my service was spent as Criminal Investigator in the Security Intelligence Corps at the Los Angeles Port of Embarkation.

To bring my television career up to date, I produced, directed, and played the role of the invisible magician on "Hubert Brill's Play-

room," featured each Friday at 7 p.m. over the Dumont Television Network. This program ran for 26 weeks, terminating in 1948. From 1948 through the present, I have been preparing Television "Packages" as well as conducting Auctions for the "Damon Runyon Cancer Fund."

ARTHUR R. BROADMAN; 210 E. 73d Street, New York 21, N.Y.

I have been married slightly over a year and am now expecting a new member of the family very soon. My work as chief engineer with the Heydon Chemical Corporation has kept me very busy. Of course Sheff helped me a great deal.

It has given me much pleasure to see old Yale classmates of mine from time to time.

WALTER W. BRONSON, II; 65 Mountain River Road, Hamden, Conn.

Still living in same spot; have the same job (wholesale hardware); same interests, such as tennis and squash, played regularly at the Lawn Club. Nantucket in the summer. Three kids (all daughters; ages eight, four, and four months). Do a fair amount of business traveling. Think Washington causes small businessmen endless trouble. All in all, no complaints.

FAYETTE BROWN, JR.; 2871 Sedwick Road, Shaker Heights 20, Ohio.

I am still with The Cleveland Cliffs Iron Co., 1460 Union Commerce Bldg., Cleveland 14, Ohio, as Assistant Manager of the Mining Department. No increase in family—Anne and Fayette III (Yale 1965). My hobbies are golf, tennis, hunting, and Republican politics at the grass root level.

HAROLD BROWN; 83 Greenlawn Avenue, Newton Center 58, Mass.

In these fifteen short years, four of which were taken by Harvard for an L.L.B. and L.M., and another four for Washington, I have now established a healthy legal practice in Boston, devoted principally to corporation, labor and administrative law.

To make up for lost time, in nine years, Virginia and I have completed our family of David, Jonathan, and, recently, Elizabeth Ann. Aside from such domestic tasks as building an extra room for the boys and lawn barbering, I have led the family into becoming fishing enthusiasts and am now at work on horseback riding and tennis. In the spare moments, I have the Yale Club of Boston, the Boston Bar



Association, the New Century Club, tucking in two terms as president of my Brotherhood and one for a combined Brotherhood Association of Greater Boston.

What could be more pedantic than this wholly acceptable pattern designed to forestall such rash adventures as a foray through Central America, or anything more daring than a "letter to the Times"? Perhaps that's why David, age eight, and already a rabid collector of shells, minerals, and stamps, is designing his future for archaeology. With two more careers to foster, mine will be a varied, albeit sedentary existence.

Still an Independent in politics, I vividly recall that Fall in freshman year when three could only get you two on Hoover, and that somewhat unknown Roosevelt initiated an entire era for the adult lives of the Class of '36. Maybe that era is soon to end, destroyed from within in the true fashion of King Lear. One omen is the difficulty of naming so few as two young contenders for a program of liberalism in moderation, but the other side likewise seems devoted to strangling its chances.

There's still consolation, however, so long as the bass continue to run off Nantucket, where the individual can still stand with dignity.

W. BRUCE BROWN; 134 East 70th Street, New York 21, N.Y.

My business career consists mainly of fourteen years with the Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation during which my position was that of technical sales representative on resins and various plastic products.

Since I left this organization last year, my efforts have been directed towards establishing an independent laboratory to do consulting work in the plastics field and to functioning as an officer of several real estate corporations which maintained and improved properties in New York City.

As I am still single, my spare time has been devoted to squash or golf and recently to new interests like hobby farming and painting. My club activities are divided between the Yale Club, New York, and the Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y.

JESSE EVANS BROWNBAC, JR.; 1007 West Water Street, Elmira, N.Y.

I am Vice-President of East Smithfield Farms. I am married and have three children, ten years, eight years, and nine months old. My hobby is guns.

DAVID BRUCE; 1921 22d Avenue, Gulfport, Miss.

My wife, the former Elizabeth Knight, has presented me with



three offspring, Robert A., seven, Donna B., six, and William W., three. My work is as Officer in Charge, Gulfcoast Research Center of the Southern Forest Experiment Station, U.S.D.A. (also project leader for Forest Fire Research in Southern station territory). My hobbies are puzzle construction and photography. I had three years in Alaska during five years in the Army, and am now a Major, C.E., U.S.A.R. I'm a member of the Society of American Foresters, Sigma Xi, the American Forestry Association, the Mississippi Forestry and Chemurgic Association, the Mississippi Forestry Council, the Forest Farmer Association, etc.

DUNCAN BRUCE, JR.; 10 Woodland Street, Simsbury, Conn.

Following graduation and a tour abroad, my business life began as a sales trainee in a Hartford insurance company. It soon became evident that my talents led more into the field of management than sales, whereupon a move was made to New York into public accounting and study at New York University night school leading to a M.B.A. degree. While there, the knowledge was gained to earn the funds to live the good life that Yale taught us to enjoy.

1940 saw me return to Hartford for a wife, the former Margaret Myers, an alumna of Smith. Since in the ensuing years no small feet arrived to pad around the house, we adopted a fine son and daughter who ably fill the void of silence that prevailed before their arrival.

To escape the rigors of life as a traveling public accountant, we moved to Baltimore, where several years were spent first in making up costs of producing Chevrolet automobiles and later installing budget and cost control systems at Montgomery Ward's mail order house. Then came a two-year association with the A.U.S., which included the O.C.S. course at Camp Davis, leading to a commission in the anti-aircraft division of the C.A.C. It turned out that my skin was allergic to the uniform, so a medical discharge sent me back to civilian life.

Connecticut seemed to us to offer the most answers to our desires for a suitable place in which to live; therefore, we returned here in 1944 and settled in Simsbury. For the last seven years I have been with The Ensign-Bickford Company. My present status is Office Manager and Assistant Controller.

Summer hobbies consist of golf, fishing, and resorting in an old house located in western Massachusetts that we acquired for a weekend and vacation spot. In winter, I teach accounting and management subjects in several of the Hartford community evening colleges and do a little skiing when there is enough snow.

Other interests outside of my job have included helping the local scout troop, junior deacon in the church, director of the Hartford

Chapter of the NOMA, community fund drives, and the usual run of activities that are found in a small community.

ALBERT C. BRUMLEY; 212 Midhurst Road, Baltimore 12, Md.

I work as a manufacturer of chemicals. My wife and I boast a twelve-year-old son who is on the first honor roll at McDonough High School, McDonough, Md., and a seven-year-old daughter in Bryn Mawr School, Baltimore, who plays the piano and has perfect pitch. I spend my spare time with boating, riflery, and archery.

SYDNEY BRUSKIN; 1144 Chapel Street, New Haven, Conn.

I reside at 83 Anita Street, New Haven, in a one-family home. I was married on August 8, 1941, and have one daughter, Phyllis Dawn, who was born on May 31, 1943. Am founder and owner of Bicycle Center, which was established on April 4, 1937. For over twelve years the business was located in a building owned by Yale at Chapel and York Streets, New Haven. Had to vacate premises past spring because the building was coming down to make room for a new Yale Art Gallery. "Culture must be served," as *Yale News* quoted me. Purchased property at 1144 Chapel Street, and erected present store. Also became a landlord by putting in four offices in structure.

I am a member of Temple Mishkan Israel; New Haven Chamber of Commerce, New Haven Area Council, American Youth Hostels, B'nai B'rith, Horeb Lodge, and Friends of Yale Hillel. As member of B'nai B'rith am Chairman of Hillel Committee, which ministers to spiritual, cultural, and social needs of Yale students of Jewish faith.

Hobbies: Golf, cards, and cycling (believe it or not).

I served with the Army in World War II, with Counter-Intelligence Corps, in Europe. My college French (in which I majored) and German came in handy.

THOMAS W. BRYANT; Prospect Street, Litchfield, Conn.

I am still (since 1936) with the Union Hardware Company of Torrington, now as vice-president. I am still married to Laura (since 1936) and still interested in kids—we now have four—a boy of fourteen and three girls, the youngest two years old. Still flying; still skiing. Things haven't changed much except that there are more of us and less money.

HERBERT BUCKMAN JR.; 2830 Van Aken Boulevard, Cleveland, Ohio.

Since the last time I did this, there seem to be a number of changes



in the world, but, for better or worse, not many changes in me. Like most of my contemporaries, I make more and spend more than I did five or six years ago, when I resumed civilian life after a four-year period of service with the Coast Guard. I enjoy the independence and suffer the insecurity of my own law practice. For exercise, I have become addicted, in my old age, to tennis. For sedentary forms of recreation, I enjoy conversation, reading, listening to music, watching theatre, baseball, and football. I am still single—a situation which is variously pitied, censured, and envied. Although a bachelor, I am not a confirmed one—or so I tell myself. My political beliefs probably are slightly to the right of what they were when I left college, as much, I imagine, because the world has moved to the left as because I have moved the other way. I know less and understand more than I did fifteen years ago.

CONRAD WALTER BUHLER; Echo Wood Farm, Westport, Conn.

Business-wise there has been no change since the last class history. The A. S. Harrison Company has, however, seen fit to appoint me Secretary-Treasurer as well as name me to its Board. During the winter of 1948-49 we moved our office and plant to South Norwalk, Conn. This move entailed the laying out of a small, compact and highly efficient plant along the right-of-way of the N.Y., N.H. & H. RR. This work was fascinating in the problems it posed, and it still has its fascination for me in maintaining supervision of personnel and plant operation as well as the chores covered by my official title.

The civic activities in the city of my labors consist of directorships in the Chamber of Commerce and the Norwalk chapter of Kiwanis, and the Vice-Chairmanship of the Manufacturers Association.

At home the activities in Civil Defense take up some of the leisure hours in the administrative details of Chief-of-Warden Service. Sports, hobbies and sociabilities are covered at the Farm, The Weston Field Club and the Pequot Yacht Club. I look forward to the day when I will be able to anchor my own cruiser in Pequot Harbor.

MORGAN GARDNER BULKELEY III; Mount Washington, Mass.; P.O. Copake Falls, N.Y.

The four Bulkeleys are still on their mountain farm in the Berkshires. When I recapitulate the last five years, I do not count additional coins, political steps, miles of travel, bubbles of reputation, nor inches of waist-line. Rather I think in terms of contentment:

Of lush green rows of potatoes passing beneath the tractor, of two laughing children swinging from birch tops, of a pretty wife



picking blueberries against a great white cloud on a mountain top, of hesitant little fingers dipping into the hot sap pan, of rich brown earth-curls falling away behind the plow, of frosty starry nights when the eager dog barks 'coon tree along some distant ridge, of smooth slopes of snow marked only by blue shadows and the tracks of four skiers, of sunsets and sunrises, and the more to come.

I see more clearly now that a one-family farm like any business may tend to expand and become more and more time consuming. After ten years we have finally swung a hammock; after another ten, we may find time to lie in it.

This life may seem quiet; but it brings unexpected adventures, even perilous ones, like those of the battle line. My wife stepped on a rattlesnake in our raspberry patch. I was stung so severely by an angry swarm of bees that my heartbeat became imperceptible. Yet in retrospect such events scarcely disturb the even tenor of our way.

MILAN R. BUMP; 101 Merion Road, York, Pa.

I work as president and treasurer of the York Tabulating Service, Inc., publishers of York Mortgage Records and a tabulating service bureau organized in 1946.

I was married in 1937 and divorced in 1942; had twin daughters: Mary Elizabeth and Caroline Auguste, born on June 11, 1939. I married Betty-Ball Lafern on October 14, 1944, and we have one daughter, Deborah Morrison, born on June 14, 1947.

Golf and candid camera photography are my enthusiasms—the latter is dormant pending addition of a dark room to new house. I am secretary and treasurer of the Country Club of York. (When in York call me—I'll treat you to a golf game on a beautiful course.) I'm a member of the Rotary Club of York and of the Reciprocity Club of York. Veteran of four years (1942-46) in Navy Supply Corps, Lieutenant Commander.

CHARLES CANTINE BUNKER; Cove Road, Oyster Bay, N.Y.

Have worked since 1937 in that prominent Dust Bowl area known as Wall Street, where the New Deal, Fair Deal, etc., have been eminently successful in spreading poverty, to the accompaniment of a large-scale relocation of the mink coat population in areas adjacent to the Potomac River. First employed by The Lehman Corporation and now by Morgan Stanley & Co., with the exception of three years spent in the Navy during World War II, principally at the Naval Aviation Supply Office in Philadelphia.

Married Mavis McGuire of New York in 1940 and have three children, Sheffield, Shiela and Mavis. Have lived in Oyster Bay since 1946 and heartily endorse same, despite commuting. Continue to be an incompetent but enthusiastic golfer.

JOHN W. BUNKER; 388 Browncroft Boulevard, Rochester, N.Y.

At present I am managing the claims department of the Rochester branch of a nationally known insurance company. Transfers come up every two years or so, so that I am more or less a bird of passage. I am happily married—no children; my wife is working at Eastman Kodak, which dominates this city. This is solid Republican country, in which we feel very much at home.

ROBERT BURKE; 33 Claremont Avenue, Holyoke, Mass.

I am an engineer at G.E. in Holyoke. I am married, with three children—Patricia, nine, Robert, Jr., seven, and Nancy, almost four—a leap-year baby, born on February 29; and a collie, Bean, one year old. I won a \$2700 award for suggesting a crate design—biggest ever for G.E. Pittsfield Works, of which Holyoke is a satellite. Softball, ice skating, music, carpentering, and family hikes are my pastimes.

WESTCOTT BURLINGAME; Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

Mustered out of Active Duty with the Navy in October, 1945, I returned to Rochester and the Eastman Kodak Company. My work involved correspondence and editorial duties until the spring of 1947, when it shifted to the field of audio-visual education. This kept me busy until last February, when I was transferred to my present job in the Government Sales Division of the Company.

Our son, Westcott III, was born on May 23, 1946. We already had one daughter, Leslie Jean, born April 30, 1942.

At present I am an Elder in the Third Presbyterian Church of Rochester, and a member of several organizations in the audio-visual field.

Favorite extra-curricular activities are: barbershop harmony, gardening, home projects.

ROBERT C. BURNHAM; 4721 11th Street No., Arlington 5, Va.

I am practising psychistry and psychoanalysis; was Director of the Arlington County Guidance Center, 1948-51, and am now an instructor in the Washington-Baltimore Psychoanalytic Institute. I am active in public school affairs and the mental hygiene society locally, in addition to scientific societies. Three boys present an ever-present hobby. Our second son, Roger Morris, was born on October 10, 1947, and our third, Timothy Donald Eugene, on May 15, 1951. My wife Donna and I are taking up golf for the middle years.

WILLIAM R. BURT; 6 Oriole Avenue, Bronxville, N.Y.

To begin with, your classmate served in the Air Force in Wash-



ington, London, Paris, Berlin and other interesting points and worked his way up from the honorable status of ROTC second lieutenant of Field Artillery to "chicken" colonel in the Air Force. The work was tough staff work, but did include some rewards, such as Legion of Merit, Bronze Star, and lots of travelling.

After the war I spent 1946-47 at Columbia Law School and then joined General (Wild Bill) Donovan's law firm. Took leave of absence to go with Tom Finletter as his special assistant and counsel with the Economic Cooperation Administration in London in 1948. Spent 1949 getting re-established in the practice of law and became a partner in the firm of Ferguson, Idler & Hayes, 44 Wall Street, in May, 1950.

Jean, the wife; Cynthia, the daughter; and William R., Jr., the son, all seem to be enjoying the process of growing older together with Daddy. Their new home in Bronxville has an adequate playroom and bar, and visitors are welcome, particularly members of the Class of '36.

J. FREDERIC BYERS, JR.; A. M. Byers Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

My principal occupation is still with the A. M. Byers Co., which I currently serve as Assistant to the President and Director. I am also a Director of the Fidelity Trust Co. in Pittsburgh.

My wife Alison and I still live in Sewickley, Pa., and will celebrate our fifteenth wedding anniversary on January 7, 1952. We were blessed on June 10, 1951, with the arrival of our fifth child, Alison Jr., which gives us the full count—three and two (boys and girls respectively). We are very happy.

Golf continues my main hobby, but I do better serving the game than playing it (except with Lou Walker as a partner or George O'Neil as an opponent). I retire this year as President of the Pennsylvania Golf Association and continue on the Executive Committee of the United States Golf Association. Trap shooting and upland game bird shooting account for what spare hours there are during the balance of the year.

Am active in any way I can be in promoting the interests of Yale University and St. Paul's School (Concord, N.H.) around Pittsburgh. Recently chairmanned a fine Yale Glee Club concert which benefitted the Yale Scholarship Trust of Pittsburgh handsomely, and am current President of the St. Paul's School Alumni Association of Pittsburgh. Am also active on boards of local hospital and too many clubs.

Not long ago the U.S. Navy gave me a deserved and well received slap on the wrist by placing me on their inactive status list.



Hated having to miss for the first time the annual jaunt to New Haven last fall and the attendant friendship renewals.

Am still a Republican and think 1952 may be our last chance to stop the dangerous trend towards socialism.

HENRY K. CAHN; 1066 Whitney Avenue, Hamden, Conn.

In 1946, I was released with the rank of Captain from active duty in the United States Army after four years of service, two of which were spent in the India Burma Theatre. Then I went to work at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N.Y., in the merchandising division, winding up as a buyer in the ready-to-wear division.

Smith College, Class of 1947, in the person of Joyce E. Cooley finally said yes, and we have been married just about two years. A daughter, Ellen Harriet, arrived last December.

A year ago, we left New York City, where we had been living, to become country folk once more, as I am now associated with Cooley Chevrolet Co. in Yale's hometown.

CRAWFORD JENNINGS CAMPBELL; Loudon Heights, Loudonville, N.Y.

Following the completion of my residency training in orthopedic surgery at the University of Chicago in 1946, I have been on the teaching staff of the Albany Medical College and Hospital, and the Consultant at the Albany Veterans' Hospital. By acquiring two associates, life has been made more enjoyable in allowing the first vacations since starting in surgery, and in getting time for research, reading, and enjoying the arts.

My wife and I are strongly connected with the Planned Parenthood Movement, and with charitable interests involving the arts in the Albany area. Our three children attend private schools only because of deplorable school conditions insofar as the public schools are concerned. However, we are supporting every effort to improve the situation.

Summers are spent on Squam Lake, New Hampshire, in as primitive conditions as the family will tolerate; and other than a very busy life in Albany, we may escape briefly from the routines of life to Canada, Bermuda, or Mexico.

HUGH M. CAMPBELL; 256 Woodstock Avenue, Kenilworth, Ill.

Nothing particularly noteworthy has happened to my family or me since the last book was published. Still employed by the same accounting firm, but was recently transferred from the New York to the Chicago office. Our family spent six months in England last

spring and summer, where I was ostensibly on business, and we managed a short trip on the continent. We spend the best part of our vacations in Canada and playing a peculiarly inept brand of golf. I was very sorry to miss the fifteenth reunion, but we were engaged in trying to find a place to live near Chicago, which turned out to be quite a job. Look forward to the twentieth.

WILLIAM P. CAMPBELL; Ap't 208, 2022 Columbia Road, N.W., Washington 9, D.C.

As an illustration of the democratic spirit instilled in me as an undergraduate, I became a G.I. Harvard student in October, 1945, studying fine arts, a new interest gained during the war. In the summers of 1946 and 1947, valuable training in this field was provided at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. During the fall of the following year a trip to Spain and Italy was necessitated in order to gather material for my doctoral thesis. Unfortunately that opus was not quite completed in September, 1949, when I went to work for the Worcester (Mass.) Art Museum; and its final tying-together remains until today to plague my evenings. In June, 1951, I took my present position at the National Gallery of Art, working in a research capacity in the curatorial division.

The big event since last writing in these pages was my marriage to Priscilla Lee, a graduate of Vassar and the New York School of Social Work. Charlie Audette was an usher at that important event which, even today, after one whole year, I still consider the happiest move of my life.

So equally bad were the candidates last election that, for the first time, I was unable to decide how to vote. And in 1952, may I be spared the predicament of having to choose between Truman and Taft!

GARDINER CARPENTER;

Coming back to the Department (as you must know, members of the Department of State *never* specify what Department it is that they're speaking of, a sort of inverse snobbery of a piece with wearing a "Y" inside out and on your back!) in the summer of 1946 from Berlin, where I'd been serving on Ambassador Robert D. Murphy's staff, I found myself scheduled, following consultation, for another German assignment. This was an appalling thought, as I'd by then had a sufficiency of the cigarette economy, and so I cast about for means whereby I could go to the reaches of the earth farthest removed from the Deutsches Reich. I found that the Department was looking for China Language and Area specialists, promising them, in return for two years of hard study, all sorts of promotion short-cuts, Peking



temples with moon gates and (in the cases of the unmarried) “long-haired dictionaries,” etc., etc. I signed up, took my first six months work at—guess where!—what F. Scott Fitzgerald used to refer to as “the iron foundry down at New Haven” and in a trice found myself in Peking, facing imminent promotion, a moon gate looking to the east (in addition to a Western facility which even Lin Yu-tang might well have applauded, a blue-tiled swimming pool three steps from my door that had been constructed by the father of ’36er Peter Belin) and—well, no matter what else. You wouldn’t believe me if I told you.

In any event, I had just about completed mastery of my “*wo hau’s*” and “*noi hen hau’s*” when Lin Piao and his boys swept down upon the Imperial City, taking it on January 22, 1949. We stuck it a bit more than a year, having to travel about the city on foot (our automobiles, that is to say, those belonging to the Consulate General, were un-registerable by the Peking Military Control Commission, inasmuch as they were the property of “a government which doesn’t recognize the People’s Republic of China and hence doesn’t exist”!), be searched by slab-faced Mongol guards posted at the Consulate General each time we so much as wanted to enter the place to work, etc. Finally, as you may recall, we were rather firmly ejected from Consulate property by the minions of the CPG (Chinese People’s Government to you), all official Americans leaving the Land of the Plum Blossom by April, 1950.

Following these somewhat harrowing experiences [for after all, there I found myself, no longer as young as, say, Shelly Winters, with not a swimming pool or moon gate to my name, my face (“*lien*”) have been irreparably destroyed (“*tai po huaide*”)], I thought that the least the Department could do was to pack me off to Oslo or Brussels or Rio or some such “land,” as James Stephens used to put it, “of apple blossom and honey.” But no, oh no, I was instead sent to a place of which I somehow doubt whether some of our fellow ’36ers, withal their eruditional wealth, have so much as heard: Vietnam (and by analogy, Cambodia and Laos). So here I am, Second Secretary at the American Legation at Saigon (my second “hat” being Chinese Language Officer), serving on what is euphemistically described as “the periphery” (of hell, I think it should be animadverted), sneaking about by the light of the moon interviewing in my quavering Mandarin recent escapees from the Celestial Quarter, trying to persuade Chinese Nationalist troops who were interned in this country after fleeing from the avenging Communist hordes in late 1949 to refrain from revolting against their Senegalese guards and going over the hill back to hearth and home, running off movies and other species of “informational material” for the benefit of my celestial constituents in order to exhibit to them something of the



glories of the bathtub civilization (a month ago I wound up a film the title of which I hadn't bothered to ken, only to find myself viewing a moment later the last, sad quarter of the 1951 Yale-Navy game; I hurriedly switched to skiing in the Appalachians!), etc.

Perhaps by the time our Twenty Year Volume emerges, I shall be an Ambassador—or hard at work on the rock pile with others of the China “lao shou” fraternity, such as Jack Service and Jack Vincent. No career for a “landyfinger pusher with the milk of Groton still wet upon his lips” this!

P. S. While in Hong Kong the other day I saw Chris Rand, whose brothers Jake and Bill were, of course, Yale 1936 (Chris was in 1934). Chris presented the damndest spectacle you have ever witnessed: he's a confirmed Buddhist, you know, and goes about in a Brooks Bros. button-down shirt with regimental tie, wears trousers the (Freshman Year) regulation three inches too short, but meanwhile permits no leather to touch his person, neither leather shoes, belt, pocketbook nor whatnot. He's living at a Buddhist temple some miles away from the center of town and rises from his frugal pallet once or twice a week to converse in Groton-cum-Yale accents with old “peng you's” at the Gloucester Grill or elsewhere. Don't ever say that the Wearers of the Blue are type-conformers; they're not, and yet usually they fetch up short of the eccentric. Don't ask me how they do it.

*(While this book was on the presses, news came that Carpenter died in Paris on March 7, 1952.)*

FREDERIC CAREY CARROLL; 46 Woodland Park, Hartford, Conn.

By waiting for John Hersey's final, final notice, I have added six months to the period to be covered by this report. To be perfectly honest, I waited beyond the last notice on our two previous volumes and therefore will try this time to cover briefly my activities since graduation.

My only business connection during these years has been with the National Fire Insurance Company of Hartford. After a year's training in the home office, I travelled in Pennsylvania for several years as a field man, first from Philadelphia and later from Pittsburgh. Then my almost-forgotten ROTC commission caught up with me, and the next four years were spent in the Army. Being classified as limited service for being some forty pounds underweight for my six foot three inch frame, all my service was in this country. During most of the first two years I was a training officer at Southern universities, and the balance of the time I was assigned to various Prisoner of War

Camps, ending up as Executive Officer of a large camp in a remote section of Arkansas.

While fighting a strictly de luxe war at the beautiful campus of Louisiana State University, I met a photogenic senior co-ed named Dorothy Leas Landry. We were married a few days after her graduation in June, 1943. Since then we have lived in various parts of the country, and our only child to date, Joseph Edward, was born in Baton Rouge, La., in December, 1947. He is now a fine, husky boy who suffered with us through games at the Bowl this past fall.

After the war I spent a few years in charge of the National Fire's field offices in Pittsburgh and Charleston, W.Va., and since June of 1950 I have been back in my home town of Hartford as an Assistant Secretary of the company. My present work involves some travelling through the Middle Atlantic States and to me is intensely interesting. We are presently living fairly quiet lives in a very comfortable apartment, spending our week-ends looking at houses with fantastic price labels. While I was unable to make our Fifteenth Reunion because of some business commitments, we do get to New Haven frequently and I have admittedly seen more of the Art Gallery in the past year than I ever did as an undergraduate. After lengthy explanations to my wife about the good old days, I have even learned how to handle a cafeteria tray through the Saybrook dining room.

ROBERT R. CARTER; 3027 Xenophon Street, San Diego 6, Calif.  
Just home from South America. No time for report. Sorry.

FRANK M. CASTIGLIONE; 525 Ridge Road, Hamden, Conn.

I am now completing the third year of a three-year full-time course in dermatology at the New York Polyclinic Hospital. I have given up general practice and am doing dermatology practice at 245 Edwards St., New Haven. My children are Joseph, four and a half, and Carolyn, three and a half. I have been a widower since the untimely death of my beloved wife, Joan, on July 20, 1951.

JAMES CHRISTIAN CASTLE; Kaneohe Ranch Company, Ltd., Kaneohe, Oahu, T. H.

Our first child, James Christian Castle, Jr., was born on June 27, 1948, in Honolulu. I am Vice-President and Manager of the Kaneohe Ranch Company, Ltd., which is the same position I had prior to the War, and am on the Board of Directors of the Honolulu Community Chest.

FRANK C. CATE, JR.; 201 West Street, Reading, Mass.

Daughter—Linda Ann, now seven. Yes, only one. Wife—Rosiland. Same. Career: First National Bank of Boston—Methods Analyst.



Biggest time consumer—Renovating the homestead, 162 years old.  
Next—O.R.C. Major, Transportation Corps.

JOHN MARTIN CATES, JR.; 1658 29th St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

Like Elliott Dunlop Smith said, there's no sense in worrying too much about planning that future career, for who knows what the morrow will bring. Not that I had definitely planned in 1936 to attend some 15th reunion but that this would be written in Paris almost during said reunion while waiting to take a train to Geneva was certainly no part of my calculations; and though that Greatest Class's Greatest Fifteenth was no part of my thinking then, it has been of late. And where was I? Ears covered with "international conference" earphones trying to guess whether the translation was any good, original or same being delivered in French. In short, since the last personal exposé of this type some five years ago, life has been a merry montage of changing jobs, buying a house, lots of travel, a pleasant social ambiance, a good many songs, and a good deal of work, with my chief exercise being unzipping a briefcase at night.

The last installment left me bending over a hot IN box assisting (sic) one of the Commissioners of the U.S. Maritime Commission tie up the threads of surplus ship disposal and other aftermath-of-war odds and ends. A change to the State Department may seem to have been an out of the frying pan into the fire deal, but so far I am resisting all insinuations and am prepared to take on all comers, all weights, for the honor of what is generally referred to by its inmates as THE Department. Originally this State Department move resulted from my war shipping experience and my first couple of years were spent with international transport (sea, air, highway) and communications (radio, postal) organizations of which the U.S. is a member. Later my work shifted towards broader United Nations economic and social fields, some law and most recently towards a field succinctly described in the manual as "cultural and human rights affairs." As may be imagined, this covers a good many activities "noble in motive and far reaching in purpose" and which, though sounding a bit weird to the uninitiated onlooker, are contributing greatly to what we hope will be a better organized and more peaceable world. The rights of man, the spread of basic education, freedom of the press—these and others are well worth the candle. The alphabetic cadre is a bit confusing, with some not sure whether Unesco is an educational organization or a new breakfast drink; and ICAO, an organization of aviators or an alcoholic remonstrance. Anyhow, trying to make these organizations better has taken me abroad five times and landed me in about twenty international meet-



ings of one kind or another. It has also given me a wide acquaintance among many peoples, a measure of patience, a great deal of hope and a firm belief that we can avoid a shooting war, although we must be prepared to gird our loins for a long "war of nerves" and to accept the probability that a hundred years from now our life span of depression and war will be just "that mid-20th century period of flux." So relax and enjoy it.

Fortunate in latching on to a quartette here and there, most especially the Lower Potomac River Valley Ballad Singers, with Ed Clapp and various '36 songbirds such as Holmes, Mills, Pinkham, Byers, et al., I have continued to see a good many classmates under ideal conditions. This has been my favorite in and outdoor sport and the excuse for visits to New Haven and way spots. Songs, some dances, my wife and son, painting the house take up my spare time when home. Speaking trips in the U.S. and conference trips eat up a large percentage of the time not devoured by job and office, and permit me to cover a good part of the western world. It's been a full life and a varied one, with more than enough uncertainty to bar boredom. My chief hope now is that as a country we keep our sense of humor and balance and exhibit the self-confidence we should have by virtue of our position. With all this go responsibilities world wide in nature which we should be able to take in our stride if we apply the lessons learned at Yale. Though this sounds pompous, I am drawn to conclude there is much truth in it and that we must be able to depend on the Yale output to comprehend a situation objectively and then work out some practical answers. Now wait for the next five years!

WILLARD CATES; Country Gardens, Rye, N.Y.

Have five years really come and gone since the last treatise? Presumably a lot of stuff has flown under the thing since then, but advancing age has telescoped those years into a brief flurry.

The housing situation was amended by a move from Greenwich to Rye, N.Y., a '36 hotbed which includes Pinkham, Rossbach, Keyes, and Roscoe.

Advanced education in the insurance field is indicated by receipt of the designation of Chartered Property Casualty Underwriter, which came after somehow managing to pass five examinations with the help of the G.I. bill. This entitles you to wear a key on your gold watch and chain, hang a genuine sheepskin on the wall and sign up big accounts. Actually, as far as this latter activity goes, the practice of being related to the board of directors is generally found to be more immediately rewarding.

Still toiling at 63 Wall Street for Johnson and Higgins, highgrade

insurance mongers and adjusters of average, the latter being a marine term widely understood by at least four or five people.

Tennis and swimming still occupy the summer weekends, although the pounding of the pump after two sets may mean that the time has come to switch to golf.

My political activities have so far been limited to voting for losing candidates. However, after surveying the entrails of two geese and a big fat hen, I'm prepared to predict that Truman will run and lose. Any bets?

ALVIN E. CAVANAGH; Grumman Hill, Wilton, Conn.

My occupation is writing. I'm still unmarried. My principal hobby is shooting. I belong to a pistol club but am also interested in rifle shooting, principally of the varmint kind, which means woodchucks and crows. However, some day I hope to venture into the wilderness deep enough that the sound of my 30-06 rifle cannot be heard from human habitation.

With the world situation what it is, it is obvious that we may some day need to defend our homes, as did our ancestors of yore, with our rifles. And now as then skill with the rifle can only come with assiduous effort. Therefore the need of training young men with the rifle before they reach military age. I would like to appeal to my classmates to join in this effort both by influence and personal leadership. May I pass on to all the slogan of the National Rifle Association: *America again a Nation of Riflemen*.

CARROLL CAVANAGH; Swale Road, Sasqua Hills, East Norwalk, Conn.

I am on active duty with the Navy, as a Lieutenant Commander, in command of U.S.S. *Pigeon* (AM 374), a minesweeper. My wife, nee Mona Schmid, and I have three children: Carroll, nine, Monica, six, and Deirdre (Toot), four. Hobby: becoming a civilian.

GUY WINTHROP CHAMBERLIN; 702 Greenwood Road, West-over Hills, Wilmington, Del.

From Yale, it was to be a job with a large steel mill in Birmingham, not far from my home in Montevallo, Ala. However, an off chance letter to the Du Pont Company in Wilmington resulted in an industrial engineer's position. The job began at the Du Pont Plastics Plant at Arlington, N.J., and kept me there until September, 1942, doing industrial engineering work, but gradually developed into more and more sales service work on "Lucite" and celluloid type plastics.

During those six years, as a bachelor residing in northern New



Jersey, life was carefree and interesting. There were trips to ski resorts, New York City, the Long Island or New Jersey shore. There were Yale alumni meetings in Montclair and it was always easy to find a classmate to take a trip to Derby Day or to a football game at New Haven.

In March, 1942, the Army beckoned, since my commission as 2nd Lieutenant from Yale R.O.T.C. still held. However, a freshly broken leg from a skiing accident brought about an honorable discharge from the Engineer Reserves on the grounds of physical disqualification. By September, 1942, the leg had healed and my application as 1st Lieutenant in the Chemical Corps was accepted. At least the broken bone can be credited with a jump in rank.

As Inspection Officer for the New York Procurement District, my army duties kept me hopping from Buffalo to Baltimore, and points in between, to visit various plants making 4.2 mortars, flame throwers, gas masks, and incendiary bombs. This routine was punctuated with occasional training at Edgewood Arsenal, Md., and one year as resident inspector at a napalm bomb loading plant on Staten Island.

On August 18, 1945, while still in the Army, I married Betty Peet, Cornell 1941. Betty's home was in Montclair, N.J., and she had been working for the *Herald Tribune* in New York City. We settled in an apartment in Greenwich Village only to be ordered to Ogden, Utah, three weeks later.

Separation from the Army came in January, 1946, with the rank of Major. By March, Du Pont had me in harness again as their plastics sales representative in the state of New Jersey, with home in Montclair. Then came sales territories in New York State and Connecticut, with much traveling and a change of residence to Stamford, Conn.

Connecticut was a wonderful place to live, with easy access to city, country, Long Island Sound and the Yale Bowl. Of all the places visited and lived at, Fairfield County, Conn., was the happiest combination of everything. We really were sorry to have to move. However, move we did, in July, 1950, to Du Pont's headquarters in Wilmington, Del., and to a job with plastics sales management.

Wilmington has turned out to be quite pleasant. We hope we will stay put for a while. At any rate, we have built a ranch type house in an oak grove, joined the country club, and are pretending to be settled. No children yet.

PALMER S. CHAMBERS, JR.; Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

I have done nothing since the last publication to add luster to the class of 1936. However, I added considerable luster to myself by



marrying Britta Maria Elisabet Ericson (Bryn Mawr '45), an excellent wife who has presented me with two beautiful daughters, Penlope, who is two and a half, and Emily, who is one and a quarter.

I have been rapidly pushed away from the Democratic party by the activities of the present administration, but the Republicans are giving me little encouragement to join them. However, if they can nominate Eisenhower next year I will certainly vote for him.

GEORGE M. CHANDLEE, JR.; Gilman School, Baltimore 10, Md.

The Army having called off the battle of Miami Beach and I having become once more a civilian, I returned in 1946 to Baltimore as a teacher of mathematics at Gilman School, where I have also been, since 1947, an assistant coach of football and coach of lacrosse. With lacrosse has come my greatest satisfaction, as Gilman has lost only two games in the past five years and won the Maryland Scholastic Association championship four consecutive years. The only sad note of this story is that the majority of the graduates of these teams are at Princeton, due to circumstances beyond my control. Summers have been spent helping to run Hyde Bay Camp for Boys at Coopers-town, N.Y. (adv.), where several sons of members of the class of 1936 have turned up.

CHARLES F. CHANDLER; Sterling Junction, Mass.

The last five years have been momentous ones for me, for they have marked the completion of my formal education and surgical training and the transition from a parasitic form of existence to self-supporting status at last. In December, 1948, I completed the Surgical Residency at the New York Hospital and moved to the country together with my good wife and our three children: Lucy, now aged eight; Mary, aged six; and Charles F., Jr., aged three. We built a house with the aid of the G.I. Loan and settled down to the practice of surgery in a small community. This has been an ideal way for us to live. The practice has gone well from the very first and has been rewarding not only financially but in personal relationships with our patients, who for the most part, come to be our friends and not merely case histories.

In February, 1950, I was certified by the American Board of Surgery, and at this writing (July, 1951) have just been taken into the American College of Surgeons as a Fellow. So much for the kudos department.

We are currently anticipating a fourth addition to the family in November, 1951, and hope to balance out the score at two-all, although my medical colleagues inform me that this is probably wishful thinking. Our recreations in the country are of the simpler variety and consist mostly of gardening, improvements about the house, etc.

We do manage to squeeze in a week or two of skiing in the winter and a vacation in the summer in Maine. Otherwise, we are very rural and bucolic in our activities. Politically, we are Republicans, but I for one wish that any party might come up with a half-decent presidential candidate for 1952, in which case, he will have my vote.

MINOTTE McINTOSH CHATFIELD; 15-A East Laurel Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

Talking about oneself is the easiest thing to do in conversation and the hardest thing in writing. After much head-scratching and eraser-chewing, I am ready to present this sketch of my activities since the war.

My wife, my daughter, and I lived with Father ('08S) in New Haven for the year 1946-47, while I studied in the Department of Education at Yale and taught veterans at Hopkins Grammar School. The autumn of 1947 brought a full-time teaching job at Chapman Technical High School, New London, and a move to nearby Groton, our chief residence ever since. A year at Chapman Tech and a half year at a grammar school in Groton were enough to convince me that the post-war teenager was a creature new and strange. Consequently, I retired to the relative security of a job with the Connecticut Department of Labor, first as claims examiner in Unemployment Compensation, later as interviewer in the Employment Service. Since September, 1950, however, I have been engaged in a monumental effort to get back into teaching, by working for an M.A. in English at the Lehigh University Graduate School. Now in my third term (Fall, 1951), I am splitting my efforts between my own studies and the teaching of two sections of Freshman English.

I am happy to report that my wife, who was ill and in hospital for over two years, has been home since last December and is continually gaining in health and strength. Our daughter, five, is with us and attends first grade in a nearby grammar school.

ROBERT W. CHEESEWRIGHT; 1740 Lombardy Road, Pasadena 5, Calif.

I'm a farmer in the Imperial Valley; I'm married and have three children; and my hobby is skiing—I'm President of "Southern Skis."

TIMOTHY CHENEY; Julius Hart School of Music, Hartford, Conn.

I am teaching at the Julius Hart School of Music and living in West Hartford. I have composed quite a bit and had a cello piece performed this spring. We have four children, three girls and a boy, and in spare time I mow the lawn, play the piano, and compose and read a lot.



HUGH J. CHISHOLM, JR.; 140 East 62d Street, New York, N.Y.

I am Special Editor for the Bollingen Series. I have one son, who is eleven years old. A volume of my poetry was published in 1951 by Farrar, Strauss & Young, entitled *Atlantic City Cantata*.

MELVILLE CHURCH, 2D; North Cliff, Rixeyville, Va.

Still doing business at North Cliff—more horses—some success—a very satisfactory form of endeavor. Becoming a family effort, with wife Emily North always a partner. Now son Melville, 3d, thirteen and daughter Margaret, seven, becoming interested and helpful—hope to race a few of our own soon.

EDWIN JONES CLAPP, JR.; 3 Bay Tree Lane, Washington 16, D.C.

Contrary to Lloyd Cutler's advice (see 1936 Ten-Year Record), I continue in the Federal Service. Got out of Reconstruction Finance Corporation just before the mink coat hit the fans, transferring to the Federal Civil Defense Administration. Also at FCDA are Jerry Wadsworth, Reverdy's brother, and Ted Babbitt, who used to be our Assistant Dean of Freshmen.

At this writing, civil defense is in the doldrums. Congress and the rest of the country are exhibiting the same symptoms of shock that John Hersey described so vividly as afflicting even those at Hiroshima who were uninjured. The horror of an atomic attack seems too appalling to permit sustained contemplation of what it could mean to our society or us as individuals. While we engage in the greatest armaments race in history, we refuse to face up to the facts that the Russians have the bomb and that even the largest air force we could build could not intercept more than 30% of their bombers. The calculated risk is whether all this adds up to war. What do you think the chances are?

They say the casualties at Hiroshima and Nagasaki could have been reduced 50% if there had been any warning of attack and the people had known what to do. We can count on warning; and it is up to each of us to know where to go for shelter when the sirens sound, how to put out our own fires and give first aid to our families and neighbors, and how to care for refugees who may otherwise become an undisciplined, pillaging horde. Your civil defense is you and your neighbors knowing the answers and being ready if the time comes. Your civil defense is cheaply bought with the little time and effort it will require. It's the most reasonable—in fact the only—survival insurance you can get.

Otherwise, we have two more sons, John two and Nelson one. Failing to find conventional lodgings to accommodate this type family,

Jeanne and I went overboard and built a contemporary house. Outside, it is half redwood and half glass; inside, 85% Y.M.C.A. gymnasium and 15% padded cell. Visiting firemen of not more than 15% are invited; all others are welcome, but at their own peril.

DAVID SANDERS CLARK; 5543 Wessling Lane, Bethesda 14, Md.

Since returning to inactive duty in June, 1946, I have been a research analyst in Washington, first with the Navy, then with the Department of Defense (after Mr. Louis Johnson forced "unification" upon our naval organization), and now with Headquarters of the U.S. Air Force. Though this is not the sort of occupation which is likely to lead to fame and fortune, there is a deep satisfaction in the knowledge that my work is helping to strengthen the defenses of the United States in these highly dangerous times.

We have three children: David, nine, Jonathan, six, and Mary (who is always called "Molly"), going on two. Except for the climate, Washington seems an ideal place to raise a family—so clean as compared to sooty Detroit and Cleveland, where Mrs. Clark and I were brought up—and providing so much of interest (public events, museums, live theatre, the Library of Congress, and, of course, the Zoo). Even the heat and humidity are surmountable, thanks to our weekend place in the Blue Ridge right on the edge of Shenandoah National Park, where we can splash in a mountain stream and sleep under blankets less than a hundred miles from the sweltering city.

WILLIAM H. CLARK; Hawthorne Road, Essex Fells, N.J.

One important development in the past five years has been a change in address. Several years ago we found a most attractive house with real, live woods in back of it in the charming suburban hamlet of Essex Fells, N.J., which is about four miles west of Montclair, and if that doesn't help you, is sixteen miles due west, as the crow flies, from Times Square. This necessitates something known as commuting, which absorbs an hour and ten minutes each way, five days a week, but since no subways are involved, I have found it not at all burdensome, and the pleasures of living in the country have been a delight to the whole family. Having been brought up and lived until this move in the hamlet of Manhattan, a few adjustments were necessary, such as learning something about house maintenance, gardening, etc. Progress is somewhat slow in these departments, but oddly enough I enjoy them.

Dudley Holbrook Clark joined the group on May 17, 1947. We also have a daughter, Cheryl, who is now six, and they have both been the least possible bother and the most possible fun. My wife, Rosemary, is continuing her decorating business which she used to



carry on in New York under the name of Rosemary Dudley, Inc., and operates as Rosemary Dudley Clark from an office in our home. She fortunately has been busy, but has considerably less pressure and overhead than in the city. I am extremely proud of her, and some of you may have seen an article on her in the *Saturday Evening Post*, March 31, 1951, edition. Currently she has been selected by a board of editors, etc., as "one of America's Foremost Decorators," to exhibit a room at the National Home Furnishing Show which opens shortly in New York.

I am still with Price Waterhouse & Co., 56 Pine Street, New York, where, as Personnel Manager, my duties are somewhat taxing, but most absorbing. It is a splendid group of men, and I like it tremendously.

I have taken no active part in politics, but have participated somewhat in the affairs of the local church, at least to the extent of stepping up my attendance several thousand per cent over that customary a few years ago, and have also contributed my energies in a very minor way to such things as the Community Chest. I find, however, that the pressure of work, often including several nights a week at the office, together with time absorbed by commuting, leaves all too little for organized community or political activities.

I much enjoyed the fifteenth reunion, and I am sure that many of you who were not there would have, too. Certainly I hope that our representation on the twentieth will be better, and that there will be more of you all there. Meanwhile, all concerned with this book deserve many thanks for their work in making possible this means of catching up on ourselves.

All in all, the last five years have been extremely happy ones which I presume we all appreciate more because we looked forward to them so much during the war years, and I feel very lucky that thus far things have worked out so pleasantly for me and my family.

WILLIAM J. CLARKE; 1320 Mill Plain Road, Fairfield, Conn.

Our family consists of four people from as many different states. The writer was born in New York in 1914. Robert joined us in Virginia in 1943. Jane held off until shortly after we moved to Connecticut in 1947. My lovely wife began her career in Massachusetts. We often wonder if this divergence of birthplaces is not a common occurrence among contemporary families.

In our case the condition reflects my travels in the business world since 1936. The period from graduation until February, 1941, was spent with the Dennison Manufacturing Company in Framingham, Massachusetts. Those years were brightened by the presence of Ralph Ellis, who shared a bachelor apartment with me and two other young

sprouts. Arch Trull was a frequent visitor, and Herb Cook, '37, helped keep the Yale banner afloat in Harvardland.

Soon after marriages and transfers combined to break up our apartment life, I met the secretary to one of Harvard's deans—one of those Smith College girls who had never been to Yale because Amherst seemed so close! We changed that sad situation quickly and on Independence Day, 1941, she married me. By that time my job had changed and we set ourselves up in an apartment in Hudson Falls, New York, where my new employer, Union Bag & Paper Company, had a large mill and bag plant.

At that time there was much favorable publicity in the national press about a revolutionary method of making plywood in molded shapes of all descriptions. When an opportunity arose to move to Bristol, Tennessee-Virginia, to join a new company that had been established to produce wooden aircraft by this process, we decided to take the chance. Through the next five hectic years we went through the turmoil of helping to steer a sane course through a period which saw the company in and out of three major wooden aircraft programs, the production of balsa life-rafts, paper and plastic rocket launchers, self-sealing fuel cells for B-24 and B-29 bombers, belt-type life preservers for invasion troops, the machining on wood-working machinery of several million small parts for the Oak Ridge atomic plant, and the post-war production of radio cabinets for a number of the large radio manufacturers. We enjoyed living in that part of the south with its strange mixture of Dogpatch, industrial, mercantile, and farming cultures, the whole set in the midst of a lovely mountain section. In a sense, we hated to leave to come back to New England, but there were many reasons for doing so, and we moved to Fairfield in the fall of 1947, bought a house, and hoped that we had settled down for a long time.

From Production Superintendent of a radio cabinet plant, I jumped to a job in the precious metals business. As Production Manager for Handy & Harmon, my job includes operation of a precious metals refinery, the maintenance of rolling mill equipment and all of the plant grounds and buildings as well as some engineering and personnel functions. It isn't Chemical Engineering, but it is a lot of fun.

Most of our extra-curricular activities are at the moment centered about children, home, church, the pursuit of fish, swimming in the Sound summers, the elimination of crab grass, dandelions and plantain from the lawn and the growing of corn, cabbage, cucumbers and tomatoes in the garden. Mid has been active in her Smith Club and the P.T.A. I am a Boy Scouter, a member of the committee which runs the business end of our church, a minor raiser of money for the Red Cross, a weekly bowler, and a strict anti-teetotalarian.

We don't read as many books as we should, but we're still trying.



To anyone who has read this far, we extend a cordial invitation to stop in at any time for a chat or a beer or a night. You can easily tell our house; it's the one on Mill Plain Road which has no television antenna—yet.

GEORGE S. CLEMENS; 45 E. Cedar Street, Chicago, Ill.

I am president of the National Dryer Corp., in Chicago, Ill. I'm married and have a daughter, Kit Carson Clemens, ten, and a son, David Hays Clemens, eight. I sing the lead on "Sunny sides" quartet, thanks to Barty. I am thoroughly convinced that Yale needs an educational shake-up, *à la* Hutchins' contention that students should be taught to think!

STEPHEN MERRELL CLEMENT; 49 Cleveland Avenue, Buffalo 2, N.Y.

After getting out of the Army in December, 1945, we settled on Cambridge (Mass.) as a place to live while I continued my training in Neurology and Psychiatry at the Boston City and Massachusetts General Hospitals. On August 3, 1946, our first daughter and second child was born—Barbara Pierce, Jr., in Boston. In February, 1948, we moved here to Buffalo, where I entered into practice in Psychiatry with an older doctor and also worked part-time at the Mental Hygiene Clinic of the local Veterans' Administration. On May 9, 1949, our third child, Margaret Hale, was born, thus completing the T. O.

In August of that year I went into practice for myself in Psychiatry and have found much satisfaction in so doing. Part of the time is also spent as the psychiatrist at the Information and Rehabilitation Center for Alcoholism of the University of Buffalo Chronic Disease Research Institute. This is New York State's pilot clinic for investigation of alcoholism, and many "characters" come, but thus far no classmates have been spotted.

Other part-time medical activities include working at the V.A. Mental Hygiene Clinic, the Psychiatric Clinic of the Buffalo General Hospital, conducting a class for engaged couples at the Planned Parenthood Center of Buffalo, teaching medical students, and—recently being on TV to discuss alcoholism. Non-medical moments are very full with my family, but odds and ends of other activities are varied—being a deacon at Westminster Church, president of the Alumni Association and exofficio trustee of the Park School of Buffalo, a chronic Red Cross blood donor, etc. Concerts, plays, swimming, golf, skiing and an occasional movie act as "entertainment," but they cannot compare with that provided early and late by our three children.

WYMBERLEY COERR; 2315 Valley Drive, Alexandria, Va.

Instead of entering the book business in Mexico as we had planned, a last-minute decision in early 1947 brought us back into the Foreign Service. Our first new assignment was to Suva, Fiji, a delightful, interesting and hospitable part of the world. Here the children learned to swim in the fine Suva "Sea Baths," and our oldest wrestled with arithmetic involving shillings and pence. On occasion I was able to cover part of the archipelago by foot and by boat. Closing the American Consulate at Suva in December, 1949, for reasons of American governmental economy, our next post was Batavia, where we stayed long enough to see it become Djakarta and to witness the launching of the new Indonesian nation. We now have an assignment to the Department of State in Washington, and a home in Alexandria. Our children have become "Re-Americanized" rapidly and with enthusiasm. My wife and I attack the crab grass in our lawn and repaint the outside woodwork of our house, with the cheery certainty that we will be here long enough to enjoy the results.

MILTON L. COHN; 36 Whalburn Avenue, Trumbull 1, Conn.

Upon my return to very inactive duty in the Naval Reserve, during the latter part of 1945, I resumed the private practice of law with the firm of Bartlett, Keeler & Cohn in Bridgeport. Thereafter life was routine until I met a little Dutch girl, Edith M. deKadt, who joined me at the altar on February 2, 1948. Dutch wooden shoes must be cheaper than those Fifth Avenue models, but alas my wife had become completely Americanized before I met her! After honeymooning in Bermuda, we settled down in our home just north of Bridgeport, conveniently situated (for classmates) on the Merritt Parkway.

I've always had a yearning to see Europe—so Edith convinced me—and in July, 1949, we sailed across the blue Atlantic. Touring England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland and Italy by auto, we had the time of our lives and hope to repeat the jaunt before old age overtakes us.

The really big event took place on July 9, 1950, when Robert Alan added his presence to our household. Now a year old, he promises to add strength to the Yale football team, Class of 1971.

GLEN H. COLBY; Bedford Village, N.Y. (Ex-36S; Lehigh '37, B.S.)

Married in 1936; two children, Glen, born in 1939, and Nora, born in 1941. Divorced in 1948. Worked as a clerk for a casualty insurance company, salesman of office equipment, cost accountant for a defense manufacturer and, presently, as a methods accountant for the Ameri-



can Telephone and Telegraph Company. My hobbies are golf, bridge, and not playing canasta. (Also own a fishing license.) My main activity is commuting from Bedford Village, New York, to lower Manhattan. My principal political affiliation is the New York *Herald Tribune*.

WILLIAM K. COLE; 272 South Main Street, West Hartford, Conn.

Married Julia Emily Kistler of Denver, Colo., on May 29, 1942. The marriage took place in Santa Barbara, Calif., and resulted in my immediately acquiring two stepsons. Since then we have had two sons of our own, now five and three years of age.

Saw military service in the Signal Corps from November 14, 1942, until the day after Thanksgiving, 1945. Inducted as a Private and released from active duty as a Second Lieutenant. Never transferred overseas.

Have been employed as a practising lawyer in this office since December 10, 1945, having been a member of the firm since January 1, 1949. I find the work continuously absorbing and rewarding but at times so demanding as to leave me little opportunity to worry much (as a good Republican should) about the state of the nation and the world. More than to anything else, my free time is devoted to trying to keep our 85-year-old house from falling down around our heads and our acre of lawn from growing up above our shoulders. However, we do find time for occasional skiing trips in the winter and visits to the Adirondacks or even to Colorado in the summer.

Frankly, I can't complain.

MARVIN J. COLES; 2500 Q Street, N.W., Washington 7, D.C.

Probably the principal results of the fifteen years since graduation have been: (a) physical gain, (b) reasonable economic success, (c) substantial wear and tear on the nervous system, and (d) the realization that all of us owe a tremendous obligation to our country to do everything we can to maintain our American traditions. Perhaps the most significant thing has been the gradual emergence of a greater maturity of mind, giving, in turn, a greater awareness of individual and national problems and a sense of inadequacy at our inability to solve them quickly and well. With this has come a loss of contentment and the realization that great efforts must now be made by us both as individuals and as a country if we and future generations are to have the peaceful, happy life which we took for granted in our younger days.

From the more objective point of view, I can report that, after four years in the service, I became General Counsel to one of the Congressional Committees. Late in 1947 I left to enter a Washington

law firm, and I am now a partner in Ingoldsby & Coles, specializing in representing corporations before the Government departments and agencies. It has been a rewarding practice, interesting in the extreme, but occasionally completely frustrating.

For those of our class who have produced progeny, I can only express my congratulations and envy. It seems I have just never found time to get married. Being a bachelor has certain compensations, but a great many drawbacks. At least I continue to live in hopes.

As a bachelor, most of my social activities seem to center around being an extra man at dinner. Part of my free time I spend at the golf course, part in reading, part in bull sessions, and a lot in worry. From my club bills I seem to belong to half the clubs in town: the only one in which I take an active part is the Yale Club of Washington where I have just finished two years as president.

My obligations to Yale have been met inadequately by small contributions and by service on the Alumni Board. When I was in college, people told me that those were the happiest years of my life. Looking back, I now can see that they were right. Looking forward, my one hope is that the world, our country, and we, as individuals, will once again in our lifetime be restored to the situation in which our "pursuit of happiness" can and will end successfully.

JOHN A. COLGAN; Villanova, Pa.

I am married, and have three children. I am a Partner of the Ballymore Co., Wayne, Pa.

PAUL C. CONDIT; 640 Creston Road, Berkeley 8, Calif.

I am supervising chemist of the California Research Corporation. I was married in 1939 to Martha Virginia Strauss of Cincinnati, Smith College '37, and we have two sons; Paul Brainard, 2d, born in 1944, and Richard Carr, born in 1949. I am active in several professional societies. Hunting, fishing and carpentry are among my hobbies.

DAVID TROWBRIDGE COOK; Hitherbrook Road, St. James, Long Island, N.Y.

Left the employ of the Eaton Paper Corporation in Pittsfield, Mass., in December, 1949. Moved family from Lee, Mass., to the above address. Am now an account executive with the Corydon M. Johnson Co., Inc., advertising and creative printing house in Bethpage, Long Island.

Have just built a house here in St. James and am still trying to find out why there were so many extras.



Every Monday night to the Naval Reserve Training Center in Huntington, Long Island, for a weekly drill. Spent the last two weeks of May, 1951, at the Fleet Sonar School in Key West, Fla., for annual training duty.

Family includes the following:

Self (of course).

Wife: Hope Abbott Cook.

Son: Peter Trowbridge Cook, born on February 28, 1942, in Boston.

Son: Stephen Abbott Cook, born on May 7, 1946, in New York.

Daughter: Sheila Carrington Cook, born on September 6, 1947, in Pittsfield, Mass.

ROBERT B. COOKE; New York *Herald-Tribune*, 230 West 41st Street, New York, N.Y.

*What did I major in at Yale?* Latin and Greek. *Is my life work in the field of that major?* Are you kidding? *Did I win scholastic honors?* Thanks for asking, anyway. *What college course has proved most useful to me?* Professor Rostovzeff's Classical Civ. *What course has given me the most pleasure or satisfaction since college?* I repeat, the professor's famous Classical Civ. 110. *How many times have I revisited Yale since graduation?* Once, to see Professor Rostovzeff. *How many jobs have I held since graduation?* One. *What is my line of work?* Newspaperman. *If I did graduate work, what degrees did I earn?* Thanks for the compliment. The only degree I ever earned was the third degree I gave Brooklyn. *How many times have I quit?* Not as often as the New York Giant pitching staff. *How many times have I been fired?* Although the question is rather personal, the answer is "none." *Was I in one of the services during the war?* Yes, bomber pilot, U.S. Army. *Do I feel that my war service, if any, hampered me in my career?* Only when I try to fly the B-26. (P.S. I haven't tried lately.) *Do I think it helped me in my career?* Yes. Flying the B-26 is like travel with the Dodgers. You never know when you're going to drop. . . . (SKIP PAGE TWO) . . . *Do I own a car?* Yes, together with the Madison Personal Loan Co. It's a tired Ford. *Do I own an airplane?* No, thank goodness, not even a B-26. *What kind of home do we have?* We have an apartment, but we'll sub-let at the proper pari-mutuel price. *If a home, do I own it and how much is it worth?* If I had a home, I'd be reluctant to give out its value on the theory that my friends in the loaning business would ask for more collateral. *Do I own a television set?* Yes. I wish I'd said no because I think TV lowers the mentality and I'm glad I said that first. *Do I own or regularly rent a summer home?* How much dough do you think I've got? *How much does my wife spend on food for the family per capita*

*per month? Ask her. About how much do I spend on pleasure travel per year? If you call traveling with the Dodgers a pleasure, my entire moneys. Do we have servants? We've had at least twenty. They all left because they were Giant fans. Do we have an automatic dishwasher? Clothes washing machine? Good questions, but I don't know. Drier? Deep freeze? Still don't know. What are my main hobbies? Baseball, now and for always. Of course, there's another. Ask Dick Barr. He'll explain. What sports do I play with any regularity? Indoor. Whoops. The secret's out. What sports do I like best to watch? Baseball. You weren't paying attention. Since graduation, how many countries have I visited? Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and St. Louis. How many movies do I see a month? Not as many as I used to see with George O'Neill and Johnny Sturges at New Haven. How many hours a day do you watch television? None, not even when I'm on myself. . . . (SKIP PAGE FOUR) . . . What is my political affiliation? Dodger (Brooklyn). For whom did I vote in the last presidential election? I was unable to get to the polls. For whom would I like to vote in the next one? Happy Chandler, then he'll be out of baseball for good. Do I think the United Nations will survive? Yes. They've got more money than the rest of us. Do I think war is inevitable? Check me later on. How do I think war can be avoided? By putting Stalin in a well-kept grave, and keeping him there. Do I foresee a major depression? Personally, yes, because the horses that I favor at Jamaica don't run as swiftly as the favored horses. Try to remember back to the world of our undergraduate days—to that major depression, to the Bank Holiday, unemployment, the W.P.A., Hitler on the rise, the emerging New Deal. Do I think the world is better off, or worse off, now than it was then? And why? I've tried to remember. The effort was too great and my fiduciaries are there in the loan department of the Irving Trust Co. and I must pause till they come back to me. Am I, on the whole, happier now than I was in college? Happier, certainly, because I can see guys like Blake Shepard, Dick Moore, Johnny Sturges, Dick Barr, Lou Stone ('37), Jack Vietor ('37) and a whole bunch of other '36 guys and don't have to pick up the phone because I know it's Louis Walker calling. Anything else on my mind? Louis Walker. Take him off.*

JOHN B. CORNELL, JR.; Roslyn, N.Y.

After leaving College, I went right to work in the family iron works, eventually reaching the position of Sales Engineer before entering the armed services in early 1941. Five years in the Army included three in the European theatre, and terminated with discharge as a Major in 1946.

After a brief stint with the Glens Falls Cement Co., in Sales, I was



offered and accepted my present job as Service Engineer with the N.Y. Air Brake Co., 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. Sales and engineering of air brake equipment with locomotive and car builders as well as our domestic railroads occupy most of my time. That which is left of a spare nature is preferably spent out of doors. Fishing, skiing, golf and tennis still count heavily along with that unrelenting search for the right girl—object matrimony and a large family.

ALLEN LEE CORNISH; 190 North Upper Street, Lexington, Ky.

After graduating in medicine at P. and S. in 1940, I interned at Grasslands, from 1940 through 1942, was a physician at Kent, 1942-1943, then resident at Grasslands, 1943-1945. I married Evelyn Michaelson (University of Minnesota, '42) in 1945, and we have a son, Allen, Jr., born in 1948, and a daughter, Caroline Jean, born in 1951.

Since 1945, I have been an internist at Lexington Clinic, address above.

ROBERT H. CORY, JR.; Lincoln, Mass.

Five years of prospecting in the educational field finds me at the feet of John Harvard with a doctoral stripe on the academic gown, a thesis on the U.N. ready for the dusty shelves and some fresh, if less certain, ideas on teaching International Relations.

The path to Cambridge wound first through the mountains of Vermont, where I was the first faculty member on hand for the founding of Marlboro College (and the organizer of the Marlboro Volunteer Fire Department).

During our wanderings the family has increased to the typical American size through the birth of David Lincoln (March, 1947) and Lois Creighton (January, 1950).

JEROME A. COVEY; 24 Hillcrest Drive, Great Neck, N.Y.

I am practicing the specialty of internal medicine, doing a little teaching at the New York Medical College, and trying to raise a family. Have one son, David, and we are expecting next month.

Starting a practice does not leave much free time, but what there is goes to golf and tennis and local politics, especially of the School Board, which is the most important of all Suburbia's activities.

JAMES O. CRITTENDEN; 468 Beaver Road, Sewickley, Pa.

After serving as a medical officer in the Army, I commenced a residency in internal medicine at a Veterans Administration Hospital, which work I am carrying on at the present time. My progeny con-

sists of two small cowboys, ages two and five years, respectively; and the three of us brag of their mother, my wife, who has been very patient during these financially barren years of my peregrination through medicine. I believe one should work at what he thoroughly enjoys doing and not worry too much about the future.

JOHN C. CROSBY; *New York Herald Tribune*, 230 W. 41st Street, New York, N.Y.

"Please put these (my life and hard times, presumably) in narrative English, *not* in outline form. It will only take five minutes. Please do it today," writes John Hersey, a note of desperation creeping into his prose. He must be a more facile writer than I am. I've never managed to construct more than three coherent sentences in five minutes in my life. And besides nothing very much new has happened since the last 1936 book came out. My column "Radio In Review" has been retitled "Radio And Television" in deference to that new monster which is corrupting our young and my wits. It has been moved from the entertainment pages of *The New York Herald Tribune* to the split page, evening up the score with Harvard at two-all. (Walter Lippmann, Harvard '10, Joseph Alsop, Harvard '32—Crosby and Stuart Alsop, both Yale '36). A book fashioned out of the columns will be out in the spring, I keep telling myself, and there is a play in the works. Since the last book, I have sired two children—Mike and Maggie Crosby. The five minutes is up, John, in the nick of time because nothing else of importance has happened.

RICHARD J. CUMMINS; 25 Ashwood Terrace, West Orange, N.J.

Since February, 1950, I have been vice-president of the Peerless Casualty Company of 32 Cliff Street, New York City—am in charge of reinsurance and excess covers. Have had same wife for the last twenty years and the children still number four. Dick, Jr., eighteen, is now at The Hill School—willing and anxious to matriculate at Yale next year. He is playing football, basketball, and baseball at Hill. Kathleen, fourteen, is a Freshman at Mt. St. Dominic Academy in Montclair, N.J. William Edwin, eight, is in the third grade and Mary Beth, six, in the first grade.

HAROLD FRANK CURTIS; 84 Suburba Avenue, Rochester 17, N.Y.

Since writing my last autobiography, my wife, on December 30, 1947, presented me with a second child, another girl, whom we named Adrienne.

I continued practicing law until last September, when I quit prac-



ting and really went into the legal business by opening my own office at 45 Exchange Street, Rochester, N.Y.

My ideas on the future are the same as expressed in 1946.

DANIEL B. CURTISS; 7 Lee Avenue, White Plains, N.Y.

I work as a salesman for the American Brass Co., in New York City. My wife, Kay, and I have three children, Sandra, ten, Donna, eight, and Dan Jr., almost two (we call him "Curt" to avoid confusion). My main interest, in fact, is trying to keep up with the younger generation.

ANDREW LEEDS CUSHMAN; 2215 East Adams Street, Tucson, Ariz.

I'm in the real estate business, with the Arizona Trust Company; am married to the former Alexandra Ananieff of New York City, and have two sons—Andrew Leeds Cushman, Jr., and Vladimir Paul Cushman.

LLOYD N. CUTLER; 1210 18th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

These last five years have been mainly buildup. In 1946, Louise and I were a family of two. We have since turned out three little girls: Deborah, in 1947, and a pair of twins, Beverly and Lucia, in 1949. Lucia was ill from birth, and died on July 24 of this year.

In 1946, the law firm of Cox, Langford, Stoddard & Cutler had just sent out its first hopeful announcements. We now number ten lawyers and are beginning to learn about overhead. We try to look as if we have been here forever, as lawyers should, but in fact we still get a kick out of seeing our own letterhead.

There is little to record for country or for Yale. I have been serving as a member of the Yale University Council's Committee on the Law School, and helped to organize the Yale Law School Association of Washington several years ago. I have also been taking part in the movement to obtain Home Rule for the District of Columbia—we still don't vote, even for our own municipal government. Apart from these efforts, my only contribution to saving the world was a brief assignment with Ambassador Spofford in London last Fall, helping to organize the Defense Production Board of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. It's an improvement over what came before it, but a single economic and political unit on the Continent seems to me the only hope of providing both liberty and security for the West Europeans over the long run. As far as I can make out, this is not yet a major goal of our policy.

At the reunion in June, I was asked several times about "influence"

in Government, and whether it's all true about Washington lawyers. This may be a good place to answer. Washington is a frontier town for lawyers. There are some five thousand outside the Government, proportionately four times as many as in New York, the true Mecca. Business finds itself facing the Government on every side, as a source of financing and contracts, as an umpire on trade practices and labor disputes, and always as the tax collector. Lawyers do much of this work for the Government, and the citizen often needs a private lawyer to deal with the Government lawyer and his regulations. Private lawyers throughout the country cannot hope to keep pace with every new Washington development, and they and their clients employ Washington lawyers to do the job for them.

The quick assumption is that the Washington lawyer lives by "influence," and in a sense he does. His job is to present his client's problem effectively to the Government official who can do something about it, and to "influence" the result in his client's favor. Just as in the local courthouse or City Hall, it helps to know where to file your papers, who will decide the issue and what kind of a human being he is. The answers to these questions are often as complex as the people and the problems that make up a government.

If this be "influence," it is the same "influence" wielded by the trial lawyer, the corporation lawyer, the stock broker, the management executive, the star salesman, and every other specialist hired for his skill in his particular field of human relationships.

Some lawyers here do seek business by posing as friends of Government officials, and others excuse their defeats by explaining that some other fellow's lawyer had an "in." In about one case out of 1000, the explanation may actually be correct.

Business men who "know their way around Washington" also know how seldom influence counts. But there are shrewd, straight-laced corporation officials, men who can instantly spot the flaws in a phony proposition in their own field of experience, who lose their judgment and sometimes their moral sense when they come to Washington to deal with the Government. The good Washington lawyer helps to convince such a man that here as elsewhere, honesty is still the best policy.

No one except the other Washington lawyers in the class will believe all this, but it is true.

PHILIP BEWER DAGHLIAN; 105 South Bryan Avenue, Bloomington, Ind.

Still at Indiana University, where I am presently assistant professor of English. There are two more children to report, Elizabeth Ann, born on October 30, 1948, and Charles Philip, born on Decem-



ber 30, 1950, making three in all. We have a small house and manage to get along comfortably, which is probably as much as one can ask for. We live the ordinary life of a small university town, which can be very exciting or very dull, depending on the observer. I had a pretty good notion of what it would be like before entering teaching; thus, even if I were dissatisfied with this life (which I am not), I'd have nobody to blame but myself.

JOHN S. DALRYMPLE, JR.; Casselton, N.D.

Since graduation, I have been located at Casselton, N.D., ekeing out a peasant's existence as a farmer. Have not participated to any great extent in the social, civic, political, philanthropic, or church activities of Casselton. This, of course, is most fortunate for Casselton.

Am still a die-hard, gold standard, balanced-budget Republican; get enough exercise without looking for any more; avoid golf at all costs because my girl friend can beat me; make the most of our North Dakota hunting, at which I can hold my girlfriend on even terms.

Have not been east of Chicago since 1939, but get to Minneapolis frequently where I run into Humphrey and Mairs (who are piling up huge fortunes "profiteering on the human misery" of the farmers) and a wealthy young executive named Hull. Have three daughters and a son in that order—the climax to this biography.

JAMES J. A. DALY; 76 Ellsworth Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

Since the custom of our communion apparently exculpates the conceits and immaturity of the autographic obit, I, perpendicularly and otherwise, couch myself, since March 18, 1947, in terms as follows, to wit:

Patrick Raphael, named after his grandparents, was delivered, with the help of his angelic patron, on February 25, 1948, and his sister, Kathleen, burst the fragile eggshell of foetal time on March 12, 1949.

Meanwhile, the law firm of Brennan & Daly was brought into being: since September 1, 1948, I have as partner Daniel E. Brennan, Jr., a product of Notre Dame and onetime special agent in the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Our law offices were first opened in 1911 by his father, who practised here until his death on January 23, 1947. Our business is diversified and pleasant, and has satisfied Justice Owen Roberts' injunction that lawyers be on their way at thirty-five. On June 29, 1951, I was sworn into office as public defender for this county.

In recent months, I have been toying with a notion regarding three modes of living through time into eternity: neurotic (or psy-

chopathic or psychotic), erotic, and human. Everyman being the universe in microcosm, any individual is privileged to ask: *In respect of the first mode*: Why do I be anxious? *The second*: Do we really have to prick out the convincing proof demonstrating the self-defeat observable in the debris of a human being disintegrated by sexuality, divorced from wedlock and Nature's law? *The third*: Does it not essentially consist in being kind to everyone, including oneself, and recalling God's mercy is personally ladled out in the same measure we individually use in forgiving every fellow who does us any hurt? And is not a person privileged to include himself among the recipients of his own mercy, remembering only God is perfect and in no man can the roots of human peccability be eradicated entirely? Since Tomoyuki Yamashita, the Japanese Socrates, was hanged, I have grown fond of an English lawyer, Thomas More, a friend of Erasmus, whose *Praise of Folly* (*Encomium Moriae*) is a play on the good Saint's name, and I have a special interest in Fatima, which is a place, not a cigarette. God rest ye merry, gentlemen: *vita mutatur, non tollitur*. (*Vigil of SS. Thomas More & John Fisher, 1951.*)

THADDEUS S. DANOWSKI; 125 DeSota Street, Pittsburgh 13, Pa.

I married Phyllis Margaret Little, R.N., B.A., M.Ed., in 1949; have one son, Stanley T., aged seven months; was Assistant Professor of Medicine, 1946-1947, at the Yale University School of Medicine; have been Renziehausen Professor of Research Medicine in the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine, 1947 to present; and am currently Senior Staff Physician of the Presbyterian Hospital, Woman's Hospital, Children's Hospital, Elizabeth Steel Magee Hospital, and Physician in Charge at the Renziehausen Memorial Ward and Clinic.

PHILIP DARLING; 1303 Ramblewood Road, Baltimore 12, Md.

After Yale, did two years of graduate work at M.I.T., for which I received a Master in City Planning. Have subsequently held a succession of jobs having to do with public low-rent or war housing, usually with some such title as Project Planner or Housing Specialist. Most of these jobs have been with Federal agencies. Am presently employed by the Housing Authority of Baltimore City as Director of Development—i.e., in charge of planning, design, and construction of new public housing projects.

During the war was in the Army for three and a half years, two of which were spent in New Guinea, the Philippines, and Japan with the 533rd Engineer Boat and Shore Regt. Ended up as 1st Lt. Married in early 1950 to Else Mueller of Cleveland—a graduate of Rad-



cliffe with a master's degree in public administration from Syracuse. No children as yet, although one is expected shortly.

H. LOUIS DAVIDSON; 20 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa.

The summer of 1951 finds me well ensconced in the capital city in the fair State of Iowa, very happy with my lot and residence West of the Mississippi, with ambition of some year finding myself a gentleman cattle rancher in Arizona.

Mickey, who arrived in February five years ago, now has two little sisters, Janice Anne, aged two and one-half, and Barbara Sue, who is eight months old.

Living in the corn-hog state, though not filled with one round of theatre after another or symphony, is just as scintillating and just as busy. It seems that shortly after graduating from school one of the civic boards talked me into just a little work on this budget and this chairmanship, or State Air Mail week. Since that time I have found myself a "sucker" for civic and charitable enterprises. The list of associations reached its peak a year ago, and is now diminishing. These are: Home for the Aged, T. B. Association, Conference of Christians and Jews, Retail Merchants Bureau Board, Chamber of Commerce activities, Trustee and Treasurer of the Temple Board, etc.

The foregoing includes various substantial business, spread through three communities in Iowa, and one in Oklahoma. However, this still does not preclude plenty of time to spend with the young children, and we find that Blue Gills are just as much fun to catch as big Northern Wall Eye when we are in Canada, or Guper, Marlin, Yellow Tail, etc., when we are in Guymas.

All the foregoing adds up to a current and ardent desire for a switch to Liberal Republicanism.

HORACE W. DAVIS, II; Long Hill Road, Woodbridge, Conn.

Having continued to work in New Haven and live in Woodbridge as in 1946, having the dubious pleasure of dunning my classmates for dues each year, and possibly having seen twice as many people as anyone else at the Fifteenth Reunion, it doesn't seem to me that I can be far enough out of touch to call for much of an autobiography.

The pattern of life of our family has not changed a great deal—we bought a home in 1948 and we still number three, Jean, Stephenie, and myself, plus two dogs. We continue to enjoy puttering around the house, which is where I get most of my exercise, and each Spring we sally forth after trout with an undying enthusiasm. In the Fall our spirits rise and fall with Herman's, and we don't miss many unless they go too far.

Job is Assistant Trust Officer which I enjoy and, extracurricularly, it is now the United Fund, etc., instead of the Community Chest, etc. While I won't be voting for Dewey next year, it is certainly not going to be for Harry.

WARREN SPRINGER DAVIS; Wyndon Apartments, Wynnewood, Pa.

Life since leaving Yale on graduation has been divided roughly into four phases. Additional educational work at the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania; secured a Master's degree in Business Administration. First lasting job after this was with the newly-established Philadelphia operation of the United Parcel Service system, where two and a half years were spent in learning the various internal accounting activities.

A reserve commission garnered after leaving Yale caused us to be retained in the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army, for a period of almost six years. During this period there was duty in various assignments concerning troop supply, including requirements planning, supply depots, port of embarkation, and overseas command. Training included tours at the Army Industrial College and the Command and General Staff School.

After one false start back in the civilian world, existence settled down to continued work in Philadelphia with Sharp and Dohme, Incorporated, one of the leading manufacturers of medicinal products. Several different assignments within the Financial Division produced gradually increasing duties and responsibilities. At the present time the scope of work includes the overall company budget program, systems and procedures program, IBM tabulating machine operations, and office services. This work is gathered under the title Manager of Administrative Services, one of the three men reporting to the company comptroller.

This is the occupational picture. There has not been a step into matrimony with the many pleasures and problems associated therewith. Extracurricularly, some of the time is taken up with activities in the Y.M.C.A., the Society for Advancement of Management, and very recently membership in the Union League of Philadelphia.

It is difficult indeed to think back a little over fifteen years when we of 1936 were at graduation time standing on the threshold of a great unknown—our respective careers. We were brimming with our knowledge, hopes, and fears—ready to take places in the world of business, commerce, or a chosen profession. There were ideas as to what in our formal training had been important, and what unimportant.

As the years went along, these evaluations certainly changed. In



my case, it became evident that the more valuable courses had been those devoted to building up a general background or pattern of thought. Specifically, I can refer to Dr. H. L. Seward's Industrial Management or Mr. E. D. Smith's Industrial Psychology. Also to some of the general background lectures and problems up the street in the Chemistry and Physics labs. Also the continuous expressions of thought and evaluations of the current situation by Mr. H. B. Hastings. In other courses where we learned much specific data, the basic principles and approaches to problems had the lasting benefits, rather than the problems themselves.

The most important things learned since college have been perhaps the many, many ramifications of getting along well with business associates, superiors, subordinates—everyone. How many one can see making progress slowly or not at all who are intellectually well qualified but who can't make a go of the occupational environment. In retrospect, I think this field is one that should receive much more attention—and I believe that current curricula do focus much thought on this subject.

Nationally, the increasing dominance of the welfare state causes concern—overshadowed at present by the international chess game being played by the men of the Kremlin. The stakes are tremendously high in this match and I am hopeful that we will be able to make the proper selection of leaders and have men capable of evaluating the rapidly changing world situation, and of making moves that will let us continue with the ideals established before 1800, when the U.S.A. was new.

HAROLD C. DAWSON; 8 Echo Place, San Rafael, Calif.

I am a Lieutenant Colonel in the Army Air Corps, and my job is base comptroller for Hamilton Air Base, Hamilton Field, San Francisco, Calif. I entered the service in 1941—served with the 414th Night Fighter Squadron in Africa, Italy, Sardinia. After that I was stationed two and a half years in Wakayama, Japan, with occupation forces. I am married and have a son three years old.

JOHN V. B. DEAN; Cedar Swamp Road, Glen Head, N.Y.

Since the end of World War II, I have been forced to earn a living, and now find myself a suburban specialist in internal medicine. My wife and three boys join me in a trip once a week to Jones' Beach, and in the time between I see a few patients, mow the lawn, and follow the Dodgers avidly by TV. Beinecke and Schultz join me once a year in a reunion at the Dartmouth game, but I don't hold it against them. That all makes a full schedule and a full life.

JOHN KERSHAW DEASY; 313 Braybarton Road, Steubenville, Ohio.

The approach to the "dangerous age" of man has been made since 1946 in a reasonably stagnant manner. My original wife is still washing the same number of dishes as of last report, and we have donated all baby garments, cribs and sundry appointments to youthful and deserving neighbors.

Backwash from our Fifteenth Class Reunion appeared in the form of Oscar T. Lawler, west coast banker, whom we were proud to escort through the various plants of one of America's shining examples of free enterprise in action—the Weirton Steel Company, Weirton, West Virginia.

If any of you guys who are enjoying intellectual jitters in Ivy Towers every time Mr. Truman and assorted stooges mention the awesome Russian Bear for the purpose of scaring Americans into acceptance of Socialistic policies, would like to personally observe the type of solid industrial production which might restore your faith in the strength of America and offer you hope for the future, come visit us in Weirton and we'll give you the same treatment we gave Mr. Lawler.

WARNER F. DEFOE; 381 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Briefly, I am still employed by the General Power Plant Corporation in this city, who are manufacturers of electrical instruments and controllers for different industries. I still reside at Nutmeg Lane in Westport, Conn., and my family now numbers four—three girls and a boy. Like almost everyone else, my interests outside of my business and family are centered around the political situation in this country and commitments abroad. I am looking forward with great interest to the coming election and hope that there is something that can be done to effect a change in the administration. It seems to me that any administration is bound to develop problems, which are evident by the headlines appearing almost daily in our newspapers, after being in power as long as the present one.

ROBERT B. DEFORD, JR.; Hyde, Md.

I have been farming for the past ten years, except for an interruption caused by the war. I spent three years in the Army (Combat Engineers). The principal farm crop seems to be boys—as of now, Yale Classes of '68, '72, and '74.

ARCHIBALD S. DEMING; 173 Sedgwick Road, West Hartford 7, Conn.

I'm now off to a good start with a family of two boys and two



girls and continue in the practice of internal medicine in metropolitan Hartford. I graduated from the Harvard Medical School in 1940, spent four years in the Navy—two of which were with the Fleet Marine Force. I didn't happen to meet John Hersey at Guadalcanal. Had more training in medicine after the war and then went into practice. Since then have done occasional skiing and sailing, but am mostly trying to make a living and liking it.

EDWARD G. DEMING; 15 Bainbridge Road, West Hartford, Conn.

I am single, and my shingle hangs out at 85 Jefferson Street, in Hartford—specializing in plastic and reconstructive surgery. My hobbies are photography, metal work, and bronze casting, and my avocation is sculpture.

VICTOR R. DESPARD, JR.; R.D. 5, Lancaster, Pa.

1. Married Louise Eshelman (Herb Eshelman's sister) in 1938.
2. Three stalwart sons, aged ten and a half, seven and a half and five and a half, named V. R. 3rd, William R., and Thomas E., respectively.
3. Worked for Armstrong Cork Co. from 1937 to 1946 in various capacities, starting as a peddler, working through the war by organizing an aircraft department that made airframes and sub-assemblies, and ended up as a commodity manager. Resigned for a quicker opportunity at more money.
4. From 1946 to the present with the New Holland Machine Co., a division of the Sperry Corporation. N. H. manufactures a specialty line of farm machinery, the principal one of which is a wonderful hay baler. Was Vice-President and General Manager of a subsidiary which we sold to a competitor. Still retain that title and do trouble shooting for the company in many fields.
5. Belong to the Lancaster Country Club (Pres.), Hamilton Club, Yale Club of N.Y.C.
6. Play golf week ends. Bowl in the winter at a local men's club.
7. Have done a great deal of traveling after College and in my work. Went around the world with Pete Pond and Ed Pillsbury in 1936. Have since been to Europe once on business. See classmates occasionally during my travels.
8. Built a house in 1947. Know what they mean by inflation after that experience.

WILSON K. DICKERMAN; 6511 79th Place, Middle Village, N.Y.

From Mrs. Dickerman:

I have sent your recent reminder for an autobiography for the 1936

Class Record to my husband, Wilson K. Dickerman, who is now in Japan. However, in case the Record must go to press before that time, here is a brief resume of his activities since graduation.

My husband has been on active duty in the Army since 1938 and is now serving as Comptroller of the Yokahoma Engineer Depot. In addition to acquiring a wife in 1942 and three children (Carol, eight, Dwight, four, and Janet, three) his activities have included tours of duty in the Military Science Department at Yale, in Brazil, in Italy with the Brazilian Expeditionary Force, and at Harvard Business School.

JOEL B. DIRLAM; Box 107 B, R.D. 1, North Stonington, Conn.

For the time being I have a job as instructor in the Economics Department of the University of Connecticut. I'm married and have three daughters. Getting my two-hundred-year-old house in shape and doing some forestry keep me pretty busy, and in what limited spare time I can find, I have been trying to get a \$40,000 loan for a small defense plant through the D.P.A.—with no success as yet. Probably don't know the right people.

VINCENT DANIEL DONAHUE; 253 Windsor Avenue, Haddonfield, N.J.

I work as comptroller of the Kieckhefer Container Company, Camden, N.J. I was married in 1940 and have three children—Patricia, eight, Peggy Ann, five, and Vincent, Jr., who was born in January, 1951.

RICHARD A. DONALDSON, 4th; 24 Adams Street, East Islip, N.Y.

I have the most beautiful wife and children in the Class of 1936—wife, Helen; daughter, Barbara, nine and a half; sons, Richard A., 5th, six and a half, and William Rummell, eighteen months. I am with the Simtex Textile Division of the Simmons Company as assistant sales manager. My pet peeve—"me-too" Republicans Dewey, Eisenhower, New York *Herald Tribune*, etc., Henry Luce, Acheson.

JOHN F. DONOHUE; 641 Park Avenue, Syracuse, N.Y.

I am office manager here for the Aetna Casualty and Surety Company. I am married and have one child.



BENJAMIN SHELDON DOWNS; 19 Picture Lane, Hicksville, L.I., N.Y.

As in 1946, my family still consists of a young and attractive wife, and a husky eleven-year-old son.

Work entails sales for Reynolds Metals Co., Industrial Division.

Exercise is hobby #1, with resultant visceral enlargement. Hobby #2: trying to prove that Harry is more capable than General Harry—someone said he was.

ROBERT C. DRAKE; 780 Forest Avenue, Buffalo 9, N.Y.

Married to Ruth H. Rammacher in 1939, I now have one girl, Diana Lynn, six, and a boy, Jeffrey R., three. I am currently working in mechanical construction as president of George N. Drake, Inc.

ROBERT C. DUANE; 2800 McKinley Place, N.W., Washington 15, D.C.

A year after I left the Navy, which was in 1945, I was married, and now I have a son, Robert Livingston, born in 1950. Since the war I have worked as a Federal employee, first with GHQ SCAP in Tokyo, and then with ECA (now MSA) in Washington.

GEORGE A. DUDLEY; 238 West 256th Street, New York 71, N.Y.

I am President of the Ibec Housing Corporation and Vice President of the Ibec Technical Services Corporation, both established by Nelson Rockefeller. My wife and I have three children: George, nine, Sally, seven, and John, five. I'm sorry not to have a more complete statement, but I've been out of the country most of the fall and have had no time to prepare a proper report.

RUSSELL S. DWIGHT, JR.; 3512 Springview Drive, Cincinnati 26, Ohio.

The main event for the Dwights since last reporting in '45 was the addition of Margo, thus bringing the total to three girls and one boy—ages ranging from three to fourteen years. After her arrival the novelty of sleeping in the car every night soon wore off and a home was built which more nearly resembled the size of the family.

After years of labor on the part of the government in an effort to hold the price of cotton up they have now decided to add to the sport and have another agency working to force it down. So there is no monotony in our department even after fifteen years with the same concern. Every now and then a change is contemplated, but to date The Gillette Co. has not shown the proper enthusiasm and say that they have done enough for the class of Yale '36.

The local Republican Club, Yale Club, church duties, and the children add up to a full agenda. There are always ball games, swimming, and winter sports that some parts of the family is interested in, so exercise is no issue. You can add to that the ever-present fast track between the laundry and the dishwasher, should the occasion arise.

Reading the list of those attending the 15th makes one even more disgusted that a way to be there could not be worked out somehow, and certainly puts the 20th on top of all the "musts."

JAMES EDMONDS EATON; 67-50 B 188th Street, Flushing, N.Y.

The academic life, with its simple chores, long vacations, and ample time for idle contemplation, was a tempting lure to me in 1936. I remained in New Haven for three more years, playing bridge in the Hall of Graduate Studies and qualifying for the usual license for college teaching. The following fall, Polly and I, still shedding rice, set up apartment keeping in Hempstead, Long Island, where I taught mathematics at Hofstra College. My rise and fall in the ivy world was rapid. In two short years, I rose from instructor to associate professor and department head and sank back to instructor again, this time at Queens College of the City of New York. I am happy to report that I recently was dragged back to an assistant professorship again.

The war years found us at the Radiation Laboratory of M. I. T., where I learned a little about radar antennas. It was there that Jimmie was born and acquired the proper distaste for all things Cantabrigian. We moved to Washington for a year while Jimmie superimposed a Southern drawl on his Boston accent and I continued antenna work at Naval Research Laboratory. I returned to Queens College in 1947, though I still "summer" in Washington as a consultant at the laboratory.

I regard with a jaundiced eye some of the touted joys of college teaching. I have had but one summer vacation in twelve years and am allergic to red pencils, the tools of my trade. It is an interesting life, however, and a pleasant one. I enjoy it.

GEORGE S. EBBERT, JR.; Oliver Building, Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

I was married in 1941 to Lowrie Childs Wurts of Pittsburgh. Since that date our family has grown to three girls—Kay, Genevieve and Lowrie Childs (Elsie, for short).

My business association is president of Ebbert, Grant & Kakel, Inc., insurance advisors and brokers for industrial and commercial organizations.

My activities in respect to Yale University entail active membership in the Scholarship and Enrollment Committee of this district and the Yale Club of Pittsburgh.



JOHN RAYMOND EDWARDS; 172 Cedarbrook Road, Ardmore, Pa.

Reflection on fifteen years of graduate life leaves me with a distinct impression that the Edwards's are an average American family. One house, two children—a girl ten and a boy seven—one job, and plenty of bills pretty well qualify us, I think.

A week after graduation in 1936 I started to work with the Southern New England Telephone Company in New Haven ringing door bells to convince people that they needed telephone service. This led to other types of sales work and from there to the business office and management of the Bridgeport office. A major switch took place then—to a substantial extent because of my interest in Elliott Dunlap Smith's course in human relations in industry and some experience negotiating union contracts from the labor side. The job switch was to the position of personnel supervisor in the company's offices in New Haven.

About three years later, I changed jobs to become personnel director for Supplee-Sealtest, the National Dairy milk and ice cream company in the Philadelphia area. Two years of staff work in this job, and I switched back again to an operating assignment as assistant vice president, with the responsibility for relations with our 2700 farmers, operation of country receiving and manufacturing plants, milk and cream brokerage activities, and relations with state and Federal regulatory bodies. While I never would have guessed it at the time I came from New Haven, I find the "staid old milk industry" to be extremely varied in the types of problems that pop up. We never have two days alike! Anybody want to buy a tank truck of milk?

In February, 1938, one Christina Harvey Forsyth of Milford, Connecticut, in a weak moment became Mrs. Edwards. I am sure it would seem to her that her life since then has been primarily a matter of running a household, trying to balance a budget, and raising children. At one time (before marriage) she expressed a desire to have six children, but I don't hear anything about that any more.

Now that the youngsters are approaching a more human age, hobbying is somewhat a family affair, with home a focal point. Gardening, swimming, and golf are the primary activities, with occasional time out to help the young man fly model airplanes. Sailing, which was Chris' and my favorite sport when we were in New England, has rather gone by the board, but we have hopes of getting back to it now that the children are older.

Typical of Philadelphia, most entertaining takes place either in our own or in friends' homes. We regularly attend Orpheus Club concerts at the Academy, though, and never miss one of the informal appearances of the group at private clubs either, if we can help it. Orpheus probably rates #1 for winter fun.

Looking back over these 500 or so words, the fifteen years seem pretty short, pretty simple, and quite typical; but looking back to college days, there are a couple of sharply etched impressions which have been formed—not without some pain . . .

How many really important decisions are made emotionally and how few logically!

How much the old world stands to gain from the application of that logical, honest thinking which so many profs tried to give us as undergrads!

How clearly (regardless of what they represent) men stand out when they do think and act that way!

JOSEPH ROBINSON EGGERT, JR.; Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y.

In August, 1947, I married Hester Reed. We have three children—two girls and a boy. I'm working for the National Sugar Refining Company.

RALPH E. ELLIS; 237 E. Delaware Place, Chicago 11, Ill.

I am employed by the Leo Burnett Co., an advertising agency in Chicago, as account executive. My previous record since college: six years with the Dennison Mfg. Co., Farmingham, Mass., progressing from sales correspondent to assistant merchandise manager, in charge of trying to make dollar presents look like five dollar presents under the Christmas tree, with bigger and better wrappings; then three years with the U.S. Government in Washington, D.C., and Chicago, Ill., from personnel officer to administrative officer in charge of the mid-west office of the Office of Defense Transportation; then five years with Grant Advertising, Inc., in Chicago, from office manager to account executive; then a year and a half with Leo Burnett Co. as the account executive for the Mars Candy account. My advertising development during the last years has gone from helping to bring the American public *Dr. I.Q.* ("I have a lady in the balcony, Doctor") to *Howdy Doody* and commercializing *Howdy Doody's* "Peanut Gallery."

I was married on June 3, 1939, to Dorothea Nicholson of Moorestown, N.J. Mrs. Ellis is professionally "Nicky Ellis," Chicago's most successful photographic model. We have currently three daughters, whose accomplishments to date are:

Judy, ten—athletic, poor student, likes dances, good prom material, but never from Vassar. Bonnie, nine—also athletic, a champion swimmer; a student who could make the grade at college, we think. Wisty, three—strings beads better than anyone in the block; also good at drawing on wallpaper with crayons.

My extra-curricular activities and hobbies are tennis, golf, model



train building, miscellaneous charities, and club activities. I am Vice President of the Chicago Tennis Association and Vice President of the Saddle and Cycle Club, Chicago. I own a cooperative apartment in a building on Chicago's north side.

ROBERT B. ENGLISH, JR.;

In 1940, we rejuvenated an old house overlooking the water in the small and congenial town of Essex, Conn., and have every intention of remaining here if circumstances permit. (I have been accused of secretly belonging to the Essex Chamber of Commerce.) My wife, Jo, and I have been married for fourteen years. The result of this union is two future Yale men, aged twelve and five respectively and a daughter, seven, who may well attend a few proms and football games. (There is also a black Labrador retriever, frequently referred to as my favorite child by my spouse.)

Businesswise my career has been varied. Since graduation I have held a number of jobs, mostly in small companies, including insurance, yacht brokerage, newspaper and advertising work. At present I am unemployed and looking for a small-business opportunity in the local area (adv.).

Service in the Coast Guard from June, 1942, to February, 1946, interrupted the above career. The early part of my war was spent on the staff of the Officers Training School in St. Augustine, Fla., teaching navigation and seamanship, and the latter as skipper of a refrigerator ship in New Guinea and the Phillipines. I left the service as a Lieutenant Commander.

Sailing is my consuming hobby and the primary reason for our residence in Essex. In addition to ocean racing on larger boats, I cruise extensively with my family on our modern 35 ft. sloop and have just completed a year as commodore of the Essex Yacht Club. Yale wanderers please note that we are within easy walking distance of the Essex Yacht Club.

HERBERT R. ESHELMAN, JR.; R.F.D. #3, Circleville, Ohio.

Started to work for John W. Eshelman & Sons, Lancaster, Pa., after graduation. This company manufactures "Red Rose" feed for poultry and livestock and distributes through the eastern part of the country.

Entered the Navy in 1943, with training at Quonsett Point, R.I. Served as Navy Aviation Ground Officer one year in Newfoundland; one year in England and one year at Floyd Bennett Field, Brooklyn, N.Y. Discharged in 1946 as Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.R.

Re-employed by John W. Eshelman & Sons on discharge from the Navy. Present duties consist of General Manager of the Circleville,

Ohio, division of the company. This covers the operations of plants located at Circleville, Ohio, Sanford, N.C., and Tampa, Fla., and the sales in 14 states served by these plants.

Married to Betsy Kennedy McLeod in 1945. Have three children: Herbert Roy, 3rd, five; Jan Elizabeth, four, and Barbara Ann, three, with one more on the way.

FRANK M. EWING; 120 Brookside Drive, Chevy Chase 15, D.C.

Family and business remain my principal interests. There are no major changes in either, but both have grown in scope and blossomed with enough new projects so that life has been slam bang—turmoil—troubles—and much, much fun.

The lumber business still takes most of my time, although I resolve again and again that I shall be more reasonable in the division of my energies between work, family, friends and play. The most interesting and significant new business endeavor was instituted in 1947 when we began a reforestation program on the Easter Shore of Maryland and Virginia. This work reclaims non-productive land, assures regrowth on cut-over land and improves and protects the growth of young thickets of small trees. This work includes fire protection, drainage of swampy areas, inspections for insect or fungus damage, protection against storm damage, preservation of natural reseeding sources, setting-out of nursery-raised seedlings, and finally, employment of efficient and economic harvesting methods. It is most satisfying work and, I believe, will be of value to the class of '76 or '88 or '96 because it will increase our supply of one of the vital raw materials.

During more than sixteen years of marriage (how ancient can we get?) Hanna and I have continued to find more and more enjoyment in each other and are constant companions in leisure time. We can even play golf as scotch foursome partners—and that is the final test.

Our three daughter, Peg, twelve, Tucker, nine, and Frances, six, have a million new ideas every day and it is necessary that I stay on my toes constantly or one of them is likely to get away with a fast one from a difficult angle.

Take notice of our new address—we moved in October. After ten years in our previous house, we now feel that it will take many years to get settled again.

I am: anti-Truman, anti-inflation, anti (so much) welfare state, anti (so much) government regulation, pro-firmer enforcement of government regulations, pro “fight-harder-or-get-out-of-Korea,” pro “arm-our-allies,” pro firm opposition to the spread of communism, pro much better basic educational training for colored.



JOHN D. EYRE, JR.; V.A. Hospital, Manchester, N.H.

After Freshman year at Yale, I moved to the University of California and received an A.B. there in 1936; then I took medical work at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York and interned at Bellevue Hospital. I have had residencies and hospital appointments at Doctors, Bellevue, and Roosevelt Hospitals, all in New York; at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore; at Faulkner Hospital in Boston; at the Cushing V.A. Hospital in Framingham, Mass.; and at Boston City Hospital. I have also practiced privately as a specialist in internal medicine in New York from 1942 to 1944, and in Chestnut Hill, Mass., from 1948 to 1950. I have also had teaching appointments at Johns Hopkins, 1946-47, Harvard, 1948-50, and Boston University, 1951. I am a member of Alpha Omega Alpha (medical honor); the American Medical Association; the American College of Physicians; and the Massachusetts Medical Society. From 1944 to 1946 I served in the Medical Corps of the Army. At present I am Chief of the Medical Service of the V.A. Hospital in Manchester, N.H. I was certified by the American Board of Internal Medicine in 1948.

FRED W. FAIRMAN, JR.; 209 South La Salle Street, Chicago 4, Ill.

Since 1945, we have added to our family to the extent of one daughter, Frederica Carolyn Fairman. This makes a total of three of the same sex.

During this time I have continued in the investment banking business, having merged my former firm with two Chicago contemporaries to form Sills, Fairman & Harris, Inc., of which I am Vice President and Treasurer. From the standpoint of pleasure and satisfaction, this association has been very pleasing.

Berkshire School of Sheffield, Mass., and the Lake Forest Day School of Lake Forest, Ill., where I live, have placed me on their Boards of Trustees.

Other business activities are Director of Calvert Lithographing Company in Detroit and Edward J. Bahe Company in Chicago.

My efforts towards charitable contributions have been primarily in the Y.M.C.A. of Chicago and Allendale Farm for Boys.

GEORGE BRONSON FARNAM; High Meadow Farm, Wallingford, Conn.

For the past ten years I have been living and working on my 200-acre farm in Wallingford, Conn. I am a dairy farmer and Brown Swiss breeder with 40 milking cows, 38 heifers, and seven bulls. I am active in the N.H. County Farm Bureau, Conn., Wholesale Milk Producers Council, The New England Brown Swiss Org., and the

WTIC Forum Youth Program. My wife Nancy and I have six children, four girls and two boys.

SHERMAN FARNHAM; 281 Pelham Road, Rochester 10, N.Y.

Life in Rochester has progressed in rather a peaceful manner. A brother for Sherman, Jr., and Betsy arrived in January, 1948, and was named Thomas. With the increased family our thoughts turned to building a larger home. Unfortunately that is as far as we got. After discussing price with the building trade, we decided our present house at 281 Pelham Road was magnificent. We still hope, however.

Golf has taken a large part of my otherwise unoccupied time and income, and has resulted in only one hole-in-one so far. The Rochester routine is considerably brightened by occasional visits from Henry Harvey, Bruce Babcock, whose backgammon has not improved since the last installment, Andy McBurney, Dave Northrup, and Al Rankin. Businesswise there have been no changes. The practice of general business law with the firm of Nixon, Hargrave, Middleton & Devans continues to occupy my so-called productive hours.

MALCOLM FARREL; 414 East 52d Street, New York 22, N.Y.

Self-employed—mining and investments. Divorced in February, 1950. Acquired new husband-in-law in March, 1950. Have a boy, ten, and a girl, eight and a half; Malcolm, Jr., and Constance.

WILLIAM GORDON FAWCETT; Royal Military College, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

On leaving Yale in 1934, went to work in Montreal for Canadian Bronze Co. Ltd., manufacturers of brass and bronze castings. Principal hobby, apart from golf and skiing, was the Reserve Army, which I joined as a private. Commissioned as second-lieutenant in January, 1939. On outbreak of war, September, 1939, left civilian job and went with unit on internal security work—guarding bridges, canal locks, dry docks, interned enemy aliens, etc. In June, 1940, joined the fighting part of the Army, my unit in Montreal not having been called up, and went to take infantry training in Winnipeg. What a comedown for a self-respecting horse-soldier! I now began to see the error of our oft-quoted dictum that “the function of cavalry is to lend tone to an otherwise vulgar brawl.”

Stymied in Winnipeg for 18 months, during which I took a hand in everything from ski and snowshoe instructor to assistant adjutant. Finally to England in November, 1941. Served with infantry and



reconnaissance units for 18 months and then detached for duty with General Staff—mostly G1 and G4, at Brigade, Corps, and Army. Landed with HQ 2 Cdn Corps in Normandy on D plus 30, and went as far as Nijmegen. Recalled to Canada in November, 1944, to attend Staff College. Having assumed the invisible mantle of infallibility which envelops all graduates of that institution, and VE-day having passed, the Pacific Force was calling, and there I went as Staff Captain “Q”—G4 to you.

This folded very quickly too, however, and then the choice was plain between going to the Occupation Force in Germany and “soldiering” in Canada, as I had already decided to remain in the Army after the war. There wasn’t really very much of an inner argument, and after a pleasant trip on the Queen Elizabeth—really pleasant going in that direction at that time—7 Cdn Inf Brigade got a new DAA&QMG, or combined G1 and G4. The promotion to major was also welcome.

The Occupation Force was pulled out in March, 1946, as the result of an incredibly cheap and narrow-minded government decision, and Staff employment in Canada loomed as all that was left. This time it was G1 and took me to New Brunswick and Nova Scotia for the next two years. Then a very happy and instructive 10-month interlude at the Command and General Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. On return to Ottawa, and life in Army Headquarters as a civil servant of the nine-to-five variety, the last defences of an erstwhile staunch bachelor crumbled quickly. The fortunate girl was Joan Williams of Halifax, a widow with a five-year-old daughter, Wendy. Joan’s first husband was killed in the war with the R.C.A.F. The wedding was on May 6, 1950, in Halifax.

Meantime, after six months in Ottawa (which was plenty), I got a great break and was sent to the Royal Military College at Kingston, Ont. The job is similar to that of an Army instructor at a university, except that we turn out cadets for all three of the Services, and consequently our syllabus must include tri-Service instruction. To be successful, such a program must achieve a fair degree of inter-service balance and must be marked by harmonious relations among the representatives of the three services who are teaching it. I am happy to say that we have been successful—so far—in playing down the antagonisms and conflicting claims; and emphasizing the common interests and the mutual interdependence of the three Services. It is a great challenge, especially as we have no blueprint to follow, but the satisfaction of doing the job properly is correspondingly greater.

Principal hobbies are reading (military, current events, history), music (glee club), sports (sailing, skiing, shooting), gardening, and studying Russian.

ALBERT BEL FAY; 99 N. Post Oak Lane, Houston, Tex.

Since my marriage on February 3, 1935, to Homoiselle Haden, three additions to our family have arrived: Katherine Bel, on July 25, 1936, Marion Spencer (daughter), on May 3, 1939, and Albert Bel, Jr., on October 8, 1945.

Sailing (as it was in College) is still my main hobby. However, Saturday afternoon racing has about displaced blue water sailing, which was my chief interest in 1936. My next preference in the sporting field is hunting.

During World War II, three years of my time were consumed by the U.S. Navy.

My principal business activities are seed rice production, rice drying, cattle, boat yard operation, and oil, all of which I find stimulating.

GORDON FEAREY; Nursery Road, New Canaan, Conn.

July, 1951, marks for me five years of work with an arm of the Episcopal Church, as one of those responsible for administering the pension system for its clergy and their survivors. It is safe to say that no Protestant Church denomination has a better or stronger clergy pension system than ours. I find my appreciation of the church's general objectives expanding, and I am well convinced of their importance.

As reported in 1947, I married Jacqueline L. Dwight in March of that year. Lydia L. was born in December, 1947, and Gordon Jr. in June, 1950, both great joys to their parents. The move to New Canaan came in December, 1948. Jackie has a garden boasting, in my view, the tallest flowers in the world.

As an enthusiastic supporter of President Griswold and his objectives, as I understand them, I believe that we, as graduates and perhaps parents of Yalermen, should give him support up to the limits of our respective abilities. It is clear that leadership in our effort should come from our Class Executive Committee. I believe strongly that the appointment or election of officers or members of the Executive Committee, and the program and conduct of Class affairs should always reflect the wishes of the majority of the Class; and that, accordingly, important measures and appointments should be presented to the Class for approval in advance or for ratification after the action is taken. The organization of the Executive Committee and of Class affairs would be improved, in my opinion, if these principles were incorporated in the set-up.

To the above I wish to add, as one who has contributed only meagerly himself, a word of sincere appreciation to those who are and have been directing our Class activities.



T. FREDERICK FELDMAN; 547 W. Springettsbury Avenue, York, Pa.

I'm a lawyer. I married Marie Sutcliffe on December 11, 1948, and we now have a son, Theodore E., who was born on August 29, 1950. I'm kept pretty busy by my work, and by trying to be a householder, an experience I've had since June 29, 1951.

WILLIAM N. FENNEY, JR.; 25 Healey Ave., Hartsdale, N.Y.

After leaving the hallowed "Halls of Ivy," I ventured into the far west (Beacon, N.Y.) and became affiliated with the Research Laboratory of The Texas Company as an engineer. In due course I was elevated through the ranks to Project Engineer, Department Head, and was transferred to the New York Office as Assistant to Chief Technologist.

The days of bachelorhood came to an end in 1943, when Alice Wyman Caldwell (Mount Holyoke, 1940) finally said yes. Married life brought the Fenney family to their own home in Westchester County, with an opportunity to become involved in local civic activities, including Dad's Club, P.T.A., Hartsdale Park Association (president), Hartsdale Civic Council (president), Hartsdale War Memorial Committee (president), Hartsdale School Advisory Committee and the Greenville Community Church. The country atmosphere lent itself to hobbies, which include a budding enthusiasm for gardening and bee keeping.

On the business side, my interest in engineering led me to join the Society of Automotive Engineers and the American Petroleum Institute and to be awarded more than a dozen U.S. and foreign patents. During the war years I continued to serve The Texas Company, working solely on synthetic rubber and aviation gasoline and also acting as Industry Advisor in many activities of the Armed Services. A detailed description of such activities are included in my listing in "American Men of Science."

Future Yale men include Robert Caldwell (1946) and William N., III (1950); and, as Mount Holyoke material, there is Letitia (1944).

JAMES FULTON FERGUSON, JR., M.D.; Old Mansion Road, Wallingford, Conn.

The pattern of the last five years closely resembles the previous five. Two more children, John Crawford in 1947, and Malcolm Bruce in May, 1951, bringing the total to four. Moved into our new home in 1949, which is in the country and is complete with brook, pond, and wildlife. The two older boys are now in training for the Yale swimming team of circa 1966 and 1971.

The military machine has not yet invited me into the fold, and present indications point to a continuation of this policy. I cannot be called until those educated by Uncle S. are in, but I am inclined to be pessimistic about the next year. To my mind, there may well be about three distinct Koreas in the very near future, and it is hard to see how all can be kept isolated from #3 War.

The practice of medicine goes on apace, with little variation from year to year. One flu epidemic kept the profession (a) from getting lazy and fat and (b) from the throes of poverty. However, the disease was mild and financial benefits quickly were dispersed under the tax laws and living costs of a misguided and incompetent administration. The Welfare State is coming, despite a temporary medical setback. I cannot imagine how the English experiment can be so easily overlooked by HST. By word and deed, the people working in factories fully expect anything remotely connected with health to be paid for by Nation, State, or Industry.

Outside activities are varied and minor, fun to me but of no interest to five-year autobiographies. Golf, fishing, hunting, and (believe it or not) manual labor around my rocky estate are high on the list.

Clubs include Rotary, Medical, and Alumni Associations, with moderate activity therein.

JOHN P. FERGUSON; 1219 S. Clay, Springfield 4, Mo.

The writer, commonly known as a delivery boy or P.D. (definition on request) is hard at work in Springfield, Mo., (strongly Republican) doing obstetrics and Gynecology. Following graduation and then four years of medical school at Yale he spent four more years in medicine, in residency at St. Louis University, doing his future specialty of Ob.-Gyn.

Helen Louise Flint became his better half in 1941, and the subsequent family is limited to two boys, John F. (born in 1943) and James P. (born in 1947).

The war somehow intervened for just three years, after which he returned to Springfield and became associated with the Woman's Clinic.

Recreation (and hobbies to an extent) is somewhat limited by too many hatchin's. However, golf, fishing, and hunting comprise the list. For a golfer who won the Yale Championship once upon a time in 1934 (or was it '35?) the score has gradually risen with the waistline.

Donations now being received to help pay off the mortgage on a hen house at 1219 S. Clay.

JOHN HAVEN FERGUSON; 1650 30th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

Shortly after the war I returned to the law firm of Root, Ballan-



tine, Harlan, Bushby and Palmer in its newly-established Washington office. Except for a couple of brief interludes in New York, when I served as Executive Director of the Stimson Committee for the Marshall Plan and later did some work for the Ford Foundation, I continued to practice law in Washington until last January, when I came to the State Department as the Deputy Director of the Policy Planning Staff. It would be hard to imagine a better spot from which to look at this complicated and troubled world. I find it an exciting place to be.

To satisfy the editors' insatiable curiosity about personal statistics, there follows a winnowing from the unpublishable information requested in the "Confidential" questionnaire:

A second child since the last class book (Sarah, aged two); the same wife; a new house; less hair.

ALBERT S. FIELD, JR.; Gaylord Farm, Wallingford, Conn.

In June, 1948, a job as assistant resident in Internal Medicine at New Haven Hospital was succeeded by the position of resident physician at Gaylord Farm Tuberculosis Sanatorium in Wallingford, Conn. Association with Yale since then has continued, however, as part of each week is spent at the hospital as a clinical instructor in medicine. The work of caring for people with tuberculosis is stimulating and rewarding. So much has been learned about this ancient disease in recent years that we have more than ever before in the way of treatment to offer our patients who as a group are pleasant to work with.

In April, 1949, we added a son, Allyn Trumbull to the family, which now totals two girls and one boy. He is a handsome fellow, good company and thoroughly welcome. We are living in a new house on a hillside which provides a fine view of the country. Being only five minutes' walks from one's place of work is a new and pleasant experience, especially appreciated after spending an hour each day in traffic, as was necessary in New Haven. The older members of the family have English bicycles, and riding about the country roads is practical and enjoyable. We even carried the bicycles to Nantucket Island, where we went for summer vacation this year. Vacations have been varied in the past. Last year we experimented with camping for two weeks as a family. This was more successful than at first anticipated, probably because we were within two miles of my parents, on whom we could call in time of need.

Spare time is spent with the children, reading, going to medical lectures, symphonic concerts, plays, or occasionally movies. Hobbies consist of watercolor painting and photographing children. We

attend the Congregational Church irregularly, vote Republican, and hope international relations will someday be more secure and stable.

RICHARD O. FERRIS; Capt. Artillery, Hq. 633d AAA Gun Bu., Camp Edwards, Mass.

Engaged in factory and commercial real estate brokerage in New York City and vicinity from February, 1946, to September, 1950. Tennis and farming at Kent, Conn., have remained a major interest. Returned to Army at Fort Bliss, Tex., in October, 1950, and am presently stationed at Camp Edwards, Mass.

MORTON H. FETTEROLF, JR.; 1826 Land Title Building, Broad & Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia 10, Pa.

At the present time I am Vice Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Whitemarsh Township, Pa.; Director of the Raleigh Coal & Coke Co., Beckley, W. Va., of the Sugar Creek Coal Mining Co., Athens, Ohio, and of the Millfield Coal and Mining Co., Athens, Ohio; and Vice President and Chairman of Greens Committee of the Philadelphia Cricket Club, of Philadelphia. My hobbies are golf and hunting, and I work in local Red Cross activities. My son, Morton H., III, aged six, is a student at Chestnut Hill Academy, in Philadelphia.

JOHN M. FINCKE; 2151 N. Foothill Boulevard, Altadena, Calif.

Married to Harriet Roberts Fincke. Our children are Harriet C. Fincke, born in 1935; William M. Fincke, born in 1936; Waring Roberts Fincke, born in 1945.

I am self-employed as Manufacturers' Agent covering the electrical field, and operating in Los Angeles and San Francisco. My company has a warehouse at Los Angeles serving California and Arizona.

Am interested in anything with wheels, and have dabbled in ancient automobiles, being a part owner of a 1911 Chalmers. Like early western history and have made many interesting camping trips in this area.

ROGER CLAPP FLETCHER; 48 Fairlawn Street, West Hartford 7, Conn.

Three moves are supposed to be as bad as a fire, but I've had both in the past five years.

The first to occur was the "fire"—in June, 1947. At that time Pal Blade Company whittled their Cutlery Division at Holyoke, Mass., from 1100 employees to 250. In particular, they pruned me and nine others from their engineering staff of twelve. I was sorry to leave that



job; for it had really been fun, and I had solved several interesting production problems. However, the curtailment had been long overdue, some six month's inventory of unsold finished pocket knives and kitchen tableware having accumulated during the previous eight months.

Soon afterward I moved to West Hartford, Conn., and went to work for the Whitlock Manufacturing Company. Although this company is small, only 200 employees, it offers considerably more scope for my talents than Pal did, chiefly because its products, heat exchangers and pressure vessels, are much more complicated and require far more engineering than cutlery. For about two years I was assigned to a series of departments including the shop departments in a systematic training program.

This program was supposed to culminate in a permanent assignment in one of the engineering departments; but an unusual opportunity opened in one of the sales agency offices about the time I was ready for permanent assignment. Selling had never appealed to me, and it was only after considerable hesitation that I moved to Richmond, Va., and went on the road for the company in Virginia and the Carolinas. There I did a satisfactory job but became increasingly eager to return to the factory.

A month ago the company acceded to my wish and moved me permanently back to the factory. My work now is in the Production Engineering Department, which is precisely where I want to be.

To our sorrow there is no patter of little feet around our home, but we still have not lost hope for success in the patter production department.

Now, as five years ago, I feel that my years of greatest happiness and of greatest usefulness to mankind lie ahead rather than behind.

JAMES FLETT, JR.; 1635 Holly Street, Denver, Colo.

I'm engaged in practice as a pediatrician, am married, and have one son, James, 3d.

FRANK F. FORD; 67 The Prado, Atlanta, Ga.

Marriage: Nora Constance Wright of Detroit, Mich., December 22, 1936.

Children:

Constance Wright, January 3, 1938.

Frank Frost, Jr., June 8, 1941.

Judith Ives, July 11, 1944.

Began day after graduation with Great Lakes Steel, Detroit, Mich., division of National Steel Corporation, as test boy in the Metalurgical Lab. 1936, 1937, and 1938—various metalurgical and production

jobs, with lab and production departments. 1938 and 1941—alloy steel specialist and metalurgical sales engineer. 1941–1946—metalurgical consultant for my company with Army and Navy Ordnance Departments on defense steels produced by us, products into which they were placed, and the specifications governing them. 1946—stomach ulcers. Detroit and the steel business got too big, too busy, and too rich for a Georgia Cracker. We returned to our old homestead in Atlanta to make little Georgia Crackers out of the younger generation of Fords. Since returning to Atlanta, we have been nearly starving to death, and loving it, in our own business as a manufacturer's representative for several Yankee firms making industrial machines and equipment.

I am active in American Society for Metals, American Society of Tool Engineers, The National Society of Professional Engineers, Chamber of Commerce. I am a registered Professional Engineer in the State of Georgia (metalurgical), a member of the Episcopal Church, a member of Ansley Park Golf Club, Buckhead Century Club, Yale Club of New York City, University Club of Detroit, and have been active in the Yale Club of North Georgia and the Andover Alumni of Georgia. I do not have any spare time, but take time from the undesirable pursuit of making a living, occasionally, to play golf, hunt, fish, and take pictures.

Wherever the rest of the Class of '36 lives, they have not lived until they live in Georgia. (Residents of Texas and California please note.)

JOSEPH B. FORMAN; 129 Curtis Drive, New Haven, Conn.

After my B.S. at Yale in 1936, I went on to get my M.D. *cum laude* at Yale in 1939. While at Yale Med., I was a member of Phi delta Epsilon fraternity.

Then interned at Newark Beth Israel Hospital, and at Essex County Hospital, Belleville, N.J. It was during this phase that I met and wooed R. Livia Wiener of East Orange, N.J.—a beautiful blonde with small proportions.

Joined the U.S. Naval Reserve in May, 1941 (voluntarily, no less), and saw active duty for over five years. Some North Atlantic tin-can duty in 1941, but Marine Corps Fleet Marine Force duty from before the outbreak of War II till after same—good, clean fun. Trained with the 1st Marine Division while it was forming in North Carolina, then fought with it, in it, and for it for two years overseas starting with the original landing on Guadalcanal on August 7, 1942.

Have held the rank of Commander, USNR, since November, 1945 (despite not have had the pleasure of clean Navy bunks and warm Navy chow for the entire duration).

Received the Presidential Citation with a star and several area



awards. Mostly, I came away with life and limb. Did general practice for a short time in Los Angeles, Calif., while renewing the wooing mentioned above, then moved on to take training in my long-ago chosen specialty, obstetrics and gynaecology, at the Chicago lying-in Hospital, Univ. of Chicago, October, 1946. Married the lively Livia April 2, 1947, and had the son, Mitchell Paul, while at my residency in Jan., 1948. Completed the residency in September, 1949, and joined the faculty at Yale School of Medicine. The beautiful little blonde gave me Jolie Lynn in June, 1950.

Then, to keep body and soul together for four of us, I had to leave (half-time) university medicine and undertake private practise (half-time), the which combination I've maintained since July, 1950; as Assistant Professor, Dept. of Obs. and Gyn., in the Yale School of Medicine, and under my own shingle at 850 Howard Avenue, New Haven. Doing nicely, thank you. We're at home at 129 Curtis Drive, New Haven.

CHARLES WOODRUFF FOWLER; Westview Lane, RFD 1, South Norwalk, Conn.

I am probably the only man in class who works six days a week at Lord and Taylor, Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y., and I've done it since 1936. The last five years were spent in buying shoes—then women's stockings. After fifteen years at Lord and Taylor, I am still working my way up. Hope by next report requested to have the goal in hand.

I still have the same beautiful wife to come home to, and a son, Peter, ten (an avid Cub Scout), and a daughter, Georgia, six (a child prodigy on the harmonica and drums every Sunday morning). Scout work and building projects at home are my main hobbies. My athletic interests are sandlot baseball, basketball and football—in season. My objectives are a continued healthy, happy life, with more of what it takes to achieve same.

CHARLES FRAMBACH-BERLITZ; 630 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Since the last report I have acquired (in 1950) a wife, Valerie Ann Seary, from Sidney, Australia, and a child, Lin Maria, who was born in 1951. My latest book, *The Berlitz Self-Teacher: Russian*, was written in 1951.

ROLAND E. FRAMM; 2906 Northumberland Avenue, Richmond 22, Va.

Worked one year with a utility holding company, three years with

Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, last eleven years with The American Tobacco Company (Lucky Strike), eight in New York home office, last three in Richmond factory, all as accountant. Married Rina Bowles of Richmond in 1939, have two sons, six and nine. Enjoy taking care of my home and grounds, and visiting friends.

Changed from Republican to Democrat only because this is a one-party state. Am strongly anti-administration because of tainted politics and lack of courage in tackling government economy, but feel that present foreign policy is probably as good as we can do. I find both city and state governments to be manned by able, honest men, providing much better government than in New Jersey and New York, where I was brought up. Feel that racial question, although important here because of large percentage of colored population, is given more publicity both here and in the North than is necessary. Find people friendlier and lazier here than in North, but less considerate of social obligations, so that "Southern Hospitality" leaves me cold, except for a few intimate friends. Less drinking and more enjoyment of fundamental simple pleasures here make for a happy life. Or do I sound too dogmatic?

Anyway, we're comfortably situated, although far from rich; satisfied that we'll live longer, make less money, and be somewhat happier than if we'd stayed in the New York metropolitan area.

Incidentally, am surprised to realize what a really superior education Yale gives, and how few down here have received a comparable background. And that's no reflection on the intelligence or ability of Southern people.

DAVID R. FRANCIS; R.F.D. #1, Clarksville, Mo.

In 1947, I bought a farm near Clarksville, Mo., about 80 miles north of St. Louis. At that time I was in the stock and bond business in St. Louis but found enough time over weekends to follow the operation of this farm under the direction of a farm manager. I found farming and outdoor work so interesting that I gave up the brokerage business in 1948, moved up to the farm, and went into the business of livestock farming as a full time job. I employ now one man, who, with me, can operate the place with fully mechanized equipment.

I raise hogs and cattle, together with what feed they need. I have no time for any hobbies, nor do I pursue any of the athletic sports and golf, squash, etc. We have a boy, four, and a girl, six, and have a compatible social life up here. An occasional trip to St. Louis to renew old acquaintances always cures any feeling of the monotony of farm life. One day fighting traffic in the city is enough to make us long to get back to the green hills and open spaces. I keep track of



Yale by attending once a year a local Yale Club outing and dinner. I would like to leave one thought for those who may look upon country life as a cure-all for everything, and that is that farming for a living is hard work, six days a week. Its compensations lie in seeing land produce and in keeping in good health.

ARTHUR ALBERT FRANK, JR.; 2228 Central Park Ave., Evanston, Ill.

After attending non co-educational schools, and serving time in the Army, I now find myself surrounded by girls. The first was acquired by marriage—Elizabeth Crilly was the name—and the others followed in due course. The oldest, Linda, is now eight, then Barbara, four, and Nancy, one. Linda is the reason for my attendance at an occasional P.T.A. meeting. To support this household, the income is derived from the Standard Railway Equipment Manufacturing Company, for whom I sell freight car parts as Assistant Vice-President (Sales). I arrived at this point by way of the Harnischfeger Corporation and the Hollup Corporation. One year was spent with Harnischfeger in Milwaukee and three and one-half with Hollup in Chicago.

The Army called in August, 1941, and put an end to my time with Hollup. The Quartermaster Corps made a basic training officer out of me and send a new 2nd Lieutenant to Fort Warren at Cheyenne, Wyo., and then to Camp Lee, Va. They allowed a leave in January, 1942, so that our marriage could be performed. In February, 1943, the 512th Truck Regiment was organized, with Captain Frank commanding "C" Company. Late that year we arrived in England and I became the operations officer for the regiment, which the Army now called a group. We moved to France and then to Germany. Sometimes equipped with "ducks," sometimes with the standard two-and-a-half-ton truck, and sometimes with ten-ton semi-trailers. We came back to the States in December, 1945, and I was proudly wearing the gold leaves of a Major. Upon discharge, an automatic promotion to Lieutenant Colonel arrived. The Army is still trying to figure out what to do with all the rank they have acquired.

After a vacation in Florida, with tennis and fishing, swimming and sun bathing, I joined Standard Railway Equipment Manufacturing Company in March, 1946.

As for recreation, my golf game is very unpredictable, with usually a reward for my opponent. No improvement is foreseeable in the immediate future.

HORACE W. FRENCH; Huckleberry Hill Road, Unionville, Conn.

I work in the wage and salary administration section of the Personnel Department of the Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Division of

United Aircraft Corp. My wife is Catherine Minor, formerly of Plainville, Conn., and our children are Horace W. French, Jr., seven, Eldred Minor French, five, and Amy Copeland French, one.

ROGER H. FULLER; U.S. Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, Ill.

I obtained an M.D. degree from Tufts College Medical School in 1938, interned at the Hartford Hospital, joined the Navy Medical Corps in 1942, now rank as a Commander, and am specializing in pathology. In 1936 I married Janet Richmond. We have three daughters.

JAMES BERTRAM FULLMAN; Scofieldtown Road and Woodley Lane, Stamford, R.D. 2, Conn.

I spent a year with Westinghouse after graduation designing transformers, then went to A. M. Byers Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., manufacturers of wrought iron. My pre-war assignment was as Mgr., Engineering Service Dept., in Pittsburgh. Now I am in New York City as technical representative. I married Helen Louise Crippen of Denver, on June 11, 1941. (Another Smith-Yale combination.) I am working on a new home currently, which means everything from landscaping and gardening through the various building operations. During the war I was a Lieutenant (U.S.N.R.), and worked on degaussing activity, principally at New York.

GEORGE NELSON GAFFORD; Lake Lucerne, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

Since autobiographies are usually reserved to the famous or infamous, great or pseudo-great, the anonymity of our confidential questionnaire suited me best, for there indeed are the true facts, unbiased and uncolored! But in our present world of confusion and readjustment of values, where the cry has become primarily the seeking of material security and true security seems farthest from reach, our very daily lives shadowed by crises, are full of color.

During the last five years, my effort has been to come of age: professionally and socially. While Toni and I have not increased our family (except perhaps by a Springer, a miniature Dachshund and some tropical fish), we have acquired a log cabin by a lake for our home. We swim and play tennis and paddle about in the summer, take movies of Diane (aged nine) sledding down long hills in the winter, and still play some squash at the Cleveland Athletic Club at noontimes.

In my law practice I have been fortunate in having handled a great variety of matters, large and small, at the conference table and



in the courts. In an age of specialization, I have not specialized, and have spent many happy hours working on the problems of those who could not pay, those who could but do not, and (fortunately) those who can and do. We are a small firm of six individuals, practicing individually for the most part or working together on major corporate or litigated matters. Not yet a Choate, I enjoy the strain of the courtroom, having in addition to our own work defended the industrial claims in this area in the courts as Assistant Attorney General of Ohio in 1949 and 1950.

ALFRED J. GAGNON; 3 Woodside Drive, Greenwich, Conn.

After Yale, I joined the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corp. as an industrial engineer. Seven years later I moved to Sperry Gyroscope Co. as a production engineer, then to American Cystoscope Makers, Inc., as Chief Industrial Engineer. In 1945, I joined Booz, Allen & Hamilton, management consultants, and on January 1, 1950, was elected to partnership.

My wife, formerly Mary Perry, and I have four children—three girls and one boy. Our target was six, but we seem to have lost the knack or something.

Anyone who wants to get a party for a deep sea fishing should call me up.

RALPH GANCHER; 527 Colusa Avenue, Berkeley, Calif.

Chronologically, after Yale, I attended Long Island College of Medicine (M.D., 1940); then interned at Beth Israel, New York, 1940-42, during which time I married Anita Sosno, then a symphony violinist in New York. We now have three children, David, eight, inclined to quietness and reading; Dina, six, with good artistic sense (good range of color, and a fresh fluidity of motion) plus a startling ability to cross-examine us to our discomfort, and to stand up for her rights, as she sees them; and Carl, four, with a good musical sense but otherwise a dynamo of undisciplined violence and emotions.

After a short stint in the Veterans Administration in psychiatry, in 1942-43, I was commissioned captain, then major, and was re-assigned most of the time back to the V. A. in psychiatry, thus never leaving the U. S.

In 1946, war over, I resided in the V. A. Hospital in the Bronx, in internal medicine (sort of swimming up stream, as more internists go into psychiatry than the reverse). In 1948, I entered private practise in my home town, Waterbury, Conn., and seemed settled for life. However, in 1950, I suffered some sort of internal revolution, quit Connecticut, and went to the Bay Area in California to join a group practise there. I am now an internist (certified in 1949) with

Permanente Medical Foundation Hospital in Oakland, Calif. We are in a new type of medicine, which I think is probably a pattern for the future. We have a small number of hospitals in this area, serving a large population on prepaid insurance method, based on specialists in group practise. We live in Berkeley, Calif., a really lovely city of 100,000, offering more in a civic way than most places I have seen: an interesting climate, San Francisco nearby, much music and art around, etc. I like it, and so does my family. We miss the East, too, autumns especially, and the friends of these past decades. There was a time when doctors settled down in one place after graduation, and never budged again. I thought I was in that mold, too, but, like so much of America, I have been on the move more than I planned, and I have ended up here far from home and far from my original way of practise, but this is better.

Religion seems to have faded a great deal these years, too. I belong nominally to the Conservative Jewish synagogue, but heaven knows, by this time, what I really believe. It surely isn't the "faith of my fathers," I know.

At thirty-six, I'm balding a little, up to 165 lbs., can't climb hills too well, and I'm soft! My wife is now a violist, has a good quartet, and has found as much music as the West can offer, I think.

I read medicine, mostly, good novels and journals, see foreign movies and worry about the world in a frustrated way.

HENRY A. GARDNER, JR.; 940 Valley Road, Glencoe, Ill.

The Fifteenth Reunion of the Class of '36 brought to a thunderous climax the events of the last five years; in fact, the last thirty-eight years. In retrospect:

November 13, 1945, saw me properly divorced from the United States Navy as a Lieutenant in the status of an inactive reserve.

After 78 days terminal leave in Sea Island with Blake Shepherd, Smitty Jackson, and others, the task of gainful employment and the payment of income taxes was resumed.

On February 1, 1946, I resumed the practice of law after a layoff of four years, less three months.

In the course of the last five years, apparently through natural causes, two additional inhabitants have appeared in the household: Katherine, now aged four, and Charles, two; the total now being four, what with Frederica, nine, and Henry, eight. These are believed to be the finalists in this activity.

In 1950, after the death of our late representative, Ralph Church, my hat was thrown in the ring for Representative from the Thirteenth Congressional District of Illinois. After a great expenditure of energy and hot air, it was returned to the owner in much the same manner. The Gardner machine, based on sincerity, enthusiasm and a



belief in honest, broad-guage principles of government, was apparently not sufficiently appealing.

Civic and Religious and Charitable Organizations: The Executive Council of the Chicago Boy Scouts of America, St. Elizabeth Church, Community Fund, Red Cross, etc.

Exercise and Pastimes: Theatre, concerts, reading, golf, skating and playing with children.

Clubs: University Club, Chicago Bar Association, Indian Hill Club, Skokie Country Club, Yale Club of Chicago, Executives' Club.

THEODORE S. GARY; 1320 North State Street, Chicago, Ill.

Occupation: Executive.

Business or professional career in chronological order:

Assistant to Chairman of Board—Automatic Electric Company—  
1934-36

Vice President, Automatic Electric Company—1936-45

President, Automatic Electric Sales Corporation—1942-45

Officer and/or Director of various telephone operating and manufacturing companies within the Gary Group, 1945, including:

Officer and/or Director of:

Gary Services and Investment Company—Vice President and Director

Theodore Gary and Company—Vice President and Director

Anglo-Canadian Telephone Company—Vice President and Director

Associated Telephone & Telegraph Company—Vice President and Director

British Columbia Telephone Company—Director

Compania Dominicana de Telefonos, C Por A—Vice President and Director

International Automatic Electric Corporation—Vice President and Director

Pan-American Telephone & Telegraph Company—Director

Philippine Long Distance Telephone Company—Director

Phillips Electrical Works Limited—Director

Continental Telephone Company—Vice President and Director

Durham Telephone Company—Director

Illinois Telephone Company—Director

Iowa Continental Telephone Company—Director

Missouri Telephone Company—Director

Nebraska Continental Telephone Company—Director

Ohio Consolidated Telephone Company—Director

South Carolina Continental Telephone Company—Director

Southern Continental Telephone Company—Director

Telephone Bond & Share Company—Vice President and Director

Texas Telephone Company—Director  
 Union Telephone Company—Director  
 Community Telephone Company—Vice President and Director  
 Community Telephone Company of Wisconsin—Director  
 Illinois Central Telephone Company—Director  
 The Inland Telephone Company—Vice President and Director  
 Minnesota Community Telephone Company—Director  
 Blue Mountain Telephone & Telegraph Company—Director  
 Wiconisco Telephone & Telegraph Company—Director  
 Natser Corporation—President and Director  
 Island Real Estate Corporation—President and Director  
 Other business or professional connections: President, Armed Forces Communications Associations.

Married Laura Avritt Brown on July 23, 1934. Children (in order of birth): Theodore S. Gary, Jr., September 17, 1936; Laura Castleman Gary, July 23, 1941.

Other affiliations: Chicago Club; Chicago Athletic Club; Racquet Club; Barrington Hills Country Club; Saddle & Cycle Club; Fin 'n Feather Club.

Special activities: North Side Boys Clubs; Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society; Trustee—Girls Latin School of Chicago.

CHARLES E. GAST, 301 Argyle Avenue, Pueblo, Colo.

I was married in 1942 to Ruth M. Myers of Kansas City, and we have a daughter, Diane, six. I also have two sons by a previous marriage, Robert S. and Charles E., Jr. I am senior partner of the Main Realty Company, and am also associated with the Sam Jones Agency, real estate and insurance. My hobbies: hunting, fishing, horse raising.

CLINTON H. GATES; Pala Kirk-Hen Farm, R.F.D. #1, Grandview, Mo.

After our second honeymoon in Arizona with our pre-war daughter (the Army having kept me overseas for over three years), we returned to Kansas City and bought a house. The law firm that had hired me before Uncle beckoned graciously took me back, and all looked like smooth sailing until Republican politics enmeshed me. As a result of working in the '46 campaign in which a Republican prosecutor was elected, I was tapped as one of his assistants, so that on December 31, 1946, I quit my job with the law firm and went to work as a public servant who attempted to keep the felons behind bars or at least out of circulation. The magistrate and the circuit courts kept us hopping with trials, and then a Grand Jury, having found fraud in the 1946 Democratic Primary and having returned over seventy indictments after our investigation, kept us in the law



books to find a way to circumvent the loss of the evidence; i.e, ballots when the courthouse safe was blown up. This search was unsuccessful and so we settled down to a year of routine criminal work. 1948 came and went, with the Democrats back in power; so on January 1, 1949, I was in practice for myself.

After the election in 1948, we bought and moved to a farm fifteen miles from town, and since then I have become a lawyer farmer, with emphasis on the latter. Farm help being somewhat hard to find, I have found that for part of the time at least farming fifty acres has been my primary duty, which includes milking cows, gardening, haying, taking care of hogs, chickens, etc., and other farm chores.

On February 1, 1947, a son, Lathrop Mead, was born, followed one year and a half later, on August 8, 1948, by another son, Kirkland Hayes. In the spring of last year no one could be found to run for Eastern Judge of our County of Jackson. The job is an administrative one and is the position in which our present President started. A sucker was found to run on the Republican ticket whose name happened to be mine. No campaign was necessary in the primary, as there was no opposition, but speeches, hill-billy music, ice cream, balloons, and fanfare failed to convince the voters in November which I fear was the expected result.

A daughter arrived December 2, 1950, named Henrietta, which completes the family picture.

Now I am back farming, with an interest in a general contracting firm and a fertilizer company which was not quite completely wiped out by the flood in July. Somewhere along the way I have been elected to some Boards of Directors: the Barstow School for Girls (president for two years), Mt. Washington Cemetery, St. Luke's Hospital and Missouri Republican Club.

For those of you who might want to get in touch with us, we still use #200 Rialto Building, Kansas City, Mo., as our permanent address.

NATHANIEL CHAPMAN WEEMS GENNETT, JR.; 189 Kimberly Avenue, Asheville, N.C.

On October 14, 1936, I was married to Betsy Ross in New Orleans, La. The following fall I attended law school at the University of Virginia and graduated in the class of 1940.

A daughter, Virginia Elizabeth, was born on October 2, 1940.

From 1940 to 1942, I was associated with the Gennett Lumber Company in Asheville, N.C., manufacturers of hardwood lumber.

During the years 1942-43, I worked on the legal staff as a law clerk at Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine and Wood, 15 Broad Street, New York City.

I returned to Gennett Lumber Company in a legal and executive

capacity from January 1, 1944, to September, 1945, when I became associated with Fulton, Walter and Halley, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, for one year.

On September 13, 1944, a son, Nathaniel Chapman Weems Gennett, III, was born.

Following the association with the last-named law firm in New York, I became Associate Counsel to the Committee on Merchant Marine for investigational work under House Resolution 38, 79th Congress, for six months.

On January 1, 1947, I became a partner in the Gennett Lumber Company. This appears to be a more or less permanent proposition.

During the past fifteen years I have competed in numerous golf tournaments, including the U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship, Southern Championship, North & South Carolina Championship, and North-South Invitation at Pinehurst. Must have set some sort of a record in being "runner-up" in not less than eleven invitational tournaments during that time.

Other hobbies are boxing, fast automobiles, playing the piano, and reading, including but not limited to the works of our classmates, Gill and Hersey.

LEONARD M. GERSTEN; 36 Cobane Terrace, West Orange, N.J.

We now have two children—Barbara Alice, three, and Lawrence Herbert, one. I am still employed by the Larkey Company, in a managerial position.

WILLIAM H. GESELL; 235-A Christopher Street, Upper Montclair, N.J.

I have an LL.B. from Fordham Law School and am a C.P.A. in New York. In 1937, I married Lucy Burnham, and we have four sons: William H., 3d; twins, Peter B. and Perry H.; and Richard F.

JOHN GIFFORD; Box 482, R.D. 7, Akron, Ohio.

I have the same wife, Vera, three kids, Randy, eleven, Carolyn, eight, and Craig, one, and a dog that can't be trusted. For recreation, we square dance and fish—at different times, of course—and to keep busy I manage the development of tires, tubes, and tank tracks at the B. F. Goodrich Company.

BRENDAN GILL; 26 Prescott Avenue, Bronxville, N.Y.

Like nearly everyone else in the class, I am a husband, a father, and a writer. I acknowledge a wife, six children, and a book. Fifteen years ago, I should have predicted a different assortment of figures;



maybe the disproportion explains itself. I earn my living mostly from the *New Yorker* magazine. I have an easy and amusing life, and often it is more than easy and amusing.

RICHARD E. GNADE; Department of State, Washington, D.C.

I am now officer in charge of Syria-Iraq-Lebanon affairs; still single; my extra-curricular activities are oil painting, fox hunting.

CARL THURSTON GOEPEL; 311 East 52nd Street, New York 22, N.Y.

Not much change since 1945. Am now working for Jofa, Inc., 45 East 53rd Street, handling fabrics and upholstery textiles. Spend every chance I can get away in Quogue, Long Island, where we have a house on the beach. Am still unmarried. Brought a family of Ukrainians, who were in a German prison camp, over here a year ago. The boy, George Chranewycz, is now in Yale, Class of 1954, where he has several scholarships.

ALBERT GOLDENTHAL; 31 Priscilla Road, Brighton, Mass.

While working for the Government up to 1949 had its advantages as well as disadvantages, nevertheless not until taking on my present work was it possible for me to meet my most pleasant experience. My work, consisting mainly of a traveling nature, brings me in contact with ice cream manufacturers and wholesalers in the paper, tobacco and candy lines. It was on one of my New England excursions that I met a wonderful and beautiful girl, who, within a short time thereafter, became my wife. Helen, formerly Helen Dubowy of New Britain, Conn., has spent a considerable amount of time traveling with me.

My work consists in giving legal counsel to the Eastern Baking Co., as well as stimulating the sales of ice cream cones and other paper products, such as straws and drinking cups.

The Boston Bar Association, the Traveling Men's Auxiliary, the Boston Confectionery Salesmen's Club, the Dairy Queen Association, the National Ice Cream Manufacturers' Association have all graciously kept me on their rolls.

I shall never be in a position to forget my birthday, which is January 11th, since it is my wife's birthday and our wedding anniversary. Who can match this?

LOUIS WILLIAM GOODKIND; 6925 Glenbrook Road, Bethesda 14, Md.

The years since the last writing have brought me a new daughter,

a new house, a new job title, innumerable new experiences—and yet our life is not essentially different from what it was then.

The new daughter, our third, Kathryn Wald, staged her arrival, rather suddenly, on our seventh wedding anniversary, April 8, 1949. Now growing into childhood, she is proving again that all children are both completely different and exactly the same.

Our “new” house happened shortly before Kathy, when Jean and I were irresistibly intrigued by a rambling, termite-bitten cottage lodged on a knoll among 100-foot trees. We bought the place, evicted the termites, added on to the structure for the third recorded time in its history, filled it with G.E. equipment, painted it barn-red, and have not since regretted our madness.

Although now a member of the District of Columbia bar, I am still forswearing private practice for the government’s side of air transport economics. Title, at the moment: Acting Deputy Director, Bureau of Air Operations, Civil Aeronautics Board.

When my wife agreed to serve on a committee, we innocently failed to realize that would result in my becoming president and chairman of the board of trustees of Green Acres School, a rapidly growing, progressive nursery and elementary school. After three terms in that capacity, I retired last April to the relative obscurity of plain trustee, conveying the presidential problems and prerogatives into the capable hands of classmate Obbie Webb.

Other pieces of these latter years: summer weeks on the ocean at Rehoboth Beach; wintertime square dancing (wife-instigated, but I concede it’s fun); flying trips to New York with children, who are blasé at DC-6’s, but agog over elevated trains and double-decker buses; and far too many nights with laden briefcase at my study desk.

CHARLES GOODWIN, JR.; 20 Exchange Place, New York, N.Y.

I am married and have four children, Charles III, eight, Robert, six, Patricia, three, and William, six months. I am practising tax law in New York City, and live at 39 Buff Road, Tenafly, N.J. I play a little golf, ski a little.

HAROLD E. GORDON; 204 East Main Street, Ligonier, Pa.

After graduation, it became my lot to watch the enactment of the events leading to World War II from England. In 1940, I returned to the U.S. to enter the Navy, where I spent five and one half years. In 1945, wedded to Frances A. Hodge of Pittsburgh; the issue—three charming daughters: Rachel Jane, Frances Alexander, and Anne Clyde. Upon completion of Medical School at University of Pitts-



burgh, the usual internship and residency in preparation for general practice of medicine in a very small town.

ROBERT A. GOSLING; Box 8, Wayne, Ill.

Having recently observed my 15th anniversary with The Northern Trust Company, I feel qualified to take issue with Mr. Marquand, who referred to the steps of the banking ladder as points of no return. Marquand's bankers were vigorous, healthy people, endowed with good digestion, normal blood pressure, and elastic arteries. This I maintain isn't par for the course. The sour loan, like the sour apple, quickly communicates its venomous influence to the lower intestine, and incipient ulcers become lovely little volcanoes.

However, a loving wife (she has put up with me for ten years) and two little girls aged four and one, always manage to relegate father and business to their proper, if not lofty, level. Tennis helps too, and then there is always that wonderful month each year in northern Minnesota's wilderness, where the only sounds are the loon's call and the shriek of the Arctic owl.

ROWLAND P. GRAEBER; 737 Ackerman Avenue, Syracuse 10, N.Y.

After graduation from Yale, I attended Yale Graduate School and received a Ph.D. I was married on June 21, 1941, to Hope F. Hiller, who attended Yale Art School; we have one son, Geoffrey Marc Graeber, born on February 20, 1945. I am now assistant professor of classical languages at Syracuse University. My hobbies are classical record collecting and model railroading. I had military service in the Army in following countries: England, France Germany, Belgium, Austria; as well as detached service in Greece.

JOHN C. GRAHAM; 11 Colony Road, West Hartford 5, Conn.

I'm still laboring in the law department of the Aetna Casualty & Surety Company, play golf in the summer, bowl in the winter, and very occasionally get out the trumpet which used to blast into the far reaches of the Yale Bowl. I have two children—Courtney Ann, six; and John B., one.

JOHN C. GRAHAM; Banksville Road, Bedford Village, N.Y.

After spending ten years with the Texas Co. covering various jobs, I left to go into business of my own in 1945. The new enterprise involved a car agency for Lincoln and Mercury cars, Willys Jeeps, and International trucks. Needless to say business over the last six years has been exceptionally good. Social activities include member-

ship in Mt. Kisco Country Club, and civic jobs include that of the local Lions Club and member of hometown school board. A small part of my spare time is taken up in playing golf and the balance in cutting grass at home. There are three children, two of whom were born prior to 1945—the last, a daughter, was born four years ago.

ROBERT C. GRAHAM; June Road, Stamford, Conn.

My activities since 1945 have been primarily raising a family of three children and running the family art business of James Graham & Sons in New York City. The latter has consisted largely of making buying trips and organizing painting exhibitions at our gallery.

As a hobby, and in a small commercial way, I have been raising domestic and wild waterfowl and a hybrid cross of pheasants and chickens. Land conservation practices and organic gardening have been another hobby. Tennis has been a more active pastime locally, while trips to Canada and the Adirondack Mountains, trout fishing have been a pleasant interlude.

The past winter I became actively interested in the Andros Bahamas Development Company, a newly-founded agricultural and resort enterprise on the island of Andros in the British West Indies, which we hope will blossom forth in 1952.

WALTER H. GRAHAM; 5719 Hohmon Avenue, Hammond, Ind.

I am president of the Automatic Appliance Service and associated companies, have a wife and one child six years old, named Marcy. I still hunt whenever and wherever possible—in Arkansas this fall.

IRVING A. GRANNICK; 271 Greenwich Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.

I am owner of the Grannick Drug Store in Greenwich, at the above address; am married, have three children: Harriet, aged ten, Charles, aged eight, and Valerie, aged six. My wife, Mary, is the former Mary Stankus of Wallingford, Conn., and we have been happily married for sixteen years. My main hobbies are bowling, yachting, and golf.

FRANCIS C. GRANT; Pegan Lane, Dover, Mass.

Before the war I had various jobs in Pittsfield, Mass., St. Louis, New York, and Baltimore, where I helped make airplanes for the Glen L. Martin Co.

I spent five years in the Army, in this country and in Europe. For a short time after being separated from the service I lived in Washington, D.C.

In 1946, while I was working as a milkman for Jake Rand in Salisbury, Conn., the obvious finally became apparent to me; I joined



the Winsted branch of Alcoholics Anonymous. For several months I attended A. A. meetings regularly. The cure was brief but successful.

The next year, 1947, I married Penelope Hunter of Salisbury, Conn. For the past three years we have lived in Dover, Mass. I commute to the Boston office of the United States Lines Co. Previously I had worked for them in New York.

It takes a lot of interests, hobbies and other activities to replace the full-time avocation I have forsaken. I have plunged into good works. I have done graduate work in Government at Boston University. I have written unpublished short stories. The problems of gardening and poultry raising fill many hours. I build things.

However my most important extracurricular activity is the championing of such unfashionable causes as socialized medicine, Secretary Acheson, classical education, and the cat's superiority to the dog as a pet.

FRED GRATWICK; 44 Lyman Road, Buffalo 21, N.Y.

This thing seems to come around pretty fast again, in fact before I have been able to make any changes except the address. Still single, work for Metzger Construction Corporation, general building contractors in Buffalo; enjoy golf, tennis, squash, and a little horticulture on the side.

CHARLES FREDERIC GREEN; 2222 Dracena Street, Bakersfield, Calif.

Since graduation, all efforts have been in oil exploration in California, except to take time out to obtain a degree in Petroleum Geology at Stanford University and spend some time in the Army, mostly in the Australia-New Guinea-Philippines-Japan circuit. Married in 1947 to Reba Athey Smith of San Francisco, Calif.; two children, with one a candidate for Yale. Current occupation, Consultant Petroleum Geologist.

HENRY BROWNING GREEN; "Gracemere," Tarrytown, N.Y.

Since leaving the United States Coast Guard in October, 1945, I have been working for the Anaconda Wire and Cable Company. Voted for Dewey in the last election, would like to vote for Taft in the next one, but suspect it will only result in another four-year ticket for Mr. Truman. I belong to no organizations and still find the movies the most enjoyable entertainment.

JAMES COFFIN GREENE; 433 S. Spring Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Sarah Elizabeth is our third, noisiest, and only postwar child. She

has been with us since February, 1948. Since the Navy, her father has been a part of Los Angeles' largest legal organization, O'Melveny & Meyers. Three children, plus general civic interest resulted in an unsuccessful run for the Pasadena School Board in 1949, at which time began many of the troubles that have since received national recognition.

Still a Democrat, occasionally a churchgoer; in other respects a conventional joiner of social clubs and business organizations. There should have been a place on the questionnaire to indicate if dishwashers were installed by the buyers.

Tennis and garden work, family picnics in the mountains back of Pasadena, and summer vacations at Lake Tahoe do much to keep California life pleasant.

P. WILLIAM A. GREENE; Indian Chase Drive, Greenwich, Conn.

Three years ago we rounded off (let's hope) the progeny at four with Gina—a gal who already beats up her three older brothers, and in every respect takes after her mother. None of us boys feels very secure in his pants as a badge of office.

A year or so ago we were evicted (gently) from Ophir Farm, Purchase, N.Y., and moved to the above address. Although Greenwich is staunchly Eli, '36ers are sadly outnumbered. Reinforcements are needed in the greatest-class argument, especially since Louis Walker left town. Come one, come all, and let's show the doubters.

Although medicine-ball throwing at a health roof isn't part of the agenda yet, there are definite signs of a slow up in the athletic line. Tennis (mixed doubles only) and golf (with lunch and breakfast balls as required) is about it. These so-called sports, plus feather-bedding the children, take up most of the time that can be called extra-curricular. What little is left goes to minor political activities in Connecticut.

Selling newspapers at the same old corner—Bureau of Advertising, A.N.P.A.—is still my job. Even though you aren't a newspaper advertiser (especially if you aren't), come in and see us at 570 Lexington Avenue, when you get a chance.

WILBUR ROWE GREENWOOD, JR.; Hickory Road, R.F.D. 3, Stamford, Conn.

The last five years have been busy years and happy ones, but where all the time has gone in such a hurry, I am not quite sure. It seems a lot more like five months than five years since I sat down to scribble for our 1946 Book.

I am still happily married to the same girl—have the same two



kids (no new additions in sight)—and am still with the same company (Pitney-Bowes, Inc., Manager, Special Machines Sales).

As for extra curricula affairs, I am pretty well involved in all the standard community activities one normally gets into when he lives and works in the same town. Whenever there is any spare time to be had, I usually can be found sailing the waters of Long Island Sound or scraping paint in a boatyard.

Regretted missing our reunion. Had looked forward to being there, but could not make it. Am going on record with Dick Pinkham right now, however, to be on hand for our Twentieth.

ANTHONY E. GRILLO; 43 Vantage Road, Hamden, Conn.

Another future Yaleite came into the world on October 17, 1948—Johnny Grillo; his brother being Anthony, Jr., age six.

The practice of law continues to be interesting, and I was fortunate enough to have been named prosecuting attorney for the town of Hamden, in 1949. Besides this activity, I find time to be active in the local Lions Club, of which I am First Vice-President, and the local Young Democratic Club, of which I am also First Vice-President.

Living in Hamden, and having an office in New Haven, I see Yale's buildings each day and thank the Lord that I was lucky enough to have graduated from this great institution.

FRANK STEELE GRISWOLD; 315 West Seventh Street, Silver City, N.M.

After graduation, worked a few months for the Forest Service and a few as cat skinner in Montana, then a while on Forest Survey in North Carolina. A year working on the '38 New England blow-down was followed by work for the Forest Service in New Mexico. Got in the Army, went to OCS at Fort Belvoir, married Helen Galbraith in May, 1943, went to Europe, returned, got out of the Army, and have worked at the retail lumber business in Yuma, Ariz., where Frank, Jr., was born, in Florence, Ariz., and now in Silver City, N.M.

GEORGE J. GRUMBACH; 217 Mayhew Drive, South Orange, N.J.

In 1947 I married Virginia Stein of East Orange, and we now have two children: Elizabeth Ann, born in 1949; and James Edward, born in 1951. There is another child, George J., Jr., born in 1940 of my former marriage (I was divorced in 1944).

Since 1936, I have been with the American Lead Pencil Company, last year having been made First Vice President. My main concern is the accounting end of the business. A great deal of my time is spent in handling our subsidiaries in Mexico and our lumber mills in California, as well as our Hoboken Plant.

FREDERICK B. HADDAD; Hq., U.S.A.R.F.A.N.T., M.D.P.R., A.P.O. 851, c/o Postmaster, New York 1, N.Y.

Since 1941, material progress has been negligible. I have been continuing in the Army, in valuable and varying assignments, and currently a Lieutenant Colonel serving in Puerto Rico as the Senior Army Instructor of the Organized Reserve Corps for this command. This is "*mañana*" land. Personal life continues to be rich and bright. Married in 1946 at Fort Bragg, N.C., to Dellia Gage of Lawton, Okla., but as yet without offspring. In the shadows of world events hopes for the future, kindled by personal friendships and love of people, still burn.

WILLIS R. HALE; University Club, Cleveland, Ohio.

I am single and have no children. For two years after college, I was assistant test engineer with Monongahela West Pennsylvania Public Service Company, at Fairmont and Clarksburg, W.Va. Then I spent three years with my father in forming Scientific Cast Products Corporation of Ohio and Illinois. During the war I had Army duty in Louisiana with the 108th Engineers, 32nd Division, and was over-seas from February, 1942, to September, 1946, in Ireland, England, North Africa, and Italy. My final rank was captain, commanding the 522nd Engineer Combat Company. Since the war I have been vice-president of Scientific Cast Products Corporation of Ohio and of S.C.P. Corporation of Illinois, manufacturing precision castings in plaster molds.

JESSE ANGELL HALL; 164 North Street, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

Jess Jr. arrived January 17, 1945, at Ft. Benning, Ga. That makes three sprouts and a full house. We've pulled out of the game—I think.

Discharged in February of '46 and went directly to Cleveland, Ohio, where I joined Dresser Industries, Inc., as a member of their labor relations staff. Bought a house in Chagrin Falls (20 miles east of Cleveland) a year later and thought things were going to work out pretty nicely. They didn't, though. Three years later I was still making peanuts and away from home a great deal of the time. (Dresser had 13 companies scattered from New York to Texas to California.) Switched to Public Relations in the spring of 1949 with a pretty fat raise, thank God, but then Dresser liquidated all public relations activities, moved its headquarters from Cleveland to Dallas and Papa was hunting a job.

While at Dresser I had bought a good deal of printing from local firms and came to know something about the business. In October of 1949 I joined The Lezius-Hiles Company, one of the largest printing firms of its type in the east, as a salesman. Wish I'd tried selling a long, long time ago.



Social activities? Very informal—friendly gatherings with a delightful group near home, a few drinks and much conversation. Political? Except for helping to collect some money for Taft's campaign in '50, practically nil. Church? This we take more seriously than we used to and work at it some. Sports? Tennis in the summer, badminton in the winter. Connubial Bliss? Yes, thank you very much. I've had my best luck in that department.

THOMAS W. HALL, JR.; The Hotchkiss School, Lakeville, Conn.

This is being written from our summer place in South Shaftsbury, Vt., where fortunately, or possibly unfortunately, I do not have the previous autobiography to refer to. One thing is fairly definite—that after teaching for twelve years the main theme of life flows pretty steadily along the same course, with a few variations added from time to time. It is mainly nine months of the year teaching at Hotchkiss, with time out for the Christmas and Easter holidays and then the other three spent on the small but beautiful farm in Vermont that looks up through the Green Mountains on Equinox and Dorset. Some of those variations mentioned are like the summer of 1947, when I drove every day to Williamstown from S. Shaftsbury all summer to take geology courses at Williams; or the arrival of Peter Welles Hall in November, 1948, or Mary Rogers, our second child, in March, 1950. National and state politics stirred me up enough so that I made some fuss and noise and was put on the Republican Town Committee in Salisbury, followed shortly by the election to The Salisbury Association, a body of citizens interested in planning and beautifying the Township of Salisbury. It was about a year ago that we took on a D.P. couple from Germany with the idea that we might do more serious farming the whole year round, but that was not to be. Now we are back, hard at work, but still taking enough time off to enjoy the swimming in our spring-fed pool, trout fishing, picnics, and the other good life of the country, yet for the hard work there is a goal in mind to rent our place next summer and go West to Colorado for some more study and sightseeing.

CORWITH HAMILL; Happy Hollow, Wayne, Ill.

The depth of the rut I'm in struck me forcefully when I sat down to compile this report. The 1946 dispatch says "The goldfish is significant because all sorts of terrible things happen to it, and there is a constant replacement problem." This very moment a replacement problem exists, for the successor of the successor of the successor of the pet alluded to in 1946. Fortunately, this apparently repetitious life is pleasant and far from monotonous.

My commercial progress has not been noteworthy, since I am still

Assistant Treasurer and ditto Secretary of Elgin National Watch Company. Although Elgin is currently celebrating its 86th birthday by completing its 50,000,000th watch, it is still a live-wire organization. In fact, the president and two of the three Veeps are within four years of my age. There is a strong Princetonian taint, however, and I enjoy a lugubrious local fame as the only Eli who has lasted more than three years. Other business activities include directorships of the First Federal Savings & Loan Assn., of Elgin, and of Elam Mills, Inc. The latter has sold a lot of Elam's Old Fashioned Stone Ground Flour and Cereals since we rescued it from under the hammer in 1945, and our betters are amazed at our earnings. We are still in the ploughing-it-back stage, however, and no lavender Rolls Royces have been observed in the vicinity of the Mill.

Community-wise, I served for two years each as Secretary and Treasurer of Dunhams Woods Club. My wife, Joan, and I started a Cub Scout den in 1948 and worked with our son in that until he became a Scout, at which time I became an Assistant Scoutmaster (having organized the troop in the first place) and the little woman switched to the Brownies. I've recently been upgraded to a post on the Executive Committee of the Elgin Scout Council. This took up a great deal of time—about two evenings a week—but it has been very gratifying to see our small den of six boys grow into a group of fifty cubs and scouts, even though there have been times when the little darlings' necks were in jeopardy.

Among other civic activities is the Elgin Rotary Club, of which I am currently president. I'm also a director of an eleemosynary institution, Herrick House, devoted to the cure of heart ailments among young people. I've enjoyed being a governing member of the Chicago Zoological Society, which operates Brookfield Zoo, and am a life member of the Chicago Historical Society and the Art Institute.

Since Hotchkiss days I've nursed a latent interest in high performance automobiles, and the post-war sports car fad has found me in 7th heaven. In 1948 I bought by mail, sight unseen, an exotic Allard touring car. Subsequently "PutPut" and I have participated with varying success in Sports Car Club events such as hill climbs, tours, and a few road races at Watkins Glen, N.Y., and Elkhart Lake, Wis. I'm head of the Chicago Region of the Sports Car Club. Our local group has a strong Yale flavor, and in fact last year all three officers were Elis. The SCCA is an outgrowth of the Automobile Racing Club of America, in which Ebby Lunken and Lang Quimby were very active in our College days.

Vacations have taken us mostly to Colorado, either for skiing or ranching, with a few other excursions to Cuban beaches, Wisconsin trout streams, and road racing locations.

Of my family, it is probably good to be able to report nothing



spectacular. The three growing children present an interesting panorama of pleasures and problems. Our oldest, Jonathan, promises to be the first athlete in the Hamill family in several generations, being at twelve already better than his dad at swimming, baseball and skiing, as well as a good match at tennis. (Of course, Dad isn't any too hot.) The girls (Nancy nine and Betsey six) have their mother's enthusiasm for horses. We have two steeds at home and I like to ride, but lost my nerve for jumping after my 999th spill. The comfortable house which we built in 1941 is still only ten minutes from the plant, but the saplings which we watered so faithfully a decade ago now delightfully shade the spot where I would be lying in a hammock sipping a julep if only I weren't busy pruning the things we watered so faithfully a decade ago.

Anyway, even tho the world is in one heck of a mess, my little corner of it is O.K.

FRED P. HAMILTON, JR.; Omaha and Council Bluffs Street Railway Company, Omaha, Neb.

Still in the transit business. Can't seem to make enough money because of taxes to retire as yet.

JAMES C. HANRAHAN; 678 North Broad Street, Elizabeth, N.J.

In March, 1945, I was graduated from Faculty of Medicine of University of Dublin. Following this came a year's internship and then a few months' work at Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, in Physical Medicine. This is a particular interest of mine. Having passed the British Medical licensing exam, the New Jersey state exam was a cinch. Very much easier. A few girls entered my life, but something always sidetracked me, so I am still a bachelor. For the past two years I have been Secretary of the New Jersey Society of Physical Medicine. My main interest, aside from Medicine, is in navigation and small-boat cruising, although I have no boat as yet. The Doctor draft may get me, but I hope not, as my Army experience, interesting as it was, will suffice for me for awhile. My main exercise is cutting about an acre of grass every two weeks.

MARTIN R. HARKAVY; 1 West 68th Street, New York, N.Y.

Five years of transition from combat Navy to sedentary civilian life find me favored with a new profession and a lovely wife.

I matriculated at New York University Law School in June, 1946, was dubbed LL.B. and took bar exam in June, 1948, was licensed to practice in November, 1948, and did so. Still doing so (at 285 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.) with enjoyment and a modicum of success—witness the fact that in July, 1951, I was privileged to form a partnership with one of the better practitioners

of the New York bar, namely my father, Henry H. Harkavy. Our specialty: real estate tax certiorari proceedings.

Unquestionably the event most fortuitous to me in these years under review was my marriage in January, 1950, to the lovely and charming Lillian Pollock, a sophisticate from Kinistino, Saskatchewan, Canada (pop. 700). No moppets in our menage as yet. Hardly aspire to competition with procreators such as Beinecke and Pinkham, but hope the Harkavys will be more than a twosome by next report.

Recreationwise: Am a divot devotee on local courses (hacker), a very class C squash player at the Yale Club, an amateur chef, and one of the most accomplished martini builders in this area. Visiting Firemen Welcome!

Am active in the American Veterans Committee and the United World Federalists. Appreciate Acheson's foreign policy and am somewhat cheered by the United Nations' 1951 gain in stature. Firmly believe that only through law and a world government will we ever achieve even a semblance of peace in our time. Nationally our political picture is indeed drab. The Truman administration is in dire need of a high colonic and the Republicans appear to be tarred with Taft and Yahoo McCarthy. Let us hope that the crucial next four years will see our government guided by a man of the high caliber of Dwight Eisenhower.

R. NEISON HARRIS; 225 North Deere Park Drive, Highland Park, Ill.

November 3, 1947, brought our third child, Toni, a girl, to take her place next to her older brother King (born in 1943), and still older sister Katherine (born in 1941). Six weeks later, we moved from St. Paul, Minn., to our present home in Highland Park, Ill. On January 2, 1948, I sold my business to The Gillette Safety Razor Company and have continued with that Company as a Director and in charge of their Toni Division, operating out of Chicago.

In 1949, I was elected to the Board of Directors of Michael Reese Hospital. As for hobbies, my bosses, with their long, well-aimed whips, keep me pretty close to business, although I do get a chance to do a little golfing in the very high seventies (70 plus 28!).

HAROLD S. HART, JR.; 6101 S W 25th Street, Miami, Fla.

After several unimportant jobs in Westchester and Connecticut this young man did a Horace Greeley and went West. When Mississippi flood waters intervened, the direction became South; at the Gulf of Mexico the choice was East. I've called south Florida home since March, 1937. There followed three and a half years of survey-



ing, construction engineering, and a bit of house painting as contractor; in the summer of 1940, I was licensed by Florida as a Land Surveyor. Social activity during this period consisted mainly of borrowing dinners from my numerous employers and associates and either baby-sitting or dating their offspring, as age and/or sex prescribed.

In the fall of 1940, I joined Bob Lincoln at Camp Shelby, Miss., doing engineering work on that Defense Program project; this was followed by almost a year in Milan, Tenn., as Assistant to the Resident Engineer on a big Ordnance job there. In July, 1941, while in Tennessee, I applied for commission in the Civil Engineer Corps of the Naval Reserve, but, what with one thing and another (a hernia and mislaid papers), it was July, 1942, before there was a new Ensign (CEC). The war years passed quite happily, with duty in Milwaukee on contracts (six months), Seabees (training and organizing, eight months, then Solomons, New Caledonia, Okinawa, twenty-seven months), and in 1946 at Headquarters, 7th Naval District, Miami (ten months). On February 23, 1946, two months after my return from the Pacific, Dorothy Parmelee and I were married. Dottie has been a Floridian since 1934; prior to that time she, even as I, was growing up in Mamaroneck, N.Y.—her oldest sister and I were classmates all through grade and junior high school.

The Navy and I finally parted company in November, 1946, and I returned to engineering, having registered as a Professional Engineer. Business was brisk and, hitting all the aspects of building construction, I participated thrice in the expansion of the Orange Bowl Stadium—as job engineer for the contractor on the first addition, as Resident for the City on the second addition, and as contractor's representative on the construction of additional office and storage space. Meanwhile, Dottie and I built a house, moved into it with a brand new daughter, Leah Parmelee, in January, 1947, added a son, Robert Louis, in March, 1949, and enlarged the house to hold them. Between the first two hitches at the Orange Bowl I took a fling at the building business on my own; discreetly retiring from this venture, I became Resident Engineer on the City of Miami's contract construction.

The Navy passed the word last fall, and January of this year found me, a very senior Lieutenant, en route to the Bureau of Yards and Docks for duty. Five months of traveling about the south on Real Estate matters seemed sufficient, so I requested and was granted a transfer to a billet in Florida; this turned out to be the Naval Station at Key West, where I am now Maintenance and Utilities Officer. Having been selected for promotion in April, I'm sweating out that long-awaited half stripe. It is only two and a half hours of

fast driving over "the highway that goes to sea" between here and home, and Friday afternoon seems to arrive each week, so life goes on. Swimming and canasta seem to be our most popular diversions, the kids put on a continuous floor show, and we are doing ground work on an HO gauge railroad. I hope to go back into, and stay in, the building business after this Navy interlude is over—tell you about it at the Greatest Class's Greatest Twentieth.

LAWRENCE A. HART; 4675 Beverly Drive, Dallas, Tex.

Since our Tenth Reunion, have made progress in making more money, paying more taxes, travelling more (discovered Jamaica and Antigua), and learning to relax by hunting with Tuffy, a great Chesapeake Bay Retriever. Also "discovered" Cape San Lucas, Lower California, and caught a 300-pound Marlin. For thirty minutes couldn't hold a glass of coke after that fight.

Hart and Burns, Inc., the paint that made *Life*, is now doing so well that we are planning a new factory in California. Latest love is an 801-acre ranch-farm in Texas. Yes, Yale men sometimes wear cowboy boots and ride the herd—love it, too.

Still married to a great Texas gal who luckily was never at a '36 dance. If she had been, one of you smooth operators might now have her. No children, but have 104 head of cattle and two dogs. Any of you guys got 106 children?

Can't see two sides to the Truman administration. Hope you fellows will do some real work to help get an improved version. Looks like Eisenhower from here.

JOHN W. HARTER; 1390 Cahoon Road, Westlake, Ohio.

Worked for Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corp. as Metallurgical Observer and as industrial engineer in coke and coal chemical, blast furnace, open hearth, bessemer, and rolling mills. Transferred to the American Steel & Wire Company as industrial engineer in similar operations. Worked during most of the war as Staff Industrial Engineer in control office of Armstrong Cork Company. Killed a few months around V-J day with Pittsburgh Equitable Motor Company (now Rockwell Manufacturing), and accepted offer from American Steel & Wire for a return engagement.

Concluded all reliable companies are about the same, so am parking in the most desirable industrial town (Cleveland) hit so far. All this took almost exactly ten years. Until beginning of this year—around five years—gave all to good old "Ass-and-W" as Works Industrial Engineer at an iron mongery. At that juncture transferred to operations supervision in coke and coal chemical plant at same locality.

This sordid picture was relieved early by marriage to one Elisabet



Richards, artist, of New Canaan, Conn. This gal has thought up more nerve-wracking projects and programs than all the employers listed before. The "Harter Construction," as it is jeeringly referred to by our friends, has rejuvenated several rented houses and almost completely rebuilt a one hundred twenty-five-year-old shack here in Westlake, Ohio.

Eight years ago we added one Bill Harter to the firm, but like most of the help one gets, he has proven more of a burden to the concern than a worker. At present he merely runs around eating and sleeping, when he isn't talking or yelling—a typical modern brat.

So we haven't enjoyed outstanding progress, but we've had a hell of a lot of fun.

**WILLIAM HARTFIELD;** 7200 Ridge Boulevard, Brooklyn 9, N.Y.

After completing one full year at New Haven, and because of lack of finances, I left the old campus to make my way in New York. Having started my education as a civil engineer, but more influenced by finances, I started work with the Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company in New York City in the fall of 1933. Elizabeth Lewis of Baltimore, Md., consented to be my bride and we were married on July 7, 1939. On a night in May, 1941, the New York chapter of the American Institute of Banking handed me their standard certificate. On a day in April, 1942, the City of New York handed me a certificate to show that my son, John Tayloe, was born on April 4. Soon thereafter the U.S. Government handed me a card—4F. On January 7, 1947, the Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company announced my appointment as Assistant Secretary. Aroused by this action, I immediately enrolled at the graduate school of banking conducted by the American Bankers Association at Rutgers University. In 1949, they gave me, along with a couple of hundred others, another certificate. In the fall of 1949, I accepted the position of Financial Secretary of the Bay Ridge Methodist Church. You can see my adult life to date has been tied up with finance and financial matters.

**CHARLES T. HARTHER JR.;** 932 Edgewood Avenue, Pelham Manor, N.Y.

We came here from St. Louis in September, 1947—bought a house in New Rochelle and settled down to life in the east. My position was the same as in St. Louis—district sales manager of food store scales and food machines for Toledo Scale Company. Here the operation is much larger and wider than that in St. Louis.

Then, in March, 1949, the company bought the Sterling Kitchen Machine Division of the Josiah Anstice Company of Rochester, N.Y. I was transferred to this new division of the company and made

Eastern Regional Manager in charge of dealer sales activity. The market is the same as that lived with during my nine years with Libbey Glass—only this time it is dishwashing machines, power-driven potato-peeling machines, meat grinders, electric power saws, electric slicers, etc., in place of table glassware—and in a different section of the country. Sixty percent of my time is spent in the greater New York market and forty per cent in New England, working with architects and hotel and restaurant equipment dealers who sell to restaurants, clubs, hospitals, hotels, schools, steamship lines, industrial cafeterias, etc.

We are very happy here in Pelham Manor. Have a nice, big, old house, which is very comfortable and is surrounded by a yard that has considerable utilitarian value. The children are coming along fast—Chuck is eleven and Howie (Mary Howard) is five. We are very sorry not to be able to introduce a half dozen new ones. Same dog as sported last time—daschund, "Soldier," seven years.

When not beating the bushes for business, I find relaxation in tennis, golf, swimming, wood-chopping, and puttering around the yard.

Am about the same size and shape as when in college and have not been sleeping in too-short beds, so have the same amount of hair. Still enjoy a good drink and look forward in November, 1952, to celebrating the return of the Republican Party.

WHITNEY HARTSHORNE; 173 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

I work for Erwin, Wasey & Company, Ltd., advertising agency, of which I am the general media director. I am still single. I have lived in California for four years and do not envy Easterners or Middle Westerners—particularly at this season of the year, the winter.

HENRY C. HARVEY; 2708 E. Overlook Road, Cleveland 6, Ohio.

*Family:* Unchanged in numbers since the last report; still consisting of wife, self, and two boys (now seven and nine). The total energy has, however, increased substantially. Five years of growth per boy has more than compensated for my gradual deterioration.

*Business:* Still practicing law with the firm of Jones, Day, Cockley, and Reavis in Cleveland, specializing now (all "big city" lawyers seem to become specialists these days) in federal taxation. Our clients are principally industrial concerns in this area, so we have not been idle during the active post-war years.

*General:* Life throughout the normal year is quite routine. The Cleveland winter climate is not conducive to outdoor life, so after work and a few civic responsibilities, an important activity is lifting



one or two with old friends—among them Charlie Kling, Al Rankin, and Fay Brown. Each spring we have a yen to go south (as who doesn't?), and have succeeded the last three years. Spare time in summer is taken up with golf and various activities with the boys to the extent of a limited physical ability. Usually there is an opportunity for a golf game or games with Sherm Farnham, either here or in Rochester. Each fall there are a few (too few) chances for bird shooting, principally duck. All year round there is work and (most important) the company of a lovely wife.

*Recommendation:* For all who missed the fifteenth reunion this June, try the twentieth. All misgivings as to whether reunions are enjoyable will be thoroughly dispelled as mine were.

E. W. HATHAWAY; Summerland, Calif.

So mad at the commercial tone of reports on the fifteen-year dinner I almost choked. However, here's my spiritual summary:

I continue with desultory translation and the like, and manage to spend a little time on trying to learn some Chinese (the characters are easier to forget than the names of people you don't like). I hope to start on Tibetan soon, which appears to have an interesting but little explored literature. Other interests: linguistics, general semantics, relation between linguistic or stylistic features, and thought (if any). Also how dictionaries might be made better (it is astonishing how little dictionary makers seem to learn from their predecessors). And almost anything else. Hence have written nothing original in the past two years.

WILLIS V. HAUSER; 909 California Street, San Jose, Calif.

In 1938, I graduated from the Harvard Business School, and soon thereafter commenced working for Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co., accountants, in Tulsa, Okla. After Pearl Harbor I was called to active duty, and served in the South Pacific with the 7th Infantry Division until the end of hostilities. I reached the rank of Captain and was awarded the Silver Star and the Bronze Star with an Oak Leaf Cluster. Then I went back to my old job. I obtained a ready-made family by marrying Maria Toledo, who has one son, Phillip, by a former marriage. (Her former husband is no longer living.) Recently I was transferred to San Jose, Calif., as office manager with the same firm.

HORACE HAVEMEYER, JR.; 129 Front Street, New York, N.Y.

I am President of the National Sugar Refining Co., and I am married and have four children.

JOHN L. HAWKES; 7635 S.W. 57th Avenue, Miami 43, Fla.

My delay in sending in autobiographical notes for the 1936 15-year Class Record is due, in part, to: work in the Vermont Co-op Creamery, starting at 5:30 A.M. (1948); getting married a week after I met my wife, selling my home, and leaving for France for research on fluid milk problems (1950); being given a job as field technician for new pilot plants there and having to resign before beginning and return to this country, as my wife got polio and had a baby (1950-51). Starting out all over in Florida (1952).

P.S. I received a B.S. degree at Cornell University in 1947.

ROBERT M. HEAVENRICH; 529 W. Genesee Street, Saginaw, Mich.

I am a pediatrician, attached to Saginaw General Hospital and St. Mary's Hospital, and associate pediatrician at St. Lukes Hospital. I am married and have two children: Bobby, five; Jim, two—both good Yale men!

WILLIAM ALFRED HEBERT, JR.; 3701 Stewart Driveway, N. Chevy Chase, Md.

For two delightful years after graduation, I attended the Yale Graduate School, and in 1938 received an M.S. degree. Immediately thereafter followed three peaceful years of teaching a variety of subjects in a New England prep school, plus a year in the lumber business. Uncle Sam dished out a low draft number to me and the peaceful era was ended abruptly. Janice Carlson became Mrs. Bill Hebert on May 9, 1942, in Richmond, Va., but the \$21 per month was not enough, so, after three months at OCS, the gold bars arrived and the duty became somewhat easier. After the war, we traipsed to Woodstock, Vt., where we entered the hotel business, which was rich with experiences but not rich for the pocketbook; so, back into the Army for a bit over a year. Since 1948, Uncle Sam's intelligence outfit has been my meat. Must say that there are many Yale men in the Washington area and the Washington Yale Club is a live-wire affair. Can't turn around without bumping into an old Blue.

AUGUST HECKSCHER; 159 East 94th Street, New York, N.Y.

The last installment of this autobiography found me a small-city editor at Auburn, N.Y., where I firmly intended to spend the rest of my days. Whitelaw Reid (q.v.) interfered with that. He persuaded me that duty and ambition called me to the New York *Herald Tribune*; and now the rest of those same days I firmly expect to spend on West 41st Street. I write editorials, magazine articles, book reviews; and only regret I have no time to write books. A third boy has been added to our family; we live in a brownstone in the city and



in the summer on a farm near Auburn which we have remodeled to suit our taste for modern architecture; thither, over weekends, I commute by air. Thus really settled, after what seem innumerable movings and shifts of scene, I have gotten to the stage of joining clubs and becoming a trustee or director of various organizations. Fate has been kind so far. I remain an optimist about people as individuals, but look rather soberly on the way they act in crowds; and the age seems certainly destined to go down in history as one primitive and dark. A small but valiant group of liberal Republicans express most nearly my views on politics.

DAVID T. HELLYER; 722 S. K Street, Tacoma, Wash.

Two days after graduation, I married Constance Hopkins in the Yale University Chapel, and we drove to Tacoma, Wash., by way of Santa Barbara, Calif., where our respective families lived. In Tacoma I worked a year for the Wheeler Osgood Sales Corporation, a door and plywood plant, and then, in partnership with Chauncey Griggs, Yale '33, organized a ski lift company. We operated lifts at Mt. Rainier and other ski resorts in this area.

In 1939, a plan, which had long been in the back of my mind, seemed possible of accomplishment, and with the help of the proceeds of the ski lift company, I started taking pre-medical work at the University of Washington. I entered the University of Chicago School of Medicine in 1941, spending the last sixteen months in the V-12 program there. After graduation in September, 1944, I interned at King County Hospital, Seattle, and then spent a year of sea duty in the Navy. I then returned to the University of Chicago for a two year residency in pediatrics, and have since been practicing pediatrics in Tacoma, Wash.

My three daughters were born in 1937, 1938, and 1940. We live in a house, which we designed ourselves, on a creek eight miles out of town. Our main relaxations are spending weekends at our farm near Eatonville, Wash., and camping in the Olympic and Cascade Mountains. Political leanings are reticent Republican, and our interest in Atlantic Federation continues.

ROBERT MEYER HENRY; c/o Aramco, Jeddah (Red Sea), Saudi Arabia.

As to so many, the year 1945 brought changes which for me were to continue for some time and to a far greater extent than anticipated.

The closing down of DuPont's Indiana Ordnance Works led to a transfer to their Cellophane Division, with assignment to the New York City Sales Office and two years of pounding Gotham's pavements.

Highlights of 1947 were commuting, sore feet, and resumption of bachelorhood.

Mid 1948 found me in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia (main camp of the Arabian American Oil Company), on the shores of the Persian Gulf, working with a group of hardy souls charged with the responsibility of maintaining harmonious relations between a fast-growing giant in the oil-producing industry and the Middle Eastern Government in whose lands the oil is found. Also, there are problems that arise when some 4,000 Americans (men, women, and children) are superimposed, within the space of a few years, on a land and people whose customs have remained unchanged through many centuries.

After a year in Dhahran, transferred to Jeddah in charge of the Company's office in this Red Sea port where the offices of the central Government are located.

It is all vastly interesting, and a far cry from whatever it was I had in mind in 1936 when, in answer to the questionnaire on future occupation, I put down—"business."

In mid 1949 travelled to Cairo to meet Virginia Freeman of New York City (ex-Goshen, Indiana), who came out from the States with matrimony in mind, and a determination to spend a number of years raising a family in the desert. She is well launched on this career by having contributed to the population of Saudi Arabia, in December, 1950, one fat, healthy baby girl—Carmena Mitchell Henry.

With some 18 years to go in Saudi Arabia, there are untold possibilities!

ROBERT E. HERMAN; 175 East 79th Street, New York, N.Y.

Having spent three years during the War prolifically letterwriting to a gal who subsequently became my wife, is it any wonder that I missed up on that installment for 1936's Tenth Year Book?

To retrace: On January 7, 1945, while home on Navy-leave from European duty, I married Elaine Surut. In no time at all—after the War's end—we acquired a brace of offspring, candidates for *our* respective *alma maters*: a son, Tom, Yale 1963; and a daughter, Kerry, Vassar 1966—socialism, wars, and flubbed exams not barring.

To support these responsibilities, with the discard of uniform I went back to law in New York: four years' association with former Lt. Governor Charles Poletti (whom I'd met in Sicily during the War at a time when F.D.R. Jr. was laying the foundations for a similar postwar association); and then, for the past year, with the firm of Rosenman, Goldmark, Colin, & Kaye.

Besides clients' corporate problems (and almost any other problems), there's been opportunity for some politics—consistently Democratic; some squash and tennis—consistently "E" for effort; some philanthropic and social welfare work; and no end of ferrying



children to and from Central Park or sightseeing across the Lower Bay in what may soon be known as the last decade of city-dwelling, as myriads of our friends depart to take on suburbia, or wilder reaches of the hinterland. Still see a lot of 36'ers, and correspond—erratically—with erstwhile Saybrook roommate Lee Harris, now a corporate executive in Israel. Troubled by thought of further war and worse taxes, but hoping that the realization of the sheer lunacy of both will somehow change this uneasy period into one of ultimate normalcy and peace.

JOHN S. HEROLD; 20 Perryridge Road, Greenwich, Conn.

A Petroleum Consultant celebrating three and a half years' work as my own boss, I now find myself working harder than ever.

Boating, photography, hunting and fishing are my hobbies, but I haven't half enough time for any of these. Perhaps the fact that I have three children—and a fourth due in May—explains why.

[P.S. This was ghost-written by one devoted wife who remembers the St. Elmo days with nostalgia.]

RICHARD HEROLD; 40 West Elm St., Greenwich, Conn.

The year 1947 proved to be a full year, involving a business trip to the Far East and "down under." Re-vamping a glue business in Australia provided a great opportunity to see that part of the world. (Incidentally, old nags and run-down race horses are not used in our adhesive business; please make no offerings.)

Interested classmates will be happy to know that Australia is a land of fancy ankles, great tennis, superb beer, fine wines, and a wonderful zest for life.

The return to the states involved a selling trip to Singapore and Bangkok, where we witnessed the local brand of boxing, which permits the vicious use of feet as well as fists. The horse-racing there is more crooked than recent inter-collegiate basketball "competition"! Hong Kong, Shanghai, Manila, and Honolulu all proved mighty fascinating spots, but no classmates were in evidence.

More trips, this time to Mexico, Central and South America, followed during the latter part of 1947, 1948, and 1949. Sandwiched in between these was a more important one—a trip up the center aisle. Love had knocked tardily, but insistently, and let directly to the altar, where Eda Marie Schmitt acquired a new name. Aside from being a fine bride, she is a deft deer stalker, a delicate caster of the dry fly, and ski champion without equal.

Late in 1949, my efforts were diverted from foreign to domestic activities, when I became Manager of the Foundry Products Department of The Borden Company. My travels take me all over this

country, which has made it possible to see some of the old college faces away from New Haven.

A new face, and a sweet one, appeared in our midst in July, 1950, when Patricia Nehring Herold was born, and a new side of life opened up.

An apartment is fit for neither man nor beast, so we are now voluntarily going broke building a home here in Greenwich. If anyone has a practical book on how to make a dollar go further, please send it to the above address—better still, deliver it personally and receive the hospitality of the house.

JAMES R. HERRIES; 8403 Swananoah, Dallas, Tex.

I work for the Lingo Lumber Company as a lumber salesman. I have a son, William W. Herries, born on July 14, 1942, and a daughter, Susan Herries, born on September 10, 1945.

JOHN HERSEY; Hull's Farm Road, Southport, Conn.

In October, 1948, we moved into our eighth rented premises in eight years; our fourth child and third son, Baird, was born on March 30, 1949; my fifth book and second novel, *The Wall*, was published early in 1950. Frances Ann and I went to England, France, and Spain in 1950; I went to England, France, and Israel in 1951. We are building a house; I am writing a novel. I have served on the Westport, Conn., Board of Education; am Vice President of the Authors' League of America; am a member of the Humanities Committee of the Yale University Council; and work on the Writers' Board for World Government. In other words, I'm still hopeful.

M. MANNIE HERSHMAN; Huntinghill Avenue, Middletown, Conn.

Trying to make up economically, socially, etc., for the time lost working for Uncle Sam in Alaska, helped to ruin the pumping station of yours truly. As a result, life is somewhat more simple and relaxing these days. After being laid up for about six months last year, I found that the business doesn't run half bad without me. I manage to get into the office at least an hour before lunch each day, but Hershman, "the hustler," is gone for good.

Although I am not out knocking golf balls around of taking off on business trips, pinocle, Lion's Club, Chamber of Commerce, Middletown Industrial Development Committee, welfare and synagogue work take up all the spare time that is not spent in the hammock under the willow tree or in the cellar at the pool table.



We did double the family back in 1947, which means a second prospect for Radcliffe, but none for Yale.

FERRIS S. HETHERINGTON, JR.; 1445 Deer Path, Mountain-side, N.J.

I work with the Westinghouse Electric Corporation, 528 Ferry Street, Newark, N.J. I have three children, two boys, ten and seven years; and one girl, six.

DOUGLAS FRANCHOT HICKOK, SR.; 72 Maple Avenue, Wells-ville, N.Y.

It seems strange to look back on World War II in the light of what is happening today. In August of 1942 I volunteered as a Private in the United States Marine Corps and was honorably discharged as a First Lieutenant in February of 1946.

Twenty-two months duty in the Pacific took me through the battles for Saipan and Okinawa. I set foot on almost every island from New Caledonia to Japan. Return to stateside, orders found me doing occupation duty at Nagasaki amidst the atomic bomb devastation.

In combat, my duties were divided between those of an infantry and a pioneer battalion officer.

At the present time I hold a Captain's commission in the United States Marine Corps Reserve. My status is that of Volunteer Reserve.

Authorized ribbons are as follows: Bronze Star, Purple Heart, Presidential Unit Citation, Asiatic Pacific, American Theatre, Victory and Japanese Occupation.

Throughout my service in the Corps my wife ran the oil well drilling contracting business. This consisted of the entire book work and partial field supervision of two drilling rigs operated by twelve employees. Her operation "home front" lacked nothing in comparison to the efforts I expended during the war. In fact, I feel the comparative balance is in her favor.

Gretchen and I have two wonderful children—Douglas Franchot Hickok, Jr., five, and Gretchen Reeves Hickok, four.

My contracting business now consists of three drilling rigs operating full time.

In 1948 I procured a three-fourths interest in a general, mechanical sales, service and repair shop known as the J & C Magneto Service, located in Bolivar, N.Y. We sell or repair anything and cover a seventy mile radius.

A couple of years ago I was returning from a wildcat drilling deal in Virginia and stopped over night in Pittsburgh. Talked to Frick Byers and George O'Neil by phone. Called George at 3 a.m. and

expressed the shallow hope that I hadn't wakened him. He convinced me that he never went to bed before 3 a.m.

We are now closing a deal for a place in the country—about three miles from Wellsville, N.Y., at a crossroads named Scio. It is our fervent hope to be ensconced by October first.

I sure got a big charge out of the Fifteenth Reunion! Here's to the boys who were on the organizing committees—they did a great job.

I took some pictures at the Reunion—anyone who was subject matter send me your address and will dispatch duplicates. All I lack is a picture of Davis doing setting-up exercises on that white '31 Jeep.

I mailed the guy his drum of oil, Jerry. Pierce!—let's sing "Harri-gan." WHERE WERE YOU, HOOKER?

THOMAS HILDT, JR.; 4600 S. Dahlia Street, Littleton, Colo.

Recently when Cardie and I visited Denver again, we caught the Colorado bug for good, and I was also impressed by the business opportunities here. We had wanted to leave the rigors of New York life for some time, and so I finally resigned as Vice President of the New York Trust Co., and moved to Denver. The only certain thing at this writing is that we will have a guest room available in time for skiing season. As a friend says, we threw our heart over the fence and jumped after it.

I have no other happenings of importance to report, there being no more issue since the last history, but expect to have further news by 1956.

THORNTON MILLS HINKLE; 2150 Grandin Road, Cincinnati, Ohio.

1936—I left Yale and joined the United States Marine Corps. Friends, Professors, advisors, and family sadly shook their heads. It's been a great life, though. I was very glad that I was a regular Marine instead of a reserve officer when people started making pointed remarks with pointed rifles. They really trained us. It paid off in two wars when certain inhospitable characters took active measures to indicate their lack of appreciation of our presence. It helped also in two more wars where I was on the sidelines, but not as comfortably as on the sidelines in a rainy game in the Bowl.

First assignment—Peiping, China, as a member of the Embassy Guard. I was Officer of the Day on July 7, 1937, when the Japanese really started things with China in the attack at a bridge and made it famous—the Marco Polo bridge. I saw the Japanese take over



North China and lived under them for two years. The joys of life under the secret police!

My return to the States meant being out of the area where we joked about how long it would be before we would be eating fish heads and rice cakes. An incidental factor—I forgot the exchange was \$1.00 to \$1.00 instead of \$16.00 to \$1.00. My pockets were empty long before payday and I learned how to do my own cooking.

After two and a half years with the 2nd Marine Division on the West Coast, I was homeward bound for Christmas on the *El Capitan* (*Life* had an article about that particular train.) Despite the scorn of a very good friend who insisted “she was too damned young,” I was taken by surprise by a pair of Irish eyes (one Kathleen Cole). I married the girl six months later.

The Japanese interfered again. I took off for three and a half years in the Central Pacific—primarily under CinCPAC, but spiced with certain incidents when I wished that I had thought to have my uniform reinforced with concrete. August 14, 1945, I was off again—this time for the occupation of Japan. Afterwards I came home with the first real feeling of coming home on Christmas Eve, 1945.

For five months I had a Barracks job. The Marine Corps assigned you then so you would be near or with your family. Next, out again to China, this time in diplomatic duty as an Assistant Naval Attache attached to the Embassy with a free ticket to a ringside seat on China blowing apart in its Civil War. But the duty was in Peiping, which to any China Hand is worth a Civil War, just to be in Peiping again.

After two years in Peiping, I came back to the States for school. We never get away from that. School finished, I had a bit more than a year with the 2nd Marine Division when we rushed out to Korea, where a North Korean finally succeeded in putting a hole in me.

I am now peacefully settled in Norfolk, Va., with my family, three in number (Thornton Mills Hinkle, Jr., born October 6, 1942, while I was overseas). I was promoted to full Colonel in January of this year.

I was at the Reunion this June and it is absolutely amazing to me the number of our class who were in the Armed Services during the War. I encountered only three who didn't know what the score was. How do they find those rocks to hide under anyway?

E. FRANKLIN HITCH; 5323 W. Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisc.

McKesson & Robbins employs me as their sales manager here. I married Gretchen L. Cloos in 1942, and we have two children, Jeffrey L., who is eight, and Douglas H., who is six. My outside activities include sports, poker, Cub Scouts, gardening, and church.

GEORGE H. HOGLE; 125 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y.

Upon severing the umbilical cord from Mother Yale, one year was spent metallurgically, albeit, using my major course more than some, in two wildwest mining camps. Duly prepared then, I joined as a partner the family stockbrokerage enterprise in Salt Lake City, J. A. Hogle & Co. (For your reference and business, there are other offices in New York, Denver, Los Angeles, San Diego, et al.—and even Reno. Drop in and use the phone, anyway.) To test my metal meant going to Wall Street and learning the biz simultaneously from the ground up and the top down. Living through a year of being a runner and various kinds of clerk, and a year of a market crash (recession), one saw Stock Exchange seats finally traded straight across the board for a case of Scotch and two tickets to *Hellzapoppin*. Putting up a small bag of gold dust for one, the firm opened a New York office and your hero stepped onto the Big Board to help keep oiled the gears of free enterprise, and, in the long stillnesses, his fingernails filed. Even with a generous enthusiasm for the activities of St. Elmo, the New York Philharmonic, and the Amateur Ski Club of New York, however, those early months left many hours to ponder the meaning of it all and to delve more deeply into those ancient truths which one had tended in Church School and Dwight Hall to think were remote fables or theories; and to ponder too that the well-oiled gears of free enterprise somehow were not making many turns for those who existed in the miles of slums that one passed under or over enroute to the daily oiling.

The opportunity arose to be a charter resident with other young college grads of one Rainsford House (brainchild of former Yale Chaplain Elmore McKee and then currently rector of St. George's), where one tried to make something more of one's religion than church once a week or year. In his free time, each member worked in a Boy's Club, Settlement House, or the like.

Not happy, moreover, with the ambiguity of being a birthright, unconvinced Episcopalian, I sought and found among Quakers people who not only believed deeply in the ancient truths but whose lives made these truths much more than fables and theories. Many of them, and a few of us, were perverse enough to try to take seriously these truths when it came to being organized into the reciprocal mass murder of various populations. Friends were willing to serve in civilian medical work in interior China or elsewhere, but few, alas, were permitted this opportunity. Therefore, come war and Local Board No. 14, I found myself for four years among an eventual 12,000 conscientious objectors in Civilian Public Service. My history was average—two years in California mountains of building back roads, brush clearing, fighting forest fires, and K.P. Then a volunteer for two years as an orderly and guinea pig in Massachusetts General



Hospital, Boston, trying, with some success, to find an anti-malarial drug. Coincidentally, I found that work in hospitals appealed to me vastly more than what I had been doing for free enterprise.

These were, once again, times to ponder. A wise man said: "War may not be the worst of all things, but it certainly is the creator of them"—a large part of the world, its men and its wealth, smashed and maimed, hatred everywhere. Under the weight of these concerns, over two hundred of us were finally able, on discharge in 1946, to go abroad on volunteer relief teams. My part was in a Quaker project of child feeding and clothing in Germany. More important than the material aid was the simple idea which one tried to convey that all men are brothers and that one should try to love and help and build a peace with them. Those two years confirmed in our minds that this aim of the American Friends Service Committee was an eminently valid one in the small areas where the work was done, that in peoples' hearts ideas were stronger than weapons.

On returning to the U.S., there was rich and undeserving reward. I found both the woman and the work for my life. In December, 1949, while finishing premedical requirements in New York, I had the honor of marrying Lois Crozier, of Los Angeles, and of being accepted into P. & S. at Columbia for the following autumn.

At press time the Hogles are happily anticipating the September arrival of his second year medical school and their firstborn.

MICHAEL J. HOLAHAN; 19 Sherman Street, Stamford, Conn.

After serving as a life insurance agent with the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co. in New York City for a year, I joined the Roger Smith Hotels Corp. as an auditor in June, 1937, and became assistant manager of the White Plains unit in 1940.

In 1941, I joined the accounting staff of Northam Warren Corp. in Stamford, doing general accounting work and special administrative assignments for the controller.

March of 1943 saw a radical change in my clothing, and in October of same year was pronounced a gentleman by an act of Congress. As a 2nd Lt. in the Transportation Corps, my assignment for about a year was that of Security Officer on North Atlantic convoy ships.

January of 1945 saw me in Khorramshahr, Abadan area of Iran, as a stevedore, helping our dear ally, Russia, to get lend lease supplies through to sustain our comrades. After six months of general staff work in Cairo I returned to the States and was discharged in September, 1946, with the rank of Capt.

Rejoining Northam Warren Corp. as a staff accountant, I remained there until November, 1950, when I joined Pitney-Bowes, Inc., as a tax accountant.

Married Mary McAuliffe of Stamford in November, 1946; have two sons, Bobby, eight months, and Duff, two and a half years; was elected Democratic Registrar of Voters in Darien, Conn., for three terms before the War, and at present am a member of the Board of Representatives, City of Stamford, Conn., and a member of its Fiscal Committee.

Community Chest and Red Cross fund-raising campaigns have had my active support, and at the present time the Y.M.C.A. Industrial Recreation program takes considerably of my time. Am a director of the Stamford Good Government Association and secretary of the Hubbard Heights Golf Club. Golf provides me with plenty of exercise in the mild months and bowling in the winter.

HAROLD G. HOLCOMBE, JR.; 37 Harvest Lane, West Hartford, Conn.

Being in the throes of building a new house, with all the difficulties entailed thereby, other events of the last five years seem to shrink into relative insignificance at present.

In 1948 I was elected President of Harold G. Holcombe, Inc., the general insurance agency founded by my father, '97, in 1901. Also in that year, following a term of two years on the Hartford Board of Aldermen, I was Connecticut State Chairman of the Draft-Eisenhower-for-President League. I agree wholeheartedly with him that this country's greatest peril lies in the increasing of centralization of authority and dependence on the federal treasury rather than from any external threat that could be arrayed against us.

Our second daughter, Michèle Elizabeth, arrived on May 3, 1950, and has been a source of great happiness to us ever since.

Playing squash, tennis, and coaching fencing (as an amateur) at Trinity College here in Hartford have been my main sports activities. I am Treasurer of the Hartford Squash Racquets Club, and also (conservatively) of the United World Federalists of Connecticut, Inc.

Last year I was elected President of the Capitol Young Republicans here in Hartford. We hope, in our small way, to make the voice of youth a little more frequently heard in policy-making circles. I feel at the present time (summer, 1951) that the Republican party should formulate a policy of overcoming inflation at its sources, namely by credit control and reduction in government waste, rather than by price control.

ROBERT CADES HOLLAND; R.F.D. 1, Andover, Mass.

On December 12, 1946, our second spitfire, Elizabeth Ann, was born in Portland, Me. We were then living in Massachusetts and I



was working in New Hampshire. We felt that, since our son, who was also born in Portland while I was in the Navy, had become such an upstanding citizen, his sister should start her career with the same advantages which had evidently accrued to her brother. As a result we now spend most of our spare time either at Southport, Me. (where this is being written, during vacation), on the way to and fro, or in a discussion as to when we shall next go to and fro.

In October, 1946, I resigned my job with Textron in New Hampshire to go to work with a company in Lawrence, Mass., managed by a Yale man and manufacturing paper mill machinery. My advancement, while not meteoric, has been eminently satisfactory and I look forward to a successful though very busy future.

In 1949, we broke ground for a new house and have carefully emulated the Blandings—verily, to such an extent that we are only about to move in at this time. My wife and I are both somewhat broken in spirit as a result of the ordeal, but fervently hope to recover in the years to come. As a man who has been through the mill, I would suggest to any erstwhile home owner that he buy a ready-built house or put his plans in the hands of a builder and leave town until he has been assured by same that all is complete, yea, even unto the window shades. Under no circumstances should one so much as look at a hammer, saw, or, in particular, a sanding machine, the last of which I am just recovering from a biting by and consequent blood poisoning of the right metacarpus.

To my Yale colleagues whose letters have gone unanswered, may I submit the foregoing, not as an excuse, but as an explanation.

*Pax vobiscum.*

JAMES A. HOLLOWAY; 21 Bethany Pike, Wheeling, W. Va.

I am Assistant Manager of the Tin Plate Sales Division of the Wheeling Steel Corp. I married Elizabeth S. Gibbs, on May 22, 1937, and we have two sons, James A., Jr., and Edward L. Respectively twelve and a half and two and a half years old. My hobbies are golf, flying, and hunting. I am a member of the Chicago Athletic Assn., Chicago, Ill., Fort Henry Club and Wheeling Country Club, Wheeling, W. Va.

JOSEPH H. HOLMES, JR.; Colonial Road, New Canaan, Conn.

I married Carolyn Miller and have four children: Suzanne, fourteen, Joe, twelve, Lolly, eight, and Nat, two. I am vice-president of Dancer Fitzgerald Sample, Inc., an advertising agency, my principal work being with General Mills, Inc., of Minneapolis. I sing in a quartet, "The Black Sheep," with Arthur Pearce, '36, John Holmes, '34, and Ben Truslow, '34. Other hobbies are golf and tennis. We have

lived in New Canaan for twelve years, and I am a member of the volunteer fire department and have aided in organizing the Yale Alumni Association of New Canaan—I'm for Ike, too.

BRYAN EDWARD HOOKER; 8521 Atlantic Way, Miami Beach, Fla.

In December, 1947, I came to M. B. for my annual visit and I am still here. The North I have definitely deserted for the superior climate of Florida. I now operate a small detergent manufacturing business and I am striving to make it not so small. I am now a member of the M. B. Lions Club. I have been made chairman of the education committee; I presume on the strength of the fact that I went to Yale. Many hours have been consumed in the Little Theatre. I have taken several minor parts. In one I was a stuffy banker and in another an English butler.

Since making my ten-year report, my tennis activity has decreased. However, I usually manage a swim every morning before breakfast. If the Ocean is too rough, I can always plunge in my neighbor's pool. I am still among the unmarried and have no intentions in the immediate future of changing my status. Since this is the graveyard of many marriages the prospects are not too good.

If anyone is in this locality, phone M. B. 582131. It will always answer (Telanserphone Service).

NORMAN L. HOPE; 12 E. 88th Street, New York 28, N.Y.

I am married (no children). My business is advertising, with Wellington Sears Co. (Textile Selling Agents). I am (to be abbreviated about it) Capt., ORC, Hq 77 Inf. Div. (Reserve) N.Y.C., and I served overseas, 51st Armd. Inf. Bn., 4th Armd. Div (E.T.O.)

ROBERT G. HOPKINS; 65 Hillside Avenue, Wollaston, Mass.

Joined United Investment Counsel in mid-1936 as an Assistant Director of Accounts. In 1938, I moved to the position of Investment Consultant with an associate company, United Business Service. In mid-1942, I obtained a leave of absence to serve with the War Production Board in Washington, and was transferred to the Board of Economic Warfare in 1943, remaining with that agency and its successors through the ending of the war; was the Director of the Metals and Minerals Division in the lend-lease and commercial export branch of the Foreign Economic Administration.

Returned to the United organization in Boston in October, 1945, as Director of Accounts with United Investment Counsel. Since then



I've been serving clients in various parts of the country, and that has necessitated much travel.

Still a semi-active member of the Furnace Brook Golf Club in Quincy, and manage to get into a tournament now and then—that is, when family, consisting of my helpmate of fifteen years, fourteen-year-old Bob, Jr., and nine-year-old Susan, let me.

RICHARD O. HORNING; La Todami Farm, R.D. 1, Wexford, Pa.

I'm assistant treasurer of the Mesta Machine Company, with farming as a hobby. My family consists of four children: a boy, sixteen; and three girls, fourteen, eleven, and eight.

STUART TROWBRIDGE HOTCHKISS; 503 Willow Road, Winnetka, Ill.

In the fifteen years since graduation from college I have covered a good bit of the waters of the world and have now dropped anchor in the corn belt, where I work for the Pressed Steel Car Company, Inc., Chicago, Ill., and am engaged in the task of revolutionizing the railroad industry by pushing a new type of freight car down its collective throat. My wife, né June Mary Blagden, and I live with our nineteen-months'-old daughter Mary Blagden at the above address. The locale is somewhat removed from June's native Surrey, in England, where we were married in September, 1948.

A quick flashback into past history shows our hero in 1936 sailing the 49-foot schooner *Vagabond* from Norway to Miami with a crew recruited almost entirely from our class: Morris Stiger, Jack Meyer, Sterl Judson, Fred Greene, Whitie Reid, and Bill Mills, 1935s. Then, putting nose to grindstone, came a period of working for a small rubber concern in New York. The sea, however, replaced the grindstone intermittently between 1937 and 1941, permitting two additional small boat voyages across the Atlantic under sail and one trans-Pacific, not to mention shorter races, such as to Bermuda, Gibson Island, etc.

From 1941 through 1946, the sea completely replaced the grindstone, and the scene then shifted rapidly. First we see an ensign as executive officer of the *U.S.S. YP 62*, and again as C. O. of *U.S.S. Barbet* (AMC 38). Then a j. g. (later lieutenant) in command of *U.S.S. Bowdoin*, an 87-foot schooner sailing the Greenland Coast performing survey duties. Next a Lieutenant Commander as executive officer and shortly thereafter C. O. of *U.S.S. Coolbaugh* (DE 217) fighting the battles of the Pacific, emerging with the Legion of Merit as a souvenir of Leyte. After V-J Day, the scene shifts to Boston, and we see a Commander in command of a surrendered German destroyer, carrying out performance trials. Thence to Oran,

North Africa, and the same Commander in command of the *U.S.S. Gridley* (DD 380), a mighty member of the Mediterranean Fleet which eventually was left, decommissioned, at Pearl Harbor.

The setting next shifts back home to East River, Conn., and fans out to cover the New England states, where our principal character, now in mufti, represented Rochester Ropes (a concern engaged in the manufacture of wire rope), but still managed to keep his feet wet with salt water on every available occasion.

Next came a flying trip to London, a wedding, a honeymoon on the beautiful Cornish Coast, and then home again.

Two, with the prospect of more, cannot live as cheaply as one; nor with the same mobility. Opportunity knocked, could not be refused, and now we find ourselves in the corn belt.

Activities other than business? Handy man, carpenter, janitor, and nursemaid at the above address. Hobbies? You guessed it—ocean racing. Opinions? Fresh water is a poor substitute for salt water and a number of other things I could name.

ROBERT A. HOUDE; 1829 Boulevard, West Hartford, Conn.

I'm presently office manager of the Lane Construction Corporation and John S. Lane & Son, Inc., of Meriden, Conn. I have been married since October 21, 1938, to Bea White. We have two boys—Yale '66 and '69. I'm still trying to play good golf. Can't wait to get rid of Truman.

FREDERICK D. HOUGHTON; Simsbury, Conn.

After thirteen years, I guess it can be considered that we have settled in Simsbury, a most beautiful New England town, where we live up on a mountain east of the Farmington Valley, commanding a gorgeous view of the foothills of the Berkshires.

The factory, The Ensign-Bickford Company, is only a mile and a half away, and it is still turning out safety fuses and other mining supplies after 115 years. Anyone who was in the Engineer Corps or Chemical Warfare Department during the war knows our Primacord. I am Field Manager and also Manager of New Product Development. This is a fine old business and continues to supply essential products to the mining industry all over the country.

On extra curricular activities: In 1941 we started a Gilbert and Sullivan Company (The Simsbury Light Opera Company), and, except for a few years during the war, we have produced a show every year, in the spring. (Will the Blue Hill Troupe and The Savoy Company kindly take note!) The show goes on the road for one week end each year and we have been to Williamstown, Wesleyan, New Britain, in addition to our three-day stand in Simsbury. We both take part in it and I have been the president of the company



for a couple of years. Other outside activities: President of the Hampstead Hill Club, a Vice President of The Hartford Art School (older than the Yale Art School), Vice-Chairman of the Local Republican Town Committee, Deputy Chairman of the Civil Defense Board, and I have run the Red Cross Blood Bank for the past year.—I am never home. Nevertheless, our children, Lyn, fourteen, and Peter, eleven (Yale '61), still know me. They are at the Oxford and Kingswood schools in Hartford respectively. For further particulars about safety fuse or Gilbert and Sullivan I can be reached in Simsbury!

JOHN HOWARD; Tall Oaks Drive, Summit, N.J.

Member of the Technical Staff of Bell Telephone Laboratories since graduation. Specialty: high polymer chemistry. Professional activities have included participation in research and development studies on materials for use in high-frequency cable, lead-free cable sheath (Alpeth), and other advances in the communication field. During the war years this involved development and engineering work incidental to the adaptation of the then new synthetic rubbers to military wire and cable. This and allied activities were instrumental in maintaining a civilian status throughout the war.

Member of the American Chemical Society and of AXE (X Chapter and New York Professional Chapter).

Family status remains unchanged since graduation. Our daughter, Edith Anne, is now fast approaching the beginning of her own college career.

Civic activities have included the Air Raid Warden Service during World War II and, currently, the Disaster Committee of the local Red Cross chapter.

Hobbies: Music (from the passive side) and photography.

DANIEL ROBINSON HOWE; 652 Spring Avenue, Ridgewood, N.J.

In fifteen years I've had four main jobs plus a time in the Navy; one wife, two children, one apartment, five houses, four cars, and one television set—all of which should add up to about par for the course. At present The Hanover Bank, of New York City, numbers me among its staff, and I'm vegetating nicely after almost five years as a commuting suburbanite. From the outside, our life must look pretty flat. A typical day's problems might consist of (a) whether or not to hire the blonde with misplaced ambitions, (b) how to cure our son of eating like a steam-shovel, and (c) what to do about the Japanese beetles who are digesting the mock-orange bush in our backyard.

My interest continue in people, writing (of a peculiar sort), contract bridge, travel, and vacations. I enjoy sports as much as ever, the more sandlotty the better. The only changes in philosophy that are evident to an insider seem to be (1) an increased tolerance for the way others live and think, (2) a diminished awe for big names, and (3) a strong desire to participate in better management of personnel in business. The security that seems to count most, after all, is the security of accomplishment. Yet I have difficulty explaining that to my wife while I lie on the davenport for hours watching television.

Being a good husband and a good father no longer has the proportions of a small job. As a Yale man, I have the further goals of contributing somehow to making the world a bit better, and of returning definitely to the next Reunion, having missed our Fifteenth.

ROGERS HOWELL; 20 Dorset Lane, Babylon, N.Y.

On April 26, 1941, I married Mary Grover of Babylon. We have no children. We live in a new house, which I designed and built myself, on navigable water, Cape Cod style, on about one acre of land. The house and its furniture are strictly traditional.

My business is with the E. W. Howell Co., Builders; and also, in a family partnership, with a retail lumber yard and hardware store. I was hired in 1936 and became a partner in 1945. The offices are in Babylon, New York City, and New Canaan, Conn., and our work is on large residences, estates, private school buildings, high class commercial buildings, and light industrial buildings.

The building business consumes most of my time and interest, but some time goes to the Babylon Village Board of Zoning Appeals, American Red Cross Disaster Relief, the Babylon School of Centralization Committee, the Babylon Yacht Club. I also have inactive attachments to the Yale Club of Long Island and the Air Force Association.

For recreation, I enjoy boating in a twenty-six foot skiff, mowing the lawn, bridge, canasta, penny ante. My wife's interest are the American Red Cross, the League of Women Voters, a home bureau, gardening, and sewing.

My philosophy, in a nutshell, is that democracy worked better under capitalism; let's try it again.

During the war years I spent two years with the Bermuda Base contractors building an Army Base; one year in Washington, D.C., on special surveys for the Quartermaster Corps and Army Air Forces; and two years in service with the A.A.F. in the Pentagon, as a Technical Sergeant.

RALPH H. HOWES, JR.; 1410 York Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.

On August 30, 1951, I married Ruth D. Kane at Center Lovell, Me.



I am still field representative of the Standard Accident Insurance and Planet Insurance companies.

ELIHU SANFORD HOWLAND; Apartment 15, 108 Bobrich Drive, Rochester 10, N.Y.

At the time of the last report in 1946, I was dissatisfied with practically everything I was doing. Like most of our medical classmates, I had felt ill-disposed toward the Army for having taken me away from real medicine; but having resumed post-war training at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, it gradually dawned on me that I had never been truly interested in medicine to begin with. Furthermore, I was so sick of being a bachelor that I was giving serious thought to packing up and going to Dogpatch for Sadie Hawkins Day, sitting down on the starting line, and making no effort to run.

I was wondering what to do about this abysmal situation when everything suddenly went black, and when I came to again it was 1951. The surroundings were unfamiliar but pleasant, and while I was trying to collect myself, in came a nice-looking doll with a big rock on her finger, which was even more pleasant, and it turned out that I had moved to Rochester and become a psychiatrist on the staff of the medical school here, and that I was getting married to Joan Frances Thomas, who graduated from Vassar in 1946, and who, if she had known at that time that she was destined to middle-aisle it with a psychiatrist named Elihu, would probably have gone into some sort of major panic.

Naturally I am quite mystified as to just how this all happened, but it is such an improvement over the previous state that I don't really care.

NORRIS DRESSER HOYT; St. George's School, Newport, R.I.

My life has been more routine than my family wholly relishes since the last report. As a schoolteacher, the many talents that Yale developed in me have been discovered despite all my attempts at concealment and self-preservation, and I am now head of the English Department at St. George's, co-supervisor of a dormitory, publisher of the school catalog, supervisor of the annual classbook, director of the school's photography, head coach of swimming, head and only coach of crew (whose maintenance I do), secretary to the faculty, and morning coffee provider to the bachelor masters (I have a pretty wife).

Since my wife enjoys dancing most, that is the type of entertainments she occasionally traps me into. I prefer reading and eating. However our chief entertainment for the last winter was building a sailing dinghy in the dining room of our apartment. It had a foot

clearance, lengthwise, and enough room beside it for the critics to sit, drink beer, and comment. Other than that, we largely worked, and tried to keep appointments.

In the summer we've blossomed. We belong to the Cruising Club of America and the Off Soundings Club, and we sail most of the New England Coast most of the summer, children, boats, and all. I have done a lot of ocean racing—having crewed for the first boat to finish to Bermuda in 1950, Annapolis in 1951—the *Bolero*. I've also raced on *Starlight*, *Dryad*, *White Mist*, and *Ballymena*. In training for such arduous exercise, I swim about two miles a week in the winter, row about four miles a day in the spring. What with my wife's painting and housekeeping, and my jobs, we have no spare time to spend. For us, our life is wonderful.

HUSTON HUFFMAN, 2100 Wilshire Blvd., Oklahoma City, Okla.

The last edition of our history left me in Midland, Tex., laboring in the oil business for Stanolind Oil and Gas Company, with one wife and a year-old son. In May of 1948 we all went to Bogota, Columbia, for the South American version of the same business. South America (complete with a revolution) was a great experience, and I wish we could have stayed longer than the year we passed there, but the unfavorable and unstable internal conditions of Colombia dictated my company's withdrawal and so we returned to Oklahoma City the following May, in time to greet the arrival of another offspring in the form of a girl. A year ago I left Stanolind to enter the oil business for myself, soon after which another hungry mouth appeared in our midst, this time another boy. My principal recreation, when the pursuit of the elusive dollar permits, is golf. I regret to say that I belong to no civil, political, philanthropic or social organization.

For the future of the world and its ability to float through space in a peaceful condition, I have great hope, founded on nothing more than wishful thinking. The economic condition of our country worries me more, as I don't understand how the purchasing power of our dollar can long continue to depreciate at its present rate without bringing on a major upheaval in all our businesses.

WILLIAM E. HUGHES; Cottonwood Ranch, Rt. 1, Box 46, Wellington, Tex.

Left the Navy October 4, 1945.

Went to Texas January 15, 1946, to live and work for my father, brothers, and myself raising Registered Herefords on Mill Iron Ranches located in Collingsworth, Hall, Motley, and Cottle counties.

Spent the years 1946 to 1947 actually taking care of 200 head of



mother cows and managing a basic unit called Cottonwood Ranch, at that time one of seven.

Beginning fall of 1947, became Director of Ranch Operations, with office at Wellington, Tex. Since that time our development program has doubled the number of basic ranches to 20, presently carrying 3000 head of mother stock in 65 pastures.

The purpose of our enterprise is to raise better quality breeding stock in quantity and, by running them under range conditions, be able to offer them to commercial cattlemen at a price that is in keeping with the economics of commercial operations.

Peter Clifton Hughes was born February 8, 1947. He is better known as "Panhandle Pete." Not so long ago, February 27, 1951, to be axact, Gerald Hughes made his debut into this world with all the earmarks of out-philosophying his father. His talents in this regard are such that Kitty has forgotten she wanted a little girl.

Politically and socially speaking, Kitty and I both feel that what is needed by this country is more time and attention spent at home, with a greater consciousness toward guidance from God and less dependence on the Federal Government.

Internationally speaking, we feel that the hope of peace lies exactly where it did when the United States of America was conceived, born and developed, based on faith that God is the supreme authority and the only source of true guidance, that the worth and dignity of the individual is greater than all governments, and that fredom is the only cohesive element that can surmount the natural differences of color, race and creed.

HADLAI A. HULL; Route 5, Wayzata, Minn.

Our one son, born before the war, now has two brothers: John and Thomas, the latter named after my roommate Tommy Curtin. My career, changed from law to paper manufacturing, is proving to be most interesting, and I don't regret having made the switch. In 1949, I was elected Secretary of Minnesota and Ontario Paper Company, and this year I was elected to the additional job of Treasurer.

Starting life in a new community, i.e., Minneapolis, in 1946, I decided that I should enter into all sorts of extra-curricula activities to become better acquainted. As so often happens, I became embroiled in working for the Community Chest, serving as Vice Chairman of the Red Cross, Chairman of the Men's Advisory Committee of a local hospital, Chairman of the Minneapolis Red Cross Blood Program, Vice President of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. Am now completing a three-year term as a member of the Wayzata City Council, to which I was elected by the landslide majority of one vote. All of the above has taken too much time, and I am now giving

up most of these in order to devote more time to my job and family.

Play golf and tennis in the summer (losing both regularly to my wife, Ann), squash and ski in the winter, am getting a little tubby around the middle, hope the Republicans will have Eisenhower as their candidate (principally because I think he could win, although Taft might be a better President), believe in maintaining strong armed forces and spending money to build up Western Europe, hope I'm too old for the Navy if war comes.

ROMUALD FRANK HUMINSKI; 5938 Hodgman Drive, Parma Heights 29, Ohio.

Two tow-headed toddlers doing their noisy best to disrupt this literary effort make it difficult to recall that life was once full of things other than diapers, toys and baby bottles. But different indeed it was up until that memorable year 1949, when three income tax exemptions were acquired—wife Jennie (February 26), and the twins, Richard and Robert (November 6). With no previous history of twins in either of our families, and proof positive (?) that the milkman or iceman were not responsible, we are pleased to make this contribution to medical science—the twins came as a result of our drinking excessive amounts of brackish water and rum swizzles during our Bermuda honeymoon. Now Jennie keeps hounding me to take a Bermuda vacation, but I keep telling her that we can't afford it. It seems fantastic to think of rearing two more with a 20 percent tax on baby oil.

Compared with the present state of constant disorder and confusion, the pre-1949 period seems rather uneventful. Starting with July 6, 1936, employment with the Long Lines Department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company took me through a series of assignments in various Eastern and Southern cities. Occupational deferrments kept me out of military service, but as Division Training Supervisor I was in charge of a series of classes conducted at Philadelphia for the Signal Corps by the A.T.&T. Co. during World War II.

In February, 1945, I joined the Engineering group at New York, first working on design of special government circuits and later getting in on the early stages of furnishing facilities for inter-city television service. An appointment as Acting Division Service Supervisor at Cleveland came in November, 1948, followed by an assignment as District Plant Superintendent at Indianapolis in June, 1950, and District Traffic Superintendent at Cleveland in April, 1951. On the present job I am in charge of a unit that handles roughly 15 percent of the total long distance calls filed in the city of Cleveland. With a force of almost 400 women (mostly telephone operators) and one



man reporting to me, it is *some* job. But, as Jennie says, I received the assignment about three years too late.

Just about all of our spare time is taken up by the twins. Of course we think that our boys are just about the smartest and best-looking babies that we have ever seen. The little darlings have made our live more enjoyable and a lot more complicated. We are having so much pleasure watching the two of them grow up.

Working for the A.T.&T. Co. has been enjoyable, and it has been interesting to see so many different phases of telephone work. With some fourteen transfers since 1936, however, it has been practically impossible to join any clubs or to participate in any community or church affairs. Jennie and I are both hoping that some day soon our wanderings will stop, preferably some place near New York City, and that at that time we will be able to start doing some of the things that we have been unable to do in the past. In the meantime we will do our best to enjoy buying and selling real estate, having dishes packed and unpacked, and furniture moved as we move from town to town.

WILLIAM RIVERIUS HUMPHREY; 802 Mount Curve Avenue, Minneapolis 5, Minn.

See Ten-year Record, last six paragraphs. Delete reference to Harold Stassen; insert Eisenhower.

RALPH DRESSER HUNTING, JR.; 1328 2nd Avenue, S.E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Since leaving Yale, I set out on my life's work and began the study of medicine and have found it a compelling necessity to be a student ever since. In the fall of 1936 I entered Northwestern University School of Medicine and graduated in 1940. This was followed by a two-year rotating internship at St. Lukes Hospital in Chicago. In April, 1942, Uncle Sam had a place for me in the Navy, and thirty days later I sailed out the Golden Gate assigned to duty on a naval transport. Our ship, the *U.S.S. Wharton* (AP7), plied the Pacific from the Aleutians to New Zealand. After twenty months of this duty, I returned to the States for the remainder of the war and had a number of assignments on the West Coast.

Immediately following the war, I again resumed the following of my program of medical education. Beginning in January, 1946, I served as a resident in Pathology at the University Hospital in Iowa City, Iowa. However, opportunity knocked in May, 1946, which changed the course of events. At that time I entered the practice of medicine with Doctor J. Stuart McQuiston in my home town of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, limiting myself to the field of Internal Medi-

cine. Since then my professional training and experience has been augmented by several postgraduate courses, chiefly at Harvard. (Incidentally, the Yale Medical School would do well to offer more in the field of postgraduate medical study.)

My matrimonial career began January 10, 1942, when I married Mary Jane Madden of Virginia, Minn. My war bride followed me up and down the west coast for a protracted honeymoon. On September 23, 1944, our first son, Thomas Mitchell, was born in Long Beach, Calif. The second son, Daniel Booth, was born in Long Beach on August 29, 1945. The third son, Laurence Bruce, arrived August 17, 1946. We ran out of names so our fourth son, Ralph D., III, arrived January 23, 1951. This expanding family has brought with it real joy and happiness as well as the multitudinous problems of living, but these vexatious situations, dramatic or dull, controllable or uncontrollable, help make life so interesting.

DAVID ALLERTON HYDE; Allerton Road, Naugatuck, Conn.

To recapitulate: daughters, Lucie Emerson Hyde, born on September 9, 1942, and Helen Noyes Hyde, born on January 28, 1943. And to add: Candace Noyes Hyde, born on January 2, 1948, David Allerton Hyde, Jr., born on January 8, 1950, and Stephen Theophilus Hyde, born on January 22, 1951—a trip to Bermuda in 1949 changed the sex from girls to boys.

Been with Scovill Manufacturing Company these past eleven years, for the past three making zippers, a new product of Scovill called "The Gripper Zipper"—the coming zipper, it might be added.

Outside activities include vestryman and Sunday School teacher at St. John's Church, Waterbury, Conn.; Director of the Pearl Street Neighborhood House, a social agency for the benefit of negro children; and Vice-President of the Yale Association of Northwestern Connecticut.

A recently-built home in the country—ranch style, on top of a hill—and five children consume my spare time.

In the winter time I ski a bit, principally on our hill, which is about my speed now. Summer-gardening is my favorite hobby, and next summer I hope to revive a tennis court and train future champions.

We've been fortunate in having summer and winter theaters handy, in Southbury and New Haven, respectively, which provide good entertainment. Much fun in summer is had in cooking over charcoal out-of-doors, with children and friends, and watching magnificent sunsets from our hilltop.

Not prophesying, but I think we'll avoid a major war so long as UN strength builds up to stabilize other forces. Then a fairly long period of relative peace under UN. A revolution in Russia would be helpful.



I favor the liberal measures initiated by F.D.R. and feel that keeping government liberal is essential to keeping people happy. A stabilization on the international scene with accompanying reduction of armaments should enable us to use our vast resources towards constructive ends. There is no doubt that as individuals we need to be more selfless. We've got to give as well as receive, if we want to bring about this better society.

Hope to send my sons to Yale—let's see, that would be classes of 1972 and 1973; but that's a way off.

Have been a poor reunionate but hope to see you in '56. Meanwhile, our house is always open to all. Drop in.

H. STUART IRONS, JR.; 1906 Main Street, Little Rock, Ark.

The four years after graduation were spent in New Haven acquiring an M.D.—except for summers when I worked as a lifeguard, waterfront director at a scout camp, or camp doctor. This latter job gave me a nice rest between junior and senior years. With these jobs, plus a scholarship and a part-time job during the school term, I managed to finish medical school with several hundred dollars more than when I started. This quickly disappeared, however, during two years at Rochester at the Strong Memorial Hospital interning in surgery, gynecology, and obstetrics.

Uncle Sam got me on the third try in June, 1942. The first few months in the Army were spent in New York examining other doctors and enjoying the night life. I had turned down an internship with the Navy, so what was more natural than that I should eventually be assigned to a new and experimental medical unit whose job was to ferry back the sick and wounded on transports from overseas theaters. During the next three years, I made six trips to the European theater and, fortunately, just as many westward. Between trips, our outfit saw most of the staging areas on both sides of the Atlantic. While at Camp Patrick Henry, between two trips, I met a pretty Red Cross girl named Mary Elizabeth Fetterman from Harrisburg, Pa., and between the next two trips, on Bastille Day of 1944, we were married in the Post Chapel.

I exchanged khaki for white in October, 1945, and spent the next six months as Resident Surgeon at Suburban Hospital, Bethesda, Md. Then for thirty months I was Surgical Resident at Grasslands Hospital in Westchester County. I shoveled so much snow the last two winters, both while living in Elmsford and in Mount Kisco, that in December, 1948, my wife and I brought our two girls to Little Rock to keep warm. From December, 1948, to December, 1950, I practiced general surgery with a group here in Little Rock, and here our third girl was born. The first girl, Karen, was born in Bethesda,

the second, Patricia, in Bronxville, N.Y., and the third one we called Susan. We do have a lot of nice boys' names picked for anyone who is having trouble finding names for their male offspring.

I have been on the full time staff of the new Veterans' Hospital in Little Rock since December, 1950, and so far am devoting my time to orthopedic surgery. We are supposed to work forty hours a week, and although that has turned out to be somewhat of a joke as far as the doctors, at least, are concerned, it is true that I have had more time to devote to bridge. This has become my major hobby. In the past few months, my wife and I have become interested in duplicate bridge and have even acquired a fraction of a "master point." All we need is 299.52 more to be life masters. Recently, most of my exercise has been obtained by dealing the cards, but I still manage to play a little tennis and do a little swimming in the summertime.

This is my second year as a deacon in the Central Presbyterian Church. As for politics—everybody down here is a Democrat, but the politics of the southern Democrat, I find, is more Republican than is the thinking of many northern Republicans. Some editorials sound like Senator Taft at his best.

ADRIAN C. ISRAEL; 95 Front Street, New York, N.Y.

The family business absorbed me immediately after my graduation and I became aware of the difficulties of importing various commodities from all parts of the world.

Eleanor Levison began to interfere with my business activities late in 1936 and reached the point where I succumbed to matrimony in December, 1938. Ellen joined the family group in 1940, to be followed by Andy in 1941.

Then came Pearl Harbor and civilian production was interrupted. In March, 1942, the Food Division of the War Production Board seemed like a spot where a contribution was needed, and I began living in Washington during the week and commuting home to New York for a quick look every Friday night. Subsequently the food business was deemed to be too free from political influence in the War Production Board, so it was transferred to the War Food Administration in the Department of Agriculture. I went along and began to learn why the cost of our civilian government is so high.

Things began to look a little brighter, so we decided to add Tommy to the family in 1944. After VJ Day we began to plan for a world which would be free from international complications, a period of economic stability, a hard dollar, and low taxes. The economic forecasters and your contributor were all wrong. Being in an international business and having to deal with people in many of the areas which have been even more unsettled since the war, life has been anything but dull. Governments, including our own, have interfered with the



flow of business, have caused prices to both rise and fall, and generally have not contributed too much to peaceful shut-eye. Despite all of this, our group has had a real good time.

The business grew and our payroll has been inflated in numbers as it has in dollars—in spite of which we manage to find enough even after taxes to have the pleasures we want. We live in New York during the winter months and have a house in Stamford to break up the return trip from the Bowl. Incidentally, we also use this house as a summer home and a weekend spot. The direct result of the Stamford property is that I get enough exercise to keep my weight under 200 and get a chance to breathe something else other than the smoke-filled air for which New York is fast becoming noted.

My spare time, when I can get it, is used for athletics with or without the children, either as a participant or a spectator—that is, after the necessary things around the house and grounds have been taken care of and after the usual number of customers and foreign visitors have been properly entertained.

During business hours, just in case I should have a notion to take a nap, I have managed to get a few jobs in trade organizations, such as being a director of the Clearing Associations of both the New York Cocoa Exchange and the New York Coffee & Sugar Exchange.

My main philanthropic work is as a member of the Board of Trustees of Montefiore Hospital and of several committees connected with this institution. I must admit that somehow or other my attendance record at these meetings has not been too good.

My secretary is beginning to get a bored look, so I'd better sum up by saying that I'm busy, happy and healthy either because of or in spite of four years at New Haven!

HENRY W. JACKSON; 329 E. Northern Avenue, Phoenix, Ariz.

I left Yale at the end of freshman year (by faculty request). After two years in California—attending Menlo J. C. and Stanford University—I abandoned academic pursuits and married Eleanor M. Wardlaw, a Stanford co-ed. I returned to New Haven in time to win the dubious distinction of chaperoning my own class at the senior prom and embarked on a journalistic career on the *New Haven Register*, published by my father (Yale '90). With me were my brothers Richard S. and the late John H. (both '34) and Lionel S. ('37). Still another Eli brother, William B. ('41), was killed in China in World War II. In 1946, I went west again and published weeklies and a daily just north of San Francisco. But three years of sunny (sic) California was enough and in 1949 I moved to Phoenix, Ariz., where I soon found myself in the cattle business. I now live in a citrus grove in Phoenix and commute to a ranch in El Mirage, seventeen miles away. Owner of a dog, a duck, a string of horses and

a herd of steers, I am still happiest with my wife and four kids. The latter are Ann, thirteen; Kate, ten; Jane, seven; and Bill, four.

PAUL D. JACKSON; 1300 Lake Washington Boulevard, South, Seattle, Wash.

I am Regional Attorney for the thirteenth region of the Wage Stabilization Board. I have the same wife, and two children, Dillon Edward and Mary Ann. From August, 1949, to August, 1951, I was counsel and general manager for several trade associations in New York City, and from July, 1947, to August, 1949, I was labor relations officer, GHQ/SCAP, Tokyo, Japan.

ROBERT W. JARVIS, JR.; 3700 Montrose Blvd., Houston 6, Tex.

Still fighting the battle of Houston along with apparently thousands of other adventuresome Elis who are trying to find the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, I find myself trying to hide the fine print in insurance policies, and that with but a modicum of success.

Inasmuch as I never see "Republican" on the top of any of the ballots they hand me down here when I go to the polls, my political horizon has been greatly narrowed. I would be willing, however, to join hands with anyone to further a movement of Eric Johnston for president.

In 1949 my wife, who should have had better sense in the first place, finally realized the hoax that had been perpetrated upon her and decided to continue the act as a solo number.

Once a month I hie myself off to the Naval Air Station at Dallas, Tex., to try to induce one of their antiquated "Corsairs" to struggle off the ground for a few more reluctant hours, and two or three times a week I am trapped into dragging an equally antiquated old body out to the tennis courts of the local country club. A satisfactory performance in either effort is assuming the stature of a minor miracle.

No romance in sight—the sole answer to my ad in the Lovelorn column was an advertising circular from the Arthur Murray Dance Studios. I tried that solution, the only result being a suspicion of arthritis in my right knee.

Besides the above-mentioned activities and the everyday struggle for existence, my activities center around a few sessions of bridge a week and a not-too-frequent fling with the local Bachelors Club.

OLIVER JENSEN; Long Lots Road, Westport, Conn.

After the War ended, I returned to my pre-war job as an editor on *Life* magazine, handling first the entertainment and other back-of-the-book departments and later the text, or article, department.



Last year I resigned to start a small book-publishing venture, and it is still too early to predict what will happen to it.

I was married, for the second time, to Jean Stafford, the novelist, in 1950; we have taken a nice old farmhouse just outside Westport. Caring for it fully takes care of the spare time about which the class questionnaire enquires. It also solves the exercise problem and makes considerable inroads on the time available for entertainment.

DUDLEY R. JOHNSON; R.F.D. 1, Newfane, Vt.

From March, 1946, until June, 1949, I taught English at Yale. Then I purchased and retired to a "farm" in southern Vermont. "Nine bean rows have I there, and a hive for the honey bee." The call to work, however, has pierced the peace and the silence. I have just accepted an offer from Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.

JAMES G. JOHNSON, JR.; 906 Enderby Drive, Alexandria, Va.

After rereading my efforts for the 1941 and 1946 classbooks, I am minded of the comment on the horrible Victorian architecture of the Old State Department Building here in Washington—that it shows how wrong people can be when they are so sure they're right. Give me a little more time (say, five or ten years) before I attempt to write any more serious thoughts in this space.—As for my life since the last writing, we now have three children—ages ten, seven and almost one. I am still practising law in Washington, D.C., and am now a partner in the firm (Cleary, Gottlieb, Friendly & Ball/Hamilton of New York, Washington, and Paris). Our principal extracurricular activity seems to be in the affairs of the school that our two older children attend, which we have found to be strenuous, demanding but good fun withal. Sorry to have missed the reunion.

ROBERT K. JOHNSTON; 1936 E. 522 Cashmere Terrace, Los Angeles 49, Calif.

The arrival of Spring, 1951, brought my family, consisting of one (1) wife and one (1) small male offspring, and me, to the realization that life is simply too short not to spend it in California, particularly after being frequently late to work last winter on account of 8-foot drifts. As personal considerations required a trip out here anyway, we came, found suitable employment involving guided missiles at Hughes Aircraft, and moved out of Chicago permanently. We have most of the standard accoutrements praised by the C. of C., including a house next to a movie actress, a Beach House in La Jolla (sh-h—it belongs to our family), a raincoat, no overcoat, and a sun-burn.

Before the exodus, jobs and locations were as follows:

(1) Engineer, General Motors Proving Ground, Milford, Mich.

- (2) Insurance salesman, Kansas City and Chicago.
- (3) Engineer, Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft Corp., San Diego, Calif.
- (4) Field Engineer, Stinson Aircraft Division, Wayne, Mich.
- (5) Partner in flying school and airplane charter business, Macon, Ga.
- (6) Industrial Engineer (Assistant to Works Manager) The Pyle-National Co., Chicago.

Between (3) and (4) above, I spent three years in the Navy as a B-24 Engineering Officer (am now a Lieutenant in the Reserve), got married, and learned to fly. During (6), our son arrived.

Hobbies and membership in organizations would be peachy, but there doesn't seem to be much time for them. Most of my jobs have required considerably more than the usual 40 hours, particularly (budding entrepreneurs take note) when in business for myself. There is an electric train taking shape in the nursery, we play some bridge and find time for a little golf, tennis, and swimming, but after the car is washed, the week seems to be pretty well shot. Maybe when Uncle Joe calms down, we can spend more time on the beach, finish the model railroad, polish up the landings and take-offs, finish the novel, have more children, etc., etc., but except during the 1937 Recession, I seem to have been living more like an M. I. T. man than an Eli.

Even though the Great White Father took office when we were Sophomores, there are still fond memories of small, balanced budgets, rugged individualism, a firm and intelligent foreign policy and a tax program that left a little room for incentive. We are still firmly Republican, although our voice is now occasionally tinged with hysteria as we say so. We were much too young to vote for Hoover in 1932 and we haven't won one since, but the national binge should be nearing its end and we don't doubt that clearer heads will ultimately prevail. Opinions were requested and that's the most important one. Others follow, not in order of importance:

<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>
Scotch Whisky	Living in Apartments
General Motors cars*	Hats
Sex	Mixed Drinks
The Navy	Mexican Food**
California Living*	Instrument Weather**

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\* Represents direct reversal since college.

\*\*Represents opinions acquired since college.

CHESTER L. JONES, JR.; Lincoln, Mass.

After recovering from a trip abroad with Eddie Davis right after



graduation, I started my business career in the Resinox Corporation laboratories in Edgewater, N.J. Both Resinox and Jones found out in six months that research was not for me and I was transferred to sales in New England.

When Monsanto Chemical Company purchased the Resinox Corporation, I was included (probably on the debit side of the ledger), and joined their Plastics Division at Springfield, Mass. I worked in various capacities in Sales and Sales Development, emerging as Manager of Product Development in 1945. I transferred to the Merimac Division in 1947 and now act as Assistant General Manager of Sales in charge of Textile Chemicals, Industrial Specialty Chemicals, Sales Development, and Surface Coatings.

I married Anne Burchard in 1939 and have since produced three children, finding this to be the most efficient way to make full use of outgrown clothes. We now live in Lincoln, Mass., which is a very pleasant rural neighborhood, and are active in town and church affairs. My principal hobbies are hunting, fishing, camping, with an occasional game of squash.

Club memberships include the Tennis & Racquet Club and the Algonquin Club, both of Boston.

T. A. D. JONES, JR.; 45 Edgehill Terrace, Hamden (New Haven 11), Conn.

Upon graduation, I went to Port Arthur, Texas, in the employ of The Texas Company. Following one year of refinery experience, but having failed to bring in any wells or to snare any millionheiress, returned to the East Coast and joined the T.A.D. Jones & Company, Inc., in the terminaling and marketing of petroleum products. Was wooed and won in 1939 by Alice M. Tobler of Mt. Carmel, Conn.—local girl makes good. Wendy Suzanne arrived on July 16, 1940; Sally T. on January 31, 1943; and T.A.D. III on June 8, 1944. Am adversary of two-platoon system, so have intentions of limiting our table to one sitting of present numbers.

Am also active in the management of the New Haven Terminal, Inc., in the discharge and warehousing of water-borne freight, such as lumber, steel, general cargo, etc., and The Excello Corporation in the marine transportation and distribution of formaldehyde, methanol, and other chemicals.

Principal activities in the form of entertainment include active participation in sports such as tennis, squash, hunting, and fishing, and these account for membership in the New Haven Lawn Club, New Haven Country Club, Hammonasset Fishing Association, and the Madison Beach Club. The Rotary Club of New Haven likewise finds me in reasonable attendance.

In reviewing the years since 1936, my greatest disappointment

may be found publicly, in the minority, in the gradual but persistent degradation of internal conditions due, in my opinion, to the utter ineptitude and extravagance of those responsible for the present state of affairs in our Federal government. The principles upon which this nation was founded, survived, and prospered are surely in jeopardy if not on the way to elimination.

JACK W. JORDAN; 1015 Chestnut Street, Manchester, N.H.

Since my return from the Navy, I am back at work, together with my brother Dick, '40, running Limerick Yarn Mills. My position is Vice President. We have one more daughter, Joan Dana Jordan, who is four years old this summer. I spent the last year and a half recovering from a ski accident and osteomyelitis resulting therefrom; broken leg, but now recovering completely. I'm waiting for the Republicans to take over and save us from too many years of F.D.R. and H.S.T.

JOHN F. JORDAN; 4221 43d Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

I am working with the Munitions Board, Office of the Secretary of Defense, in Washington, and live at 4221 43d Street, N.W., with my wife, Janice Brainard, and son, John F. Jordan, Jr. (another expected in March). Hobbies are boating and golf.

GERRIT P. JUDD, IV; 46 Manchester Street, Westbury, N.Y.

During the four years of liberty that the Navy gave me between World War II and the present "police action," I returned to Yale for a Ph.D. (in 1947) in English history; got married (I thoroughly approve of marriage); did a year's research with a Social Science Research Council grant on the English Parliament 1734-1832 (book awaiting publication); taught at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pa., and at Hofstra College in Hempstead, N.Y., where for a brief period I was in charge of the history department. In September, 1950, the Navy sent me orders to report for duty in ten days. In the aforementioned four-year liberty period I've moved eight times; owned a pet squirrel; shared a bathroom with seventeen other people; travelled to British Columbia and Miami Beach; built a house that an arsonist burned to the ground; and gained about fifty pounds. As time passes I find myself growing conservative (any chance of reviving the Tory Party?), stubborn, and less and less tolerant. I'd gladly settle for a long, long period of vegetation in some sleepy village, with a chance to relax and read, and think a few things through. Ah Utopia! But a guy can still dream, can't he?



RICHARD H. JUDD; 38 Barton Circle, North Haven, Conn.

I served as Traffic Representative, International Mercantile Marine and United States Lines Co., 1936-1940, in New York and Boston. From 1941 to 1944, I was Traffic Analyst for the New York New Haven, & Hartford Railroad Co., Boston. Since 1945, I have been Administrative Assistant and then Assistant Director of the Grace-New Haven Community Hospital, New Haven. Currently I am Assistant Director in charge of Grace Unit of Grace-New Haven Community Hospital. I married Rita M. Fitzpatrick of Brookline, Mass., in 1941, and we have two children: Richard Peter, born in 1944, and Susan Dale, born in 1949. I am a member of Rotary International. My hobby is ships.

CHARLES STERLING JUDSON, JR.; 4252 Trias Street, San Diego, Calif.

At the end of the war, the logical course seemed to be to stay with the Navy, having been engaged in that line of endeavor in an active duty status for the preceding five years and as a reserve for the four years previous to that. In 1946 my transfer to the Regular Navy was approved in the rank of Commander.

As a family, we (Georgie, my wife; George, fifteen; Charles, eleven; Anna Katharine, nine, and David, four) have been very fortunate in our duty stations since the war; so far we have been comfortably situated in interesting and pleasant surroundings. Luckily, each of our moves has occurred in the summer, so the children's schooling has not been seriously interrupted.

Now, after a year in San Diego, a year in Newport, R.I., and two years as Gunnery Officer on the *U.S.S. Princeton* (during which the family stayed in San Diego), we are beginning our third year of a probable three-year tour in Bremerton. Although the climate doesn't compare with California, we have become very fond of the Northwest. The whole family has really been enjoying the wonderful outdoors up here, and we are making the most of it while we can.

ARNOLD EDWARD KADUE; 420 Thomas Avenue South, Minneapolis 5, Minn.

Left Yale's ivy to join American Hardware Corp. in New Britain, Conn., with fellow '36ers Heyward Alker, George Stearns, Bob Taylor, and Berkley Miller. In three to five years, all four were wise enough to leave the builders' hardware business, leaving me to hold the fort for eleven years, until 1947.

A fourteen-month training course was followed by general sales work, then specialization in government requirements. This led into

munitions activity commencing in 1940. During World War II, with all the brilliant fellows away in service, I was lucky to be made superintendent of war production. This was a satisfying and exhausting seven-day-a-week job, wrestling with the production, machinery and personnel problems involved with aircraft hardware, 50-calibre machine guns, 40-mm. projectiles, gun carriage accessories, fragmentation bombs, rocket components, and other arsenal items.

In 1945, my desk label was changed to production manager, and the problems of producing hinges, locks, and door knobs proved as challenging as those concerning munitions. Ex-naval commander Bill Lowe, '36, joined the staff and we surely had a fascinating and happy experience, even though we didn't get paid for our labors.

On May 29, 1944, in connection with visiting a Mississippi shell-loading plant that used our projectiles, I met Marjorie Moore, Mississippi College for Women '42. The next eighteen months witnessed a long-distance romance, with several visits, dozens of phone calls, hundreds of letters. We married November 17, 1945. After a New Orleans honeymoon, my wife, who had never seen more than one inch of snow, arrived at our Connecticut apartment through a sixty-five inch snowdrift, deepest in years.

On a subsequent May 29, this in 1947, an old friend telephoned me about a job opportunity in Cincinnati, Ohio. The assignment was as assistant to the works manager in a valve and faucet manufacturing business. The deal was fine. The clincher was the coincidence that Marjorie's best friend and former roommate already resided in Cincinnati. The move worked out beautifully. We loved the town, the people, our first house. The business was growing, and I was made manager of a new branch factory.

Rickie came to live with us July 30, 1948. He spent his first weeks in an oxygen tent, took all his early meals intravenously, and underwent a lung operation. Yet today his robust health is the envy of his loving parents. It would be fun to spend more time with the three-year-old rascal.

Another former American Hardware associate introduced the opportunity in General Mills, Minneapolis. This world's largest flour miller, staffed by a number of fine Yalermen like Bill Humphrey, '36, has several "extracurricular" activities, including the operation of a chain of feed stores. My function is co-ordinating the purchasing activity throughout the stores, scattered thinly from Maine to California. Traveling keeps me away from home and family, from my favorite hobby, carpentry, from the civic and club activity that most fellows find so satisfying. It would be nice to get into manufacturing again.

Since John Hersey has encouraged the voicing of opinions on these pages, let me express just one, covering briefly the topic of free enter-



prise. Some federal regulations are necessary, of course, but are we not at least diluting, if not destroying, our freedoms when we relinquish to government bureaucracies ever-increasing control of industry, commerce, and all enterprise? Free enterprise has brought us the highest standard of living the world has ever known. It now takes seven minutes of human labor to produce a bushel of wheat, from plowing to delivering at the elevator. Formerly it took 193! The 186 liberated minutes have gone on to produce myriads of new things like farm machinery for all the chores, radios, refrigerators, bridges, highways, airfields. They have been turned to research, to unfold miracle drugs and medical advances far beyond the fondest dreams of the valiant men who founded our country.

A nation's strength and prosperity is in direct proportion to the effective productice effort of its people. Remove the stimulant for greater production, add more parasites to the public payroll, slap on more taxes, and the creeping paralysis slowly sets in. We can stem the tide, even as individuals, by devoting our time and money to back straight-thinking legislators now in municipal, state, and federal government and helping to elect still others of the same high morals and principles who are willing to serve. The need is urgent!

SEYMOUR L. KALISON; 504 Longview Road, Knoxville, Tenn.

In 1946, the migration North from the sunny South took place, and until January, 1950, the health of the meat-eating population of New Haven was safe-guarded by the use of a stamp appearing on choice or other, mostly other, beef, pork, veal and lamb, attesting to its safety as human food.

The year 1946 also saw the loss of the partner in marriage via the divorce courts and a return to the state of single blessedness. This unnatural condition lasted until January 8, 1950, when another union was formed, and with it two children, ready made, were acquired. Thus far, it has proven to be the best deal yet made.

The call of the South was too strong, and in 1950 the whole family returned to Tennessee, where the State Department of Agriculture has supported us ever since in return for any professional help as a veterinarian they can extract from me. At this writing, we are all enjoying the balmy breezes, greens, fried chicken, outdoor life, drive-in movies, year-round golf, and the many other advantages of God's country. All this, and heaven too, will undoubtedly keep us here for some time to come.

GILBERT R. KARNIG; Via Lucullo 6, Rome, Italy.

I am now chief of the mission for CARE in Italy, after having spent two years in Paris as chief for France. I have traveled very

much in all of Europe and North Africa. My hobbies are collecting modern paintings (French, Italian, Spanish, etc.) and visiting out-of-the-way places; also languages. My work is very interesting—negotiating with foreign governments; trying to assist during disasters (right now all tied up with the Po River Valley flood).

PAUL DAGGETT KARSTEN, JR.; Tryon, N.C.

Have achieved a very happy life in this ideal small town. I would say it began about the time that real estate became my career. This was shortly after divorce in 1947 put me back in the single column. Formed the firm of Richardson & Karsten here in Tryon and fast became, after organizing the Tryon-Polk County Board of Realtors, one of the town's leading "real-estators." Later took on Fire and Casualty insurance, and purchased two agencies in order to get a good start. Now have expanded into the life insurance field under the auspices of the Equitable. Really enjoy my work and study to keep up to date in it.

Married Constance Margaret Inness-Brown last year, and now we have a "family" on the way. And believe me, what with having a pedigreed Boxer pup (Bingo) to train, and a golf score to shorten, together with playing in the weekly bridge tournaments, and trying to learn all there is to know about insurance (and babies), life is pretty busy right here in Tryon.

One of our pleasures here is our Tryon Little Theatre, and it was a boost for the morale when I was "acclaimed" as an actor after taking the part of Joe in "The Male Animal." Have been active in the Episcopal Church lately and we plan to bring up the children in it.

We missed the 15th, but Connie and I are already looking forward to the 20th.

LOUIS J. KAYE; 572 Imperial Avenue, Westport, Conn.

I was a member of Yale '36 from 1932 to 1934, and then completed my work for a B.A. at the University of Michigan. I held a variety of jobs; then served in the U.S. Army, 1943-46. Now I am selling sales presentation, catalogue, and binding design and manufacture for the Stoves Binding Co., New York City. My wife, Sylvia (1939) and I have a daughter, Laurie (1945); son, William (1950). House, garden, car, and commutation ticket. Member, fathers club, Saugatuck School.

MAURICE J. KELLER; 3701 Grandell Square, St. Louis 8, Mo.

Late in 1945, I returned from India after having served as Flight Surgeon all the way from Karachi to Kunming. I was appalled at



mass human misery taken so for granted by those more fortunate, and knew then as did we all that these millions with their great potential would some day burst the bonds and go to something with a promise, even if only a promise. We are already regretting lost opportunities; will we regret more?

Having unjoined from the Army of the U.S., I returned to resume the hospital training that had been interrupted four years before: a year at Boston City Hospital, then almost two years at New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital, where I finished in the specialty of Pediatrics along with Bob Heavenrich, whom I kept happily running into and working with, even during the war years. We two and Dr. Jim Parker were amazingly assigned to same outfit for brief periods, when songs of old Eli rent the air, your truly definitely and invariably bringing up the rear and threatening imminent washouts, but always the two others pulling us through handsomely.

Then finally I returned to private practice in Salem and Marblehead, Mass., where there was time enough in the early days for plenty of sailing and golf, and where I became a Licentiate of the American Board of Pediatrics and Fellow of American Academy of Pediatrics. Also I became a staff member of Salem Hospital, North Shore Babies' Hospital, and Boston Childrens' Hospital, where I had a stimulating time teaching small groups of Harvard Medical students.

The serenity of a bachelor's life was suddenly and happily ended by Helene Berwald, of St. Louis, Mo., on November 11, 1950, in her home city, and ne'er was there a happier one than I. Thence we came back East via White Sulphur Springs and Williamsburg, and back to the care of the sick in Salem town—but not for long. The lure of the West and the prospect of joining a fine Medical Group prompted our return to St. Louis, and here we expect to remain.

ARTHUR CORSON KELSEY; 135 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

After four happy years as Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, Franklin, Penn., I came on to Boston, in 1948, as an assistant to the Reverend Whitney Hale, at the Church of the Advent, Boston, and to be Vicar of St. Stephen's Church in Boston's South End, and a chaplain at the Massachusetts General Hospital. My ministry here has been a full one, rich in experience in all types of pastoral work and problems, and in professional relationships with various community agencies and resources. The great personal event of the last three years has been my marriage to Louise Martien Lammers, of Baltimore and Wellesley College, and the arrival of our daughter, Meg, who is just beginning to walk. My step-daughter, Ann, is about

to become a first-grader, and is showing already a talent for personal relationships and a charm that make us like to burst with parental pride.

There has been little time for much outside my work and my family, though in the course of my duties here, and at conferences and during vacations we have met many interesting people and have done things we have always looked forward to doing. Our interests include music, lectures, books, traveling, our children and their experiences, Martha's Vineyard, and always the thrilling problem of the interrelationships of Church and Society, the problem of ultimate meaning, which appears to many to be crucial in our time.

We expect to be leaving soon for a parish of my own, but just where that will be is not yet clear. By the time you read this we ought to know, and I'll tell you about it in the next issue of the 1936 Class Book.

JAMES G. KELSEY; 162 Circuit Avenue, Waterbury, Conn.

Immediately after graduation, I was employed by the American Brass Company in Waterbury, Conn., first as a machinist's helper, then as a draftsman in the central engineering department.

Dorothy G. Prince of West Haven became my wife on June 17, 1939, and we set up housekeeping in a small apartment. When it became apparent that Jean Carolyn Kelsey would join the family on April 19, 1941, we started to build a new home.

However, about this time the Navy Department became rather insistent and on May 31, 1941, I reported for active duty as an Ensign, USNR, aboard the submarine *U.S.S. "S-26."* In July, 1941, "Dot" and Joan moved into our new home, where I was a frequent weekend visitor while my ship was operating out of New London.

Then in October, I was transferred to the aircraft carrier *U.S.S. Hornet*, CV-8, of Shangri-la fame, where the varied duties of a Junior Division Officer in the engineering department kept me occupied. Shortly after Christmas, an extra half stripe was acquired and the ship sailed for the Pacific War Zone. This cruise came to a violent end at Santa Cruz, where the *Hornet* was sunk on October 26, 1942. After spending six weeks in San Diego Naval Hospital and two months at home on sick leave, and having advanced meanwhile to full Lieutenant, I was assigned to the commissioning detail of the aircraft carrier *U.S.S. Monterey*, CVL-26. Shortly after the *Monterey* was commissioned in June, 1943, my promotion to Lt. Commander came through, which made me rather senior for my position as E Division officer. In September the *Monterey* passed through the "Big Ditch" en route to join the Fifth Fleet off Tarawa.

Our second daughter, Judith Dorothy Kelsey, arrived on December



14, 1943, but she was sixteen months old before we could start getting acquainted.

During the summer of 1944, I became Assistant Engineer of the *Monterey*, and this was my billet for the remainder of the war. Finally the big day arrived and civilian clothes felt unfamiliar after fifty-nine months of active duty and thirteen major carrier engagements in the Pacific.

The American Brass Company seemed glad to have me back, and after a short period on my old job, they transferred me to their Detroit, Mich., branch as Construction Engineer in July, 1946. After an extended tour of Detroit real estate offices, a new home was purchased and in October, "Dot," Joan, and Judy joined me. Then in June, 1949, just as we were all getting accustomed to the big city ways, The American Brass Company transferred me back to their central Engineering Department in Waterbury, Conn., as Assistant to the Furnace Design Division Engineer. This set off another flurry of house hunting, but we were soon settled in our present home.

Shortly after getting settled in my new job, I became associated with the newly organized Naval Reserve Unit in Waterbury, and in October, 1949, I was appointed Commanding Officer of Organized Surface Battalion 3-6, U.S. Naval Reserve, which means "Dot" knows where I can be found two or three nights a week! Right now I am sweating out another promotion and a possible recall to active duty.

WHITNEY T. KELSEY; 1 Ridge Drive East, Berkeley Heights, N.J.

This quinquennial self-searching reveals that the last five years have been considerably less eventful than the preceding period, which in most respects is perfectly o.k. with yours truly. The same beautiful bride continues to tend my bed and board. The rest of the family has expanded by one, so now there are two little blessings to prevent their mother's day from becoming monotonous. The Guaranty Trust Company of New York continues to pay my salary and to let me loan out that green stuff—anybody need some?—worse than me? All of which brings up the major problem of the last five years, keeping one step ahead of old man inflation. Anyone having the solution can do The Greatest Class its greatest favor by letting us in on the secret. Golf remains my favorite sport. And here a word of advice to golf lovers; don't marry a tennis fiend. But I still play a good deal of golf, too. Other extra-curricular activities include the opera, theater, and concerts, as well as vacationing on Cape Cod, all of which I can recommend heartily, particularly the latter.

JOHN RHOADES KENDALL; c/o Standard-Vacuum Oil Company, Singapore.

When war ended in 1945, I rejoined the company I had worked for before the war, the Standard-Vacuum Oil Co. This company is affiliated both with Standard Oil of New Jersey and Socony-Vacuum and operates in Asia and the Far East from Japan to South Africa and includes Australia and New Zealand.

I was posted to Singapore and in March, 1946, became District Manager at Ipoh in the heart of the tin producing area of Malaya. My wife and child joined me there, and our second child, a son, was born at the Government Hospital nearby in the town of Batu Gajah (literally translated "Stone Elephant").

We left Ipoh in 1948 about two months before the bandit uprising in Malaya and were posted to Bangkok, where I was Acting Territory Manager for the Kingdom of Thailand. January, 1949, saw us on six months home leave, where we made headquarters in St. Helena, Calif., with a trip east, at which time we saw many old friends.

In September, 1949, I was posted to Singapore as District Sales Manager, where I am today. It is an interesting area, as it includes the Crown Colonies of Sarawak and British North Borneo, as well as the State of Johore and the Island of Singapore. In December, 1950, due to the tense situation which developed in the Far East as a result of China joining the Korean War, my wife and children went home, but have since returned, in August of this year.

We will be going on leave again a year from now and hope to go by Europe, ending up on the East Coast before Christmas, 1952.

STANLEY J. KEYES, JR.; 30 Old Post Road, Rye, N.Y.

Since last recording my autobiography for the ten-year record, I have continued to live in Westchester, commute daily to New York and have stayed in the advertising agency business with my own agency. The business has been growing despite hot and cold wars, taxes, shortages and the Missouri Waltz. I find that recently I have had to travel a great deal and even though I always have good intentions of looking up some long-lost Eli, it is very seldom that the opportunity has arisen.

We had our third child the day before the Class' 10th Reunion and have found out what was causing that sort of thing and since then put a complete check on it. I'm trying to head our son towards the Class of 1961.

We live in a community that is loaded with Elis. Numbered among them are former classmates Wid Cates, Dick Herold, Jerry Roscoe, Dick Pinkham, Dick Rossbach, and many others not in our class. I still get a big kick out of being a Westchester fall commuter to the Bowl, and try not to miss a game.



Believe it or not, my favorite hobby is gardening. We have a big place and my work goes much beyond the chore of weekly grass-cutting. I'm even crazy enough about the hobby to keep a rather large greenhouse in operation twelve months a year.

My contribution to the community centers around being a vice-president of the local Y.M.C.A. and also working on special fund drives of our local hospital. Apparently I have also inherited the title of vice-president in charge of raffles for the Class of '36. It seems to be the only way we can shake an extra dollar bill out of you fellows to help build up the Class Fund.

I still think Yale is the Center of learning in the United States and will violently defend it against any attack upon this position. I am sure that Yale has done more for me than I have for her and I hope some day to be able to bring that record into closer balance.

GARFIELD KING; 575 E. Westminster Avenue, Lake Forest, Ill.

My family consists of my wife, Mary Rick King; a daughter, Sheila; and a son, Charles Garfield. I am employed by the Morton Salt Company, as Vice-President and Treasurer.

RICHARD A. KINZER; 543 Elmwood Avenue, Burlington, Wisc.

After Yale came Law School, the bar exam, and active practice in Milwaukee. The war years were spent in the Southwest Pacific capturing island after island, each of which looked exactly like its predecessor and seemed like a bad dream which kept repeating itself. How we envied the boys in Europe who captured cities, girls, wine cellars . . . . I remember one friend who wrote home complaining bitterly because the martinis in London were without olives. However, during the last six months overseas, I had the rare privilege of working on General MacArthur's staff. Between soldiering in the field under him and working on his staff, I came away with an admiration of him little short of idolatry.

Whether or not I used my time at Yale to best advantage, the time I spent at Northampton (probably better than half my upperclass days) was spent most profitably. After a whirlwind romance lasting six years I married Jane Howe McMillan, Smith '38, in 1940. We now have a daughter, who is eight, and a boy, five. Both wonderful children.

After an absence of five years during the war years and the untimely death of my law partner, the practice of law held little further interest for me. In 1946, I accepted a position with Burlington Mills, Inc., Burlington, Wisc., where I am now the Sales Manager. Having lived all my life in the city, moving to a small

town has been a revelation—and a happy one. Life is so much easier, the pace is slower, the people friendlier.

May I add a word about the 15th Reunion. This was my first visit to New Haven since graduation and it couldn't have been a happier one. The men who organized and ran the Reunion are to be congratulated. Old friendships were renewed and new friendships formed. I was amazed and filled with pride at the accomplishments of the members of our class. There is little doubt in my mind but that the Class of 1936, ere it runs its course, will have established itself as one of Yale's greatest.

ALLAN F. KITCHEL, JR.; Binney Lane, Old Greenwich, Conn.

The glamour and excitement of the war years, like a famous general, just faded away, leaving the everyday chores, headaches, joys, responsibilities, and commuting following along in endless array. The children grow and blossom out as little ladies should; Mother gets better looking along with her daughters; and Father (when he faces the matter squarely) admits to being (and having been) a pretty lucky guy in the domestic bliss department. Spending money comes from the same old reliable source—Universal Pictures—with assists on the newsreel and an occasional credit line on a one or two-reeler. Not too much of a social lion, with five dances a year, visits with Greenwood, Preston, Oelschlager, White, and other members of that amazing class. Living in one town so long, it is too easy to be talked into Community Chest duties, church-raising campaigns, and so forth. Also a stint with the local GOP'ers, in more or less of a yes-me-too capacity. Church-wise, a belated recognition of the need for church support and church affiliation, which gained momentum until honored with a seat on the vestry of the Episcopal Church in Riverside. Spare time is spent mowing the lawn, swimming when warm, drinking with friends, movies, television, and wondering how you fat guys do it. (We mean putting on weight.) All in all, it is a wonderful world, but can't someone in the class arrange things better so (1) taxes could be lower; (2) Republicans could be President more often; (3) Russia would fall flat on its nose; and (4) there was more time for wine, women and song. Yale—Yes!

FREDERICK ROBERT KLAUCK; Whitewood, Landenberg, Pa.

Two children—Wendy (1947) and Karl (1949)—have required enlargement of the house, now underway. Soil mechanics and foundation engineer, plus research for the Dupont Co. requires considerable travel around the country.



CHARLES F. KLING; 2700 Chesterton Road, Shaker Heights 22, Ohio.

Since reporting my activities as of 1945 there have been very few changes.

I still have the same wife and the same two children and we are all five years older.

My executive duties and responsibilities are the same with two additions—I am a Director of the Diamond Portland Cement Company and The Cleveland Builders Supply Company.

My chief position is Vice President of Merrill, Turben & Co., and Secretary and Treasurer of The Kling Realty Company. I hold Directorships in Gibbons-O'Neill, Inc., Western Reserve Investing Company, and the two companies that I mentioned above.

My club memberships are as follows: Union Club Company; Tavern Club Company; Kirtland Country Club; Pepper Pike Country Club, and the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club.

My wife and daughter have been extremely active in riding and jumping, to the extent that I have felt that I should hold up my part of the family riding activities and therefore participated in one-fourth interest in a Steeplechase Horse named "Allflor," who eats a lot of hay but wins very little money.

JOHN MERRILL KNAPP; 16 Linden Lane, Princeton, N.J.

Returned to Princeton in February, 1946, after four years in the Navy. Was appointed Assistant to the Dean of the College and helped the Administration resettle other ex-Service men, particularly those whose academic careers were interrupted by the War. In the Fall I took over my old job as Director of the Princeton Glee Club and Instructor in the Music Department.

Life has flowed along in a fairly even pattern since then. Major events that have disturbed "the even tenor of our way" have been the arrival of a second daughter, Linda, on October 9, 1949; a promotion to Assistant Professor; appointment as Acting Chairman of the Music Department; and finally a Fellowship for travel and study abroad.

New Haven is not too far away; so there are occasional opportunities to get back, or else to filter through Westchester County and the lower Connecticut area, where the Eli's are as thick as thieves. This tends to counteract the Princeton influence, which is also thick when one lives in the middle of it.

ROBERT W. KNEBEL; 317 Rhine Cliff Drive, Rochester 18, N.Y.

I'm married and have three children. I own a business: Knebel Electro, which makes optical instruments—the Knebel Clinical

Camera, colored 35 mm pictures, for doctors, dentists, hospitals, colleges, etc. I'm a member of "Toastmasters International," and my enthusiasms are fishing, hunting, and terrariums.

KENNETH DONALD KORNRICH; 358 Fern St., West Hartford, Conn.

Five years after Yale, I finished at U. of Md. Dental School, and hung out my shingle in downtown Hartford. It was pleasant to start practice when patients were feverishly searching for someone to take care of them. The "tough struggle" of the depression years was only a bull-session with the old-timers. As a man with an income, I saw fit to culminate my Baltimore "amatory interests" in marriage to Jeanne Adele Robinson on May 17, 1942.

We spent two years in luxurious living in a single small bedroom with dubious "kitchen privileges," for which we were happy to pay 20% more than the rent for the whole apartment. The U.S. Army Air Force took us out of this misery in September, 1943, to aid in the battle of Miami Beach. After establishing this beachhead, came an extended stay in Sioux Falls, S.D., where we were amazed to find sidewalks on the streets, and no Indians. William Sanford was born here on January 10, 1945, after the Japanese obligingly surrendered in time to cancel my orders to Pacific duty.

Then came months of utter inactivity awaiting discharge, in October, 1946. Finally we were free to begin the search for office and apartment space. I was back in practice in one month, and returned to my former clinics with the Hartford Dispensary, and the City Health Department.

My recreation is at a minimum since Barbara Lynn arrived December 10, 1949, and the little monsters demand all the time they can get. After a frightening fire in our apartment, we moved to West Hartford, and now have our own little everlasting mortgage. Also we have on our front lawn a gorgeous oak, a giant of some 250 years, supposed to be the largest in Connecticut. We can prove this by the millions of leaves raked in the fall.

I have been sporadically active in my dental fraternity, Alpha Omega, and resumed an old interest in philately, now as a U.P.U. specialist. Finally, I enjoy a session of contract, an interest not begun at Yale—amazingly enough—but started while waiting to remove the captain's bars.

PAUL L. KRUG; 16 Walworth Avenue, Scarsdale, N.Y.

After graduation and one more year at the Dunwoodie Baking School, I joined the King Baking Company and am now manager of the Mt. Vernon and New Jersey plants. I married Ella Galvin in



1940 and have since accumulated four girls and two boys. I am strictly a conservative within the limits and responsibilities of Christian political morality.

ARTHUR E. LAIDLAW; 69 School Street, Keene, N.H.

Graduated from Yale Medical School in 1939. Interned at Johns Hopkins Hospital, also the Children's Hospital in Boston and the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York City.

Have spent time since then in the Army, raising two children, fishing, and practising Pediatrics as a specialty.

WILLIAM O. LAMOTTE, JR.; "Spottswood," Kennett Square, R.D. 1, Pa.

Standing in upper Delaware, it is almost possible to spit into three adjoining states. So when the desire developed three and one half years ago to live in a big old house in the country, we found ourselves across the state line in Pennsylvania. Here we are giving our three youngsters, now ten, eight and four, the benefit of the great out of doors, and ourselves enjoying the relaxing freshness of a beautiful countryside. Especially is the latter appreciated each evening as the city of Wilmington, with its hustle and bustle and worry is left behind, for it is here that my medical practice resides and thrives, and usually lets me alone at home for, fortunately, and not without some prior realization thereto, the specialty of eye disease is to some extent a controllable one and deficient in frequent night emergencies.

I am intensely interested in my work and in exploring a few of the many frontiers of that field. But some fifteen years after graduation I am no longer interested in pursuing the will of the wisp of professional fame requiring unrelenting drive in one direction to the detriment of self, health, family, and future peace of mind. I believe we have two chief responsibilities in our work, whatever it may be; first, to do the job for which we have been trained to the best of our ability; second, to use that job as a framework for a life dedicated to helping others. The Christian faith is the hope of mankind, but the organized church is an archaic vehicle for its practice and perpetuation. That is why the individual must be deeply aware of the two responsibilities in his work.

PETER B. LANGMUIR; 720 East Wisconsin Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

On the very day of Yale's 1948 triumph over Midwestern football at Madison, the Langmuirs huffed and puffed and out popped Twin A and Twin B, now know informally as "the more" and "the merrier."

This represents our major achievement and has had far reaching consequences not the least being a seven-bedroom mortgage on a five-bedroom house.

Any time that can be spared from the living demonstration that four children are an awful lot of children is still occupied with the industrial investments of the Northwestern Mutual.

ELDRIDGE L. LASELL; The Greenway Apartments, 34th and Charles Streets, Baltimore 18, Md.

From the time I was discharged from the U.S. Army until July 1, 1948, I was an interne and assistant resident at the Henry Phipps Psychiatric Clinic of the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Since 1947, I have been undergoing psychoanalytic training—achieving the status in 1950 of Associate Member of the Baltimore Psychoanalytic Institute.

Since 1948, I have been engaged in the private practise of psychoanalysis. Since July 1, 1950, I have spent one afternoon a week as Attending in Neuropsychiatry at a nearby psychiatric hospital of the Veterans Administration. Since July 1, 1951, I have spent one morning a week as Assistant in Psychiatry in the out-patient department of the Henry Phipps Psychiatric Clinic. Chiefly these positions entail supervising and training resident psychiatrists and medical students.

Further details about personal activities, prejudices, tastes, etc., will have to wait for the next autobiographical installment.

GEORGE M. LASELL, JR.; 293 Congress St., Bridgeport, Conn.

My job is as Quality Control Engineer for the Sikorsky Aircraft, Bridgeport, Conn. I am an old bachelor, and I have no hobbies. I teach math. nights at the Bridgeport Engineering Institute and was a member of the Junior C. of C. until recently, becoming an exhausted rooster. Mother died on November 25, 1950, and since then I have kept house for my father and myself. Don't laugh at that one about womens' work never being done. Enjoy dating and getting hoarse at the Yale Bowl.

FREDERIC HANES LASSITER; 360 Lynn Avenue, Winston Salem, N.C.

My work is as VicePresident and Director of the Lassiter Corporation, celophane converters and package manufacturers. I am married, and my wife and I have two children, Elizabeth and Frederic. My principal hobby is airplanes.



CHARLES Y. LAZARUS; 92 Stanbery Avenue, Columbus 9, Ohio.

The arrival of twins in January, 1949, Stuart and Wendy, and an older daughter, Peggy, in June, 1947, gives us a family of five.

Since 1946, my jobs have included only two: First, Vice President and, currently, Executive Vice President of the F. & R. Lazarus & Company, Columbus, Ohio.

There have been many civic activities that have gone on in the last three or four years—this year I found myself as General Chairman of the 1952 Community Chest Drive.

Golfing and tennis—both poor—take up most of my spare time that the children do not usurp.

WILLIAM M. LEAVENWORTH, M.D.; 5111 Newton Street N.E., Washington 18, D.C.

After leaving Yale in 1936, I was employed in various engineering capacities for six years, the last three years as production engineer in a Brooklyn ship-yard. About that time I decided to follow the family tradition after all, and took some pre-medical work at Columbia. I entered Western Reserve University School of Medicine in 1943, and graduated in 1946. I interned at Queens General Hospital in New York City. After several months assisting a general practitioner in Chattanooga, Tenn., I was employed as Plant Physician by the General Motors Corp., at Dayton, Ohio, resigning in 1949 to take specialty training. For the past two years I have been Radiology resident at Garfield Memorial, Doctors and Emergency Hospitals in Washington, D.C. Ten days ago I went on active duty in the Air Force, rank of captain, temporarily assigned to Bolling Field, with orders to Orlando, Fla., on October 1st.

In August, 1947, I was married to Elizabeth Hall, of Spring Glen, Conn. Our son Christopher was born three years ago.

At present I am working frantically to finish up a research project at Walter Reed General Hospital before leaving town. This thing has to do with the delayed effects of million-volt irradiation, and is supposed to be very significant. When this job is out of the way, I hope to have time for "social, civic, political, philanthropic, etc., activities." Meanwhile, I sometimes wish I had gone to work for Proctor & Gamble!

WILLIAM LEE; Plainville, Conn.

As in Quinqueniad II, about half of these last five years were spent in the tropics, this time under the aegis of Standard Oil (N.J.) and in the Carribean instead of the less urbane South Pacific. In Aruba, N.W.I. (within sight of Curacao and an occasional Grace Liner), there is an A.C.S.-approved hospital as effective as any 130-

bed general hospital in the States, taking care of a wonderfully polyglot, polychromatic community of 25,000. I was one of three doing general surgery there. The difference between languishing in the Navy and being busy in Aruba was striking and was magnified by my family's being there too, enjoying a *moderne* house, wonderful swimming, and selected activities at our unexpectedly fabulous club. Bill and Christopher, who was born in Aruba, selected the ice cream bar.

It was a nice place to visit, but we wouldn't want to live there forever, so we came home to Connecticut last December to start a rather more settled life for all of us, living in our own house in Plainville about ten minutes from my job as assistant medical director at The Stanley Works in New Britain. I now have lots of time with the family and also time and even the inclination to be a carpenter and gardener. Though none of our old friends are neighbors, we are geographically near the center of a convenient circle of a few good friends. Hartford, where I had a couple of years surgical training after the Navy, is near by. New Haven is forty-five minutes away and the shore not much further. Things are quite pleasant in our little sphere. Hope they will soon be pleasanter on this big old beat up one.

WILLIAM BEECHER LEIGHTON; 29 Garthwaite Terrace, Maplewood, N.J.

Married Ethel Eva Weber in June, 1939. One son, Stephen Beecher, age five. The business profession and married life looked forward to at college are being realized with deep satisfaction and the hope that son Stephen can have the same or better fortune. Steve's grandfather, Kenneth William Leighton, graduated Yale 1908S.

Most enjoyable year for me at Yale was 1936 as a senior residing at Saybrook College. During the previous college years I roomed at my parents' home in New Haven. Following graduation I became associated with Carbide and Carbon Chemicals Company and have been chemical engineering for them ever since. After a 1½-year training period in chemical production at South Charleston, W. Va., I started my present work 1938 with the Special Products Division in New York City.

Present work covers the design, sale, supervision of installation and initial operation of complete solvent recovery plants employing activated carbon as the recovery medium. Work also includes technical service in connection with existing recovery plants, solvent loss surveys and new project development. Instrumentation of completely automatic recovery plants is an interesting part of the work, particularly in view of the multitude of industrial instruments available



today for maintaining safe, efficient and economical plant operation.

Enjoy skiing and golf and general recreation with family and would like more time to indulge in all three of these pastimes. Now enjoy three weeks' vacation each year, usually taken in the Summer at the seashore.

Am a member of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers, American Chemical Society, Yale Engineering Association, and have a license pending for practice as a Professional Engineer in the State of New York.

DAVID LESTER; 40 West Prospect Street, New Haven 15, Conn.

Relatively, I suppose my life has been dull: from '36-'37 I did factory work to raise enough money to go to graduate school, which I did starting in '37 and getting my doctorate in organic chemistry at Yale in '40. Then I did what many of our class perhaps devoutly wished they could do; I became associated with the Dr. Kinsey of Yale, H. W. Haggard (A. P. 63) in the Laboratory of Applied Physiology, first as Research Assistant and then as Research Associate (Associate Prof.). Since 1940, then, in association with colleagues in the laboratory, I have authored some 30 articles in various scientific journals in the fields of analytical chemistry, physiology, pharmacology, and toxicology.

My interests have been broad and I have lately become associated with that phase of the laboratory's work devoted to alcoholism. Financially, the job does not match industry, but the advantages far outweigh this lack, and if fortune smiles, some consultation work results.

In '38 I married, and after weathering the long hours of graduate work, and the additional work brought on by the war, we had our first child in 1945, a girl, and in 1948 another, a boy. Period. In 1948 I was married again, this time to an 18' sloop, which I divorced in 1951, but with a feeling of sadness. Many happy hours were spent on the sailboat and if ever I should strike it rich, I shall spend my summers with my family cruising the Atlantic coast in, say, a 35' yawl. Failing this, it might be possible to persuade some pharmaceutical house to provide funds for a study of seasickness engendered in landlubbers aboard sailing vessels.

HARRY S. LEYMAN, JR.; 1416 First National Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

I am President of the Leyman Mfg. Co., which makes McGowan pumps. I am married and have three children.

RICHARD H. LICHT; 130 Buena Vista, El Paso, Tex.

The Department of Architecture of the Yale School of Fine Arts

gave me the degree of B.F.A in 1937. I left Hartsdale, N.Y., and moved to El Paso, Tex., in January, 1948, formed a partnership with James E. Monroe, Jr., and have been practising architecture in El Paso as Monroe & Licht, Architects, 1501 First National Building, El Paso, Tex. We have designed mostly commercial buildings, schools and churches, and at present are engaged chiefly in designing Army structures for the Corps of Engineers, U.S.A.

I am happily married and have four children, Judith Elaine and Barbara Anne, twins, seven; Frances Helen, four; and Arthur Wallace, three. My chief hobby is sketching and painting. I am a member of the American Institute of Architects, Y.M.C.A., Texas Society of Architects, and El Paso Artists' Association.

ROBERT B. LINCOLN; 13 McKinley Street, Rowayton, Conn.

First job following graduation was with Turner Construction Company as timekeeper and job accountant in construction of a building in New York City. Present employment with Lockwood Greene Engineers began on completion of construction job with Turner early in 1937, and has continued to present, except for leave of absence during the war. Lockwood Greene is the oldest firm of consulting engineers in the business and does work all over the world. The company has had me working in the field as a resident engineer and in the office as a designer and project manager, and a few years back saw fit to make me a member of the firm.

From early in 1941 until late 1945 was spent with the Navy, working on the design and construction of graving docks and of welded steel floating drydocks. Nearly two years of this time was spent as Assistant to the Officer-in-Charge of construction at the U.S. Naval Dry Docks, Morgan City, La., where over \$30 million worth of floating dry docks were built. The rest of the four years with the Navy was mostly spent in New York, with some time at the Navy Department in Washington and in Navy Yards on the east coast.

Married February 22, 1950, in Bayside, N.Y., to Ruth W. Harnden. Our first child, a daughter, Robin Louise, was born July 26, 1951, in the Norwalk Hospital.

Some time before Labor Day we expect to move to Overbrook Lane, Darien, Conn., to the house we are building there. On the design and supervision of construction of this house I served as my own architect, a chore I might not have undertaken if I had known, when I started last fall, the amount of time and effort that would be required.

Clubs:—County Tennis Club of Westchester, Scarsdale, N.Y. Several classmates are members here.

Professional Societies, Licenses:—Member American Society of Civil Engineers; Licensed Professional Engineer in New York, Connecticut, and Mississippi; Listed in "Who's Who in Engineering."



ALBERT W. LINDEKE, JR.; 433 Washington Street, Waller Waller, Wash.

The last two and a half years past have been passed by yours truly in the Puget Sound Country, namely Tacoma. Here, incidentally, our second very spry and highly gifted daughter, Caroline Saunders, arrived about two years ago.

Late this spring we moved to the above address, but still the State of Washington, a state, I might add, which has much to recommend it.

Due to the transition stage we were in during June, it was impossible to get to the reunion of Yale's greatest Class that month despite the beckoning appeals of Joe Barclay and many others. Anyhow, for Dick Pinkham's information, yours truly shall be at the twentieth without fail.

WILLIAM MAC LINGO, JR.; 5116 Hines Boulevard, Dallas, Tex.

Since bright college years, things have been pretty slow; fifteen years of just sort of lumbering along. The new B.S. settled down in Pap's wood lot, and calculus was invaluable calculating tuba fours. Dean Meeks stood me in good stead building telephone cabinets, and Glenn Saxon was of great assistance extracting fo' dollars out of the congregation of the Rising Star Baptist Church. Perseverance won out, though, and gradually I unlearned enough of my early training to make a fair grade lumber-yard hand. I'm bull of the woods at the home place now, and am mixed up in yards pretty well around Texas, a couple of sawmills in Louisiana, and two more strings of yards in Missouri and Iowa. I'm going out to Oregon to see how it is out there next week.

I took time out during the last war, but it was just the same—in Washington in the Lumber Division of the WPB—and then I spent my hitch in the Navy buying lumber for the Army.

Under the head of extracurricular activities, it was only natural to get mixed up (unsuccessfully) in some oil plays. After poor-boying it ten years south of Snyder, we sold out two months before the lid blew off. I also inherited a wholesale hardware business after drink and the devil had done for the rest. I tried (past tense) the automobile game, got tied into a suburban bank, and dabble in some minor ventures.

Another venture was marrying a girl named Betty Lord from Lake Forest (I should have known there were too d-many Yankees down here). That was back in 1938. In 1941 I was the proud father of Mac III. Then later, while I was off fighting the war, a couple of girls, Kathleen and Clifton, came along. Now we are one big happy family, living in a middle-sized auditorium, on which I spend all my spare time (both hours every week) building more onto it.

I went back to New Haven once, but it was during the 1938 hurricane, so I don't believe I'll try it again soon.

**RICHARD WILLIAM LIPPMAN**; 4751 Fountain Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

After graduation, I received an M.D. from Columbia in 1940, and interned at Beth Israel Hospital in New York. I married Anne Folsom in 1940, and we had three children: Richard J., six, Martha A., four, and Stephen S., one. I entered the Army as a First Lieutenant, M.C., in February, 1942, and spent two years overseas, in every job from infantry medic to V.D. control to command of a hospital. I was reborn in January, 1946. After several months' disorientation, I was assigned to Prof. Thomas Addis, Stanford University Medical School, as a Postgraduate Research Fellow, 1946-8. I moved to Los Angeles, Institute for Medical Research, Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, as a Research Associate and physician in charge of the clinic for kidney diseases and hypertension, in 1948; was a Fellow of the Columbia Foundation, 1949-50; Fellow of John Simon Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, 1950-52; Vice-Chairman, Southern California Section of the Society for Experimental Biology and Medicine; Member of the American Physiological Society, Western Society for Clinical Research, Sigma Xi, Alpha Omega Alpha, A.M.A., etc. I have published papers in the usual scientific journals, and I have a dramatic new book concerning—you guess it, urine—in press. At present, I am older, not much wiser, slightly heavier, and much more tired than I was at Yale, but those who knew me then would know me now.

**ARTHUR J. LOEB**; Box 89, Brevard, N.C.

Still doing business at the same old stand—Ecusta Paper Corporation in North Carolina. I have the same wife and we have had three children. My only regret is that Yale is not co-educational—they are girls. I see too few classmates. Life is as pleasant as can be expected these days. I still have hopes that war can be averted.

**ROBERT ELI LONG**; 3112 South Dakota Avenue, N.E., Washington, D.C.

Although I fully enjoyed my return to academic life at the University of Vermont after the war, I permitted myself to be lured away by a wartime associate, and in 1948 began to work in Washington for one of the government agencies concerned with the national security. I have found the work intensely interesting and very demanding, and have been well and generously treated besides. There are an impressive number of Yale men in this business; as one of



our illustrious alumni pointed out at a Yale Club luncheon, the government would quite obviously collapse if you pulled out all the Yale men. Seriously, however, one comes to realize here how well Yale takes to heart its mission in training men for service "in Church and Civil State."

On the family side, we added a son, James Robert, to our number in November, 1946. With three daughters and a son, we consider it a well-rounded family. Said family is at the moment in Vermont as I sit in Washington. We have kept the temper of our New England souls by returning each summer to a farm we acquired in 1947, and there we become annually renewed in body and spirit.

Never have we lived in a city so characterized by opposites. It is a beautiful city with revolting slums; a worldly city with the most church-going urban population I have ever seen. For myself, having become a Presbyterian by propinquity, I am now one by conviction. Yet sectarianism burns but feebly within me and I rather relish the ecumenical protestantism of the clergymen whose services I attend here.

JOSEPH STEPHEN LONGO; 142 McKinley Avenue, Norwich, Conn.

In March of 1946, the Navy felt it could get along very well without my service and sent me home cross country from California. Enjoyed the trip much better eastward than westward. Dug up the dusty legal shingle and sent out a hurried call for clients. A year later, a three-weeks' tour at the expense of the Elks brought me back to California, Portland, and Lake Louise. I needed this to prepare myself for the arrival of our youngest and last child, Judith Marie, bringing the total of progeny to three. To take up the slack, I served in the General Assembly as State Representative in 1949 and graduated to Senator in the 1951 session. Enjoyed a two-year term as Judge of the City Court until the Supreme Court decided Republicans make better judges than Democrats, in which view we were forced to concur.

In April of 1951 Jim Dutton, an old school friend, and I decided two could work as cheaply as one and started a law firm which now gives me more time to practice my new vocation—golf. Still shooting around 100. Best thing that happened in the last fifteen years was attending the Fifteenth Reunion. The committee provided a wonderful time. See you at the Twentieth.

LUTHER LOOMIS; 205 Norwalk Road, Darien, Conn.

Since last writing, life has been just one damn thing after another.

JOSEPH F. LORD; P.O. Box 175, Church Street, Little Silver, N.J.

No additional children; two dogs; four chickens. I'm interested in local politics—councilman-elect in my home town. Treasurer of the Travellers Aid Society of N.Y. (\$20,000 deficit last year), and Director of the Little Silver Y.M.C.A. (no deficit last year). Trustee of The Masters School (girls), of the Berkshire School (boys), of The Rumson Country Day School (boys and girls).

Sailing and walking behind a power mower furnish enough exercise to keep weight fairly steady. I ride five hundred miles a week to a job I like, as second v.p. of the Guaranty Trust Co. of N.Y. We do not make unsecured loans to individuals.

LOUIS FREDERIC LOUTREL, JR.; 39 Boulder Brook Road, Wellesley, Mass.

Nineteen fifty-one finds the Loutrel family living on the edge of country in Wellesley, Mass., and not quite used to the idea that Daddy got out of college fifteen years back. The success of the June reunion already has resulted in considerable agitation on the part of Betsy, who is eight, and Mimi, six, to attend the next reunion of Vassar '37 with their mother (née Dora Lucy Sinclair). With the boys, Pete, two, and William, who arrived on June 5, 1951, trucks and a bottle on a religious four-hour schedule seem to be their respective major interests at this time.

The source of bread and butter for this tribe is Monsanto Chemical Company, where yours truly has been since graduation and is now in new product development work with the Merrimac Division of the company at Everett, Mass.

Four and a half years service in the Naval Reserve during the war included a year at the Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla. (a veritable Yale reunion), and three and a half years sea duty with command of a sub chaser and destroyer escorts. The latter involved convoy duty in the Atlantic and a Cook's tour of the inactive zones of the South Pacific in the closing months of the war.

Based on recent practice, Hyannis Port, Mass., is probably a good bet for summer address of the family, with sailing and fishing being the principal activities of the old man. Free counsel along these lines (probably worth just about the fee charged) will be gladly provided any visiting Elis.

WILLIAM NEWHALL LOVELL; 6188 Ingleside Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Trying to catch up with others in the class of 1936 has kept me busy since our last class report. Marriage in 1946 gave me a late start, but now we can count one boy, David Gilbert, born in 1947, one boy,



William Bell, born in 1949, and one girl, Elizabeth Ellen (Betsy), born in 1950. I am trying to accommodate myself to my wife's hopes for a fourth within the next year or two. One of our rarest pleasures at present is to drink a cup of hot coffee together in peace and quiet, but also one of our pleasures, we must admit, is the widening family circle around the supper-table.

With the beginning of 1951 I changed jobs, leaving the ministry of South Congregational Church in Chicago to become Presbyterian University Pastor at the University of Chicago. Both jobs are on the frontier, so to speak, of Christian work. South Church was interracial, consisting of Japanese-Americans, Negroes, and whites—difficult, complex, gratifying none the less. I was there for seven years. The excitement of my new job lies in discovering the place of the Christian faith in the sophisticated intellectual life of the university world.

The course of events today in world politics, the UN and Soviet-United States relations, domestic affairs, civil liberties, freedom and security at home and abroad, keeps me radical in my social and political views, though not as doctrinaire and active organizationally as a few years ago. My perspective in just about all matters is the Christian faith, reinterpreted constantly both socially and theologically for its meaning in life and culture.

As for hobbies, my work itself is filled with variety and stimulation. Otherwise, the family comes first and inescapably. Reading, and sports like tennis, soft-ball or ice-skating, are always pleasures. And then there is that rare date with each other to which my wife and I aspire once a month.

CABOT WARD LOW; 173 East 73d Street, New York, N.Y.

I've moved to the above address from New Canaan, Conn.

WILLIAM W. LOW; Madison, Conn.

I am married and have two sons, William, Jr., and Theodore. I work in a partnership—Vita Formulas, Inc., Madison, Conn., manufacturers of leather preservatives. My pastimes are: keeping up the house and grounds of my slowly deteriorating property, unaided by sons; swimming after July 4th; and drinking after Labor Day. As we live on the Post Road, all our friends from Maine to Key West stop in and leave us very little time for any other extra-curricular activities. Won't you join us when you have occasion to be in this vicinity?

ROBERT MAURICE LUBY; 104 Harvard Avenue, Meriden, Conn.

The passing of the last five years has not changed my status to

any great extent. I am still working in the same office in Meriden, Conn., and living in the same house. The general practice of law keeps me busy, and the remaining time is spent with wife, daughter (Deborah Ann, born October, 1946), and son (Robert M., born January, 1950), in pursuing the various activities common to the family man.

**RICHARD T. LUMB**; 10 Parkwood Boulevard, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

It's really interesting looking back over past biographies. For some foolish reason or other I remarked in '46, and it was of no concern to me, that New York needed a ten-cent subway ride. Having done so well for the Big City, I wish I could do as much for the perpendicular pronoun. At the moment, however, taxes and other irksome burdens seem to be having their day.

Seriously, though, the last five years have been as kind as circumstances permit. There was no offspring to report then. Since then there has been an addition—another boy—and it's just possible that before press time a third one should have put in an appearance. We own still more of our home now than we did then, but have managed to fill only half of the two-car garage that came with the place. The family woodworking business still holds me in the same positions, keeps me well out of mischief and with enough pocket change for life's necessity since giving up smoking. In church work my talents have been used for the whole gamut from table waiter to president of the Men's Club, but am currently hiding from further duties. "These responsibilities should be passed around—" and all that sort of stuff. In the military manner, the Reserves still have a grasp on me, but it becomes weaker with age—my age. Another '46 prediction about being a first looie the rest of my life will be good for a few more years, anyway. Other than this there is little to report except that The Bowl is still mecca to me.

For the next five years I want a return to statesmanship in government and our money's worth out of taxes.

**EDMUND P. LUNKEN**; The Lunkenheimer Co., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

When 1945 opened, I was still in the Army Air Force, having just returned from overseas duty of three years. The end of 1945 brought to an end the wearing of the khaki, and 1946 dawned with yours truly back at work in his old job with The Lunkenheimer Company, where I started work after graduation.

With civilian life staring me full in the face, the first necessity, for wife and six-year-old son, was to find a house. Quite a job in those days. Fortunately, my wife being the artistic type, found one of those Early American farm houses just outside of Cincinnati, which



she thought would be lovely to remodel. What a headache! However, it took shape nicely and in about six months was liveable. It is now more liveable, but plumbing and other essentials cause more headaches.

In November, 1946, my second son arrived, making a total of two male children, which number has not been exceeded to date.

In the spring of 1947, while still trying to become acclimated to civilian life, one bright sunny day brought the brilliant idea that I was a great aviator and therefore should prove my prowess in the National Air Races. After locating a sponsor, I bought a surplus P-51, then the sponsor fell through, so I was off wrong from the start. After a lot of blood, sweat and tears, I struggled to California for the start of the Bendix Transcontinental Race, and with more luck than sense, plus cascades of leaking gasoline from the many unplugged holes, I managed to get third place. Then, with a taste of success dulling my judgment, I decided to be a big-time operator in 1948 and acquired another P-51. LUNKEN'S ONE-MAN AIR FORCE! Dawn came abruptly one morning when I realized it was an expensive venture, and so I sold the second plane to the fellow that won the race in 1947. Unfortunately, however, the day I tried to deliver it to him, the engine quit on a take-off and I demolished the airplane, a few hundred feet of fence belonging to the City of Cincinnati and all possible profits, with the net result that I wound up flying my airplane in the 1948 Bendix race with him for his sponsor, and took fourth place, only two minutes behind the winner (the same guy!). Shortly thereafter, I sold the airplane, much to my wife's disgust, as she felt I should have won both years. I then settled back to earth with a little more concentrated effort at the valve works. As a result, I got so engrossed that I had to go to a convention instead of my Fifteenth Reunion, and am now trying to figure ways and means to get a vacation this summer.

Among other things, I am an ardent but mediocre golfer. Have not changed my opinion that if we don't get rid of all the Old Deals in Washington, this country and the Class of '36 are going on the rocks; and that just about brings this up to the present moment.

JOHN D. MACALLISTER, 31 Summer Street, Keene, N.H.

After two years in Yale Medical School, the financial situation became desperate, so I entrepreneured a laboratory (manufacturing and research in chemicals and pharmaceuticals, known as MacAllister Laboratory, in Cleveland, Ohio, and still functioning, at present under the supervision of my father).

Married Shirley Beth Stone, of Richford, Vt., on June 26, 1938. Four sons born of this marriage: John Stone, June 10, 1939; Robert

Wallace, February 7, 1941; David Bruce, July 14, 1946; and the 'last of the Mohicans'—James Duncan, March 14, 1948.

Enlisted in the 112th Observation Squadron, Air Corps, Ohio National Guard, September, 1938, right after Hitler went into Poland. On active duty as Sergeant in the Medical Detachment, Air Corps. Served two years prior to Pearl Harbor, principal assignment as Sergeant-Major of Detached Medical Personnel at Pope Field Air Base, Fort Bragg, N.C.

Out of Army just before Pearl Harbor and resumed medical studies at Western Reserve Medical School in Cleveland, Ohio, the day after returning home. After Pearl Harbor received a Commission in the Medical Administrative Corps and remained on inactive status to pursue my medical education. On active duty four months, then inactive again while I completed an internship and an abbreviated residency (Junior Assistant Resident) in Medicine at Cleveland City Hospital. Returned to Active Duty in May, 1945, principal assignment with the 121st Evacuation Hospital. Finally became a full-fledged civilian in March of 1946.

Removed to Keene, N.H., to set up a general practice of medicine. Have served as City Physician for four and a half years, belong to the Lions Club and to Lodge, Chapter and Council of the Masonic fraternity.

Now enjoying life insofar as is possible in these times. Life in this racket can be hectic, but one advantage of this region as a home is that in *two* minutes one can be out of town and ready to fish, hunt, swim or relax, according to one's pleasure. No commuting, no traffic snarls, Ah Wilderness! With four active sons, I get a fair share of exercise and sports participation.

WILLIAM DICKSON MACEVITT; Randolphville Road, R.D. 1, New Market, N.J.

That much photographed chapel in Oak Ridge, Tenn., formed the setting in which Dorothy Pollock, West Virginia U., '38, became Mrs. MacEvitt. That was in April, 1945. Our first home, an all-plywood dwelling overlooking Happy Valley, served until October, when our work with the Manhattan Project was over.

Two little girls have joined us. Marjorie, who arrived the day after Christmas, 1948, took her first airplane ride to attend the "Fabulous Fifteenth." Kathy came in October, 1950.

House building has been our chief hobby since we gave up flying. We have just finished our ranch-type home near New Brunswick, N.J., which was started in August, 1948. The writer took a personal hand in every phase of the operation, from the design on. It was fun to acquire skill in masonry, carpentry, plumbing, etc. Dorothy made



a door frame the week before Majorie came and finished papering the nursery just in time for Kathy. Any classmate who is inspired by a home-making magazine which says, "You can build it yourself" is cordially invited to stop in for a discussion.

Vacations are preferably spent in remote parts of the Adirondacks with *Playmate*, a 15-foot aluminum canoe. Sometimes a sailing rig for the canoe comes along, but always a tent and mess-kits.

Since 1945, this correspondent has been an Instrument Engineer. Background for this specialty was developed by operating such units as a solvent extraction plant, a cocoa-butter refinery, and a nitric acid plant, as well as spending several years on instrument maintenance. The years 1945 through 1950 saw the writer planning all instrumentation and other automatic control applications for all plants of the Bakelite Division of Union Carbide.

Project Construction Corp., 39 Broadway, N.Y.C., is my new business address. Instrument piping and installation is a specialty, although much of my time is devoted to Instrument Engineering for Project's affiliate, James P. O'Donnell, Engineers.

F. B. MACLAREN; 15 Bay Drive West, Huntington 12, L.I., N.Y.

After graduation, ROTC camp, and a short vacation, came the inevitable problem of making a living. Gibbs and Hill, consulting engineers in New York, originally provided the necessary facilities for this, but in the following year The Bristol Co. of Waterbury, Conn., came through with a more interesting proposition. It entailed developing and designing a number of electronic industrial instruments for production, which is still my favorite occupation (daytime, of course). Bristol was very nice about it, too, providing their most attractive secretary, née Myrtle Stewart, to form a permanent partnership, effective August 10, 1940.

One year later, the Army must have somehow learned of our pleasant, peaceful life and immediately developed a terrific craving for an engineer just my size. Accordingly, another shiny but confused second lieutenant appeared at Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. Through an oversight in the Pentagon, this finally developed into a fortunate assignment at Frankford Arsenal, which made considerable use of my previous experience.

The year 1946 finally brought to an end four and a half years of Army life as officer-in-charge of anti-aircraft gun-fire control development, and marked my final promotion to CIVILIAN. At that time, Glenn L. Martin Co. needed someone to develop a new aircraft radar-computer system, so the Clan MacLaren moved to Baltimore with Robert Bruce, who had been born in 1945, and David Stewart, vintage 1942, helping very little.

After two and a half years, this project was nearing completion, and greener fields appeared in Long Island at The Servo Corporation of America, who thought it would be nice to have a new chief engineer of their guided missile control system development laboratory. Accordingly, the Clan found a new home to their liking on Huntington Bay and took up residence there in December, 1948.

Those greener fields at Servo Corp. soon turned brown, however, so in the following year the Perkin-Elmer Corporation found a willing engineer to design their new bombing computer system. This went along fine until the company moved to Connecticut last December, thereby providing the necessary push to start my own engineering consulting business right in Huntington, which by this time had become our favorite place to live. With Myrtle as secretary and the beach as a sub-office, the venture has its merits, particularly if you enjoy going from rags to riches and return several times a month, but independently! Most of the work entails electronic and mechanical design of military systems, components, etc., and the future looks very promising—this week.

Huntington Bay Hills is a wonderful spot where Myrtle and the boys spend their time swimming and playing all kinds of sports, with the old man joining in whenever time permits. Even Harry S. (the dog) finds it a place abounding in his favorite sports, too. The advantages can best be demonstrated in a personal visit, which would be welcomed at any time.

GEORGE G. MAIRS; Dellwood, White Bear Lake, Minn.

I was married to Florence L. Howard in August, 1942, and we now have two boys—Samuel G. and George G. Jr., eight and a half and five years old, respectively. Since graduation I have worked for the Archer-Daniels-Midland Co., in various branches and now hold the honored title of Vice President in the Commander-Larabee Milling Co. Division. My duties are in the production end of the business.

My hobbies are mostly of an active nature—tennis and golf in the summer, with squash, skiing, and skating in winter. A liberal amount of hunting takes place in the fall. Reading is pretty much limited to the *Saturday Evening Post* and I am way behind in that.

Politically I have served a term as Councilman of the Village of Dellwood, Inc., and am embarking on my second term as Treasurer, to which I was unanimously elected with seven votes. Unfortunately graft has not reached this far and my wife must do without a mink. Nor do we have a T.V.

HIRAM R. MALLINSON; 306 East 84th Street, New York, N.Y.

Since last communiqué, these happenings of major and minor



import occurred: (a) Was appointed advertising manager of the *Herald Tribune's THIS WEEK* magazine. (b) Desiring broader fields, have negotiated for government foreign service—news of which you may read with glowing interest in our next quinquennial report. (c) Became a landowner—a brownstone with garden in the heart of this big city, both my wife and I having longed for a real home base in lieu of cliff dwelling for some time.

For rest and recreation, hunting has been foremost; more recently with the bow and arrow, which I highly recommend to sated game hunters as foolish-looking but great fun. Summers at Easthampton—a cottage on the dunes by a fine stretch of sea. Last summer Kay and I had six weeks in European regions, some of them a little off the beaten track—Yugoslavia, Spain, Italy and Austria—making contacts and gaining some insight into political situations that have further whetted my desire for foreign service.

IRVING H. MANN; 7643 South Essex Avenue, Chicago 49, Ill.

Life proceeded on a fairly even keel during the past five years. In retrospect, perhaps the most important event was the arrival of our second son, Lawrence Alan, on April 30, 1948. With two young Indians in the house, we are searching for some nearby partially civilized tribe to calm them down.

The period was also marked by my acquisition of a C.P.A. certificate in March, 1950, after a prolonged course of night study at Northwestern University and a gruelling exam. My family, having existed for six months before the exam with only a few curt words from the breadwinner during the intensive review course, took me back into the fold and all was forgiven.

Since 1936, I have been with the same firm, Globe Roofing Products Co., Inc., of Whiting, Ind. The company has enjoyed a great period of growth in the last fifteen years, and in 1947, built a roofing felt mill, our third plant, in Chicago, where we manufacture building papers, automotive felts, etc. As Treasurer and a Director, my eight plus hours per day are well occupied.

We still enjoy seeing a good movie, television to the contrary, and try to take in plays, concerts and baseball games. An occasional game of golf plus a few calisthenics and playing with the kids keeps me fairly trim.

My fervent hope is for a peaceful world, but am keeping my fingers crossed. There is no question at all in my mind that the United States should be strong at all times.

EDWARD WILSON MANSFIELD; 1651 Central Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

I loafed and played tennis the year of graduation until the Fall,

when I was employed as an accountant trainee at Chevrolet-Tareytown. This resulted in two three-months' sojourn in Flint, Mich., at General Motors Tech.—frigid in the winter and torrid in the summer. Caught in the recession of 1938. I returned to Bridgeport and after an attempt (in vain) to increase the circulation of the *Women's Home Companion* entered the employ of Sikorsky Aircraft, where I am now a ten-year man.

On November 21, 1941, I married Maryan Brainard and arrived in Cambridge in time for the Harvard game. That wedding date settled the problem of anniversaries, so the third Saturday every Fall finds us somewhere near other thirty-sixers at the northwest corner of the bowl or southeast corner of Soldiers Field. Other Saturdays find us following the Yale team wherever they are, and I do wish the Y.A.A. would recognize loyalty when they allocate the tickets. Baseball, however, is our main sporting interest and New York is where we find our recreation winter and summer.

I attended the Fifteenth Reunion and will surely make the Twentieth.

GEORGE DE MARE; Angel Acres, Box 93A, Route 2, Saugerties, N.Y.

Began new sort of life around '46 when we bought old country place between Woodstock and Saugerties up the Hudson about one hundred miles from New York—one hundred acres, two-hundred-year-old house, two other houses, a small lake and a river. Moved family there—three sons, wife (Smith '31, Yale Drama School '36), dog, cat, etc.

We live there while I earn living as managing editor of *WE* (picture color magazine published by Western Electric—circulation 100,000, readership quarter of a million). Also write—unsuccessfully completed novel—agent peddling it. Teach writing course at N.Y.U. Division of General Education.

Have always wished to be greatest writer in the world—am still trying. Was associate editor *COLLIERS* seven years—wrote lot of hack stuff for job. Am waiting for public to discover me.

JULIAN M. MARKS; c/o Mrs. R. Schwartz, 880 N. Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Since separation from the Air Force in fall of 1945, have returned to pre-war work, Floor Broker on the Chicago Board of Trade, Wheat Broker for such houses as Goodbody & Co., Paine Weber Jackson and Curtis, Dean Wither & Co., etc. Chairman of the board



of the Orpheus Corporation, a local motion picture theatre corporation. No marriage as yet. Hobbies and sports include lots of tennis; some atrocious golf; gin rummy; theatre; occasional Sunday morning touch football just to prove we're young enough to do it; gin rummy; a weekly Monday poker session in what has been aptly called the tightest game in America; and I'd almost forgotten a little gin rummy.

Member of the Standard Club, the Yale Club. Contributor to many local charities. Associated with two Air Force Reserve Organizations. Lately a frequent investor in Broadway theatrical productions, aforesaid investments enabling me to obtain fair theatre tickets from any scalper in town.

JOSEPH MARTIN, JR.; 11 Presidio Terrace, San Francisco, Calif.

On March 1, 1949, I became a partner in the firm of Williamson & Wallace and, as a result, the firm was dissolved on December 31st of the same year. At that time some of us formed the firm of Wallace, Garrison, Norton & Ray, 2200 Shell Building, San Francisco, which is still extant.

In the spring of 1950, I was a member of a group which successfully ousted the incumbent Republican County Central Committee. For a time I served as Secretary of the new County Committee and am now Director of Organization for that body.

ROBERT MARVEL; 1313 Wyngate Road, Wynnewood, Pa.

The past five years have brought about few, if any, radical changes in my life. The status of my family remains constant—one wife and two pre-war sons. The fact that my eldest is going away to boarding school in the fall makes me realize that the years are beginning to roll by a lot faster than they used to. Much of my life in suburban Philadelphia is spent with other Elis, with whom many an hour is spent railing against the Administration. My work with the Marketing Department of the Sun Oil Co. continues to progress, but there is always the uncertainty of just what part of the country I shall be living in next.

HARMAN W. McBRIDE; Fox Hollow Farm, River Road, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

During the past five years, I have continued to operate The Reliable Spring & Wire Forms Company. The period has been one of consolidation and steady growth. The Company expanded rapidly during the war, largely because of its ability to make delicate

mechanical springs for extremely precise military application. The problem immediately following the war was to find business to utilize this substantial extra capacity. We succeeded in this and went on to nearly double our previous peak. The organization built hastily from whatever material was available during the war, has been worked over and solidified until it is now an efficient, hard-hitting, and aggressive team, with clear lines of responsibility and proper delegation of authority. Incidentally, Ronald Pond, whom some of you will remember as the permanent secretary at the *Lit* office, joined the Company a few years ago and is now our Sales Manager. My brother Bert, 1946N, is Production Manager.

Of late I have had more time to devote to other business interests such as The Forbes Ink Company, of which I am Vice President and Director, and The Cleveland Hardware and Forging Company, of which I am a Director. We face interesting problems of re-organization and re-vitalization at both companies, and it will be interesting to see whether some of the methods which have proved to be successful in the building of The Reliable Spring & Wire Forms Company will work again. Work with The Chamber of Commerce, the Republican Party, the Spring Manufacturers' Association, of which I am a Director, and The Planning & Zoning Commission of our local community also help vary the daily grind.

Our second son, Richard Forbes McBride, was born in 1949 and is rapidly developing into an enthusiastic farmer and horseman. Our older boy, even at five years of age, is beginning to assume real responsibility in connection with the horses, chickens, cats, dogs, sheep, pigs, etc., which populate our small farm in the Chagrin Valley. We have worked very hard during the past five years to build this place into an ideal spot for our boys to grow up and learn about the things that really matter. We raise a good portion of the meat, vegetables and eggs we use and all of the feed for our horses, upon which we follow the Chagrin Valley Hunt. Fox hunting very pleasantly dominates the life in our small community during the Fall and Winter.

Jane and I hope to travel more widely in the future and to have more time for some of the more intellectual pursuits for which we were presumably educated. We have dreams of taking the children to Europe, of reading more than two or three nonbusiness books a year, and of participating more fully in the development of the ideas of our times. Stimulating as it is to be a part of the tremendous industrial strength of this country, there is something more which we cannot help reaching for. Somehow, our generation must develop leaders who have the courage and intellectual honesty of a Taft, a Hoover, or a MacArthur. We need men with a practical world concept solidly based on home strength and tested principles.



ANDREW M. McBURNEY; 230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

On the two previous occasions when I attempted to write something for the Class Record Book, I was pacing the floor at Doctors Hospital awaiting the birth of a child. Things are just as hectic today but for quite a different reason. Several weeks ago the Paper Industry could not find anyone else to represent it in Washington on the OPS, so the writer was tapped for a six month's sentence.

The McBurneys are still among the very few who have stuck to living within the confines of Metropolitan New York. Fortunately, friends in Connecticut and other suburban areas still see fit to invite us out for a bit of fresh air on weekends, and in the mad confusion of the football season, particularly, we have enjoyed the hospitality of the Pearces, the Whiteheads, the Walkers, the Holmes', and many others.

Since 1947, when I submitted my last report, Oxford Paper Company has continued to furnish monthly paychecks and, recently, handed out a promotion to Sales Manager of the organization. In addition to Industry activities, thru the support and sponsorship of Art Pearce, I was put on the Board of Directors of Magazine of Industry during the past year. And, at the annual meeting of the Alumni Committee of The Hill School, a slate of officers was railroaded thru and your correspondent found himself elected to the Presidency of that august body. Last winter a man standing at a bar overheard a comment to the effect that McBurney was a good scout. As a result, the Boy Scouts of America put me in as Chairman of the Finance Committee for the Knickerbocker District in New York.

In the Spring of this year it was a real pleasure to have a small part in handling the Class Reunion and in being a member of the executive committee so ably handled by our good friend Lou Walker. We are already planning our Twentieth Reunion.

As to possible outside activities, wind and age have curtailed tennis, squash, and skiing. Now eighteen holes of golf are all I can do in the way of exercise, and I might add this sport is not profitable, particularly when trying to handle our classmates Walker and Whitehead.

Henry McKnight, whom I have seen since coming to Washington, has been most hospitable—even going so far as to offer his secretary to handle any minor problems (such as dictation, reservations, etc., of course).

I trust that before long such outstanding members of our Class as Bingham and Cates, now connected with our Government, will check me out on the ways and means of life among the mink coats.

I am not prepared to comment publicly on Dr. Kinsey's findings from the standpoint of my own experience, nor can I state how I

stand on the presidential election in 1952. Perhaps by the time our next autobiography is being prepared I will be willing to admit my position with reference to both of these subjects.

LATON McCARTNEY; 1560 Lincoln Street, Denver, Colo.

My work is in agriculture and real estate. I am married and have two children—a boy, eleven, and a girl, eight. I'm interested in fishing and hunting as hobbies.

HENRY LOCKWOOD McCLINTOCK; 92 Greenacres Avenue, Scarsdale, N.Y.

The major event of the last five years was the birth of my third child and first son, Henry L., Jr., on May 2, 1950. This date is particularly memorable since Dave Northrup, who married my wife's sister, was also presented with a son a few hours later. Needless to say, both boys are advanced far beyond their years due to their parents' constant coaching and prodding to keep ahead of each other.

The letters A.S.A. (Associate of the Society of Actuaries) were appended to my name several years ago, but two of the three Fellowship examinations have yet to be tried and passed. Maybe that goal will be reached by 1956 if I'm lucky and can isolate myself from my family long enough to study.

In keeping with our more mature years, golf seems to have taken precedence over tennis as a means of holding the waistline within reasonable bounds (my wife would question this latter statement), while bridge continues to be a year-round diversion. Scarsdale appears the perfect answer for one who doesn't want to live in New York or spend half the day commuting, and I must admit I'm very happy with my present lot.

FRANK McC.PAINTER, JR.; 566 N. Chestnut Street, Westfield, N.J.

Our history closely paralleled that of Eddie Cantor up through the first four girls, but then a happy and long awaited change took place. We were blessed with a boy, Frank, III, whose performance thru the first three and a half years up to now has been highly satisfactory.

We spend our time happily peregrinating through the industry of New Jersey and New York, building up same by the sale of capital goods. Classmates Leighton and Broadman have benefitted (?) by this endeavor, and we would recommend it without qualification, any selling job, that is, for solid satisfaction.

Went to the Yale Glee Club concert last year in Plainfield and had one of those rare and elegant evenings when time stands still and



the years drop away, singing with the Club at the reception which followed, remembering yesterday so clearly and yet making fun for tomorrow too.

Would welcome the opportunity to ski with any high-minded classmates who might remember Burrall Barnum, '36, the guy who started me. Such an occasion would probably take precedence over everything, including the pressure of keeping five kids in shoes.

Was mightily sorry to have missed our 15th, but will surely see you on the 20th, if not before.

ROBERT FORBES McCREERY, JR.; 420 West Swon, Webster Groves 19, Mo.

I was in active Army duty in the Field Artillery, until 1946. Since then I have been with the Missouri Pacific Railroad, but am still in the Reserves—the Transportation Corps now. I have a wife and three children: Karen, eight, Marie, six, and Forbes III, a little over a year old, all happily turning into St. Louisans.

JOHN G. McCULLOUGH; North Bennington, Vt.

Married '39 Doriane Wooley, daughter Gale '43. Except for twenty-two weeks in New Guinea and Philippines as information and education non com, first in infantry (no com. at all), then in service commands, have been publisher of children's books as partner W. R. Scott, Inc. Have written three, would be writing fourth now if you weren't so insistent about questionnaires.

Live half year in Vermont, balance 128 Christopher Street, New York. Extra-curricular activities—trustee Bennington College, First National Bank, North Bennington, Desoff Choirs, New York City.

ROBERT A. McCURDY; 610 Park Avenue, New York 21, N.Y.

I am engaged in investment banking with the Equitable Securities Corporation, at 2 Wall Street, New York.

DAVID McDONALD; 1009 Comstock Street, Richland, Wash.

My wife, who was Justine Nichols Senker, and I were married on January 13, 1940—not a Friday the 13th, but a fortunate Saturday. Our children are David Craig, eleven, Robert James, six, Michael William, three and a half, and James Stuart, one.

For ten years after graduation, I worked for Dupont—half that time in photo products, Parlin, N.J.; then four years in war plants, working on acids and explosives in four different plants, and on the atomic bomb at Oak Ridge and Hanford; and finally for a year in nylon in a plant in Delaware. Since 1946 I have worked for General

Electric at the Hanford Works plutonium plant at Richland, Wash.

Practically all of the above has been as a supervisor in production work. My present job title is area supervisor, Separations Section. Our job is to separate plutonium from uranium and then purify the plutonium so it can be used for bombs or as a source of tremendous energy for other purposes.

I am a Registered Engineer in Washington State, and a member of the Columbia Valley Section of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers.

I was elected to the Richland Community Council for its first two years and was Mayor for part of that time. Since the Atomic Energy Commission of the U.S. Government owns and runs the town, and the Council turned out to be purely advisory, our accomplishments were few. However, I worked vigorously for the establishment of free enterprise and self-government in our city, whose population is about twenty-five thousand.

JOHN N. McDONALD, JR.; 319 Hamilton Avenue, Glen Rock, N.J.

My employment with Wright Aeronautical Corporation, Paterson, N.J., started shortly after graduation from college and consisted of aircraft engine development testing in the Experimental Test Laboratory of this company. Much of this work was on early designs and models of engines for the U.S. Air Force and Navy, which later saw extensive service in World War II. My associates during these days were a number of recent engineering graduates from other colleges, with the result that the pleasant life enjoyed at Yale was carried on to a certain degree and the change from college life to working for a living was not hard to take. Spare time activities during this period consisted of playing tennis, deep sea fishing, and sailing, particularly an eventful sailing trip in a seventeen-foot Comet down the Passaic River, around Staten Island to Sandy Hook and Red Bank, N.J. During the first few years out of college, several of us from the Class of '36 and '37 would get together in New York the first Saturday of every month for a general beer drinking tour of the city, but unfortunately the war curtailed these pleasant activities. In 1938, my position with Wright Aeronautical was changed to an engineering position in the Experimental Division of the company. This work was associated with design and direction of development and testing activities. Carburetion and fuel injection development during this time were my specific assignments. In 1939, our company began to expand tremendously, and in 1940, I transferred to the Sales & Service Department as a Service Engineer. This work proved ex-



tremely interesting as it resulted in a considerable amount of travel and the making of many new contacts. Some of my first trips were to Canada during the winter months and a great deal of skiing was done in the Laurentians at St. Agathe, St. Jovite, Mt. Tremblant, etc. On a combined pleasure and business trip to Florida in 1942 I deserted the bachelor ranks and spent an enjoyable honeymoon. Shortly after getting hitched, my wife and I bought a house in Glen Rock, N.J., with the intention of settling down to a somewhat less hectic life than when single. However, on April 8, 1945, our first daughter, Barbara Ann, was born and the second daughter, Virginia Louise, followed on June 1, 1948. Shortly thereafter, I observed my hair began to get thin in spots, and what remained was turning grey.

About 1946, my job assignment was changed to cover work on Government contracts, principally negotiation and administration of contracts for the sale of new products. This has proven extremely interesting and much to my liking, because of the broad business experience gained.

The community in which we reside has recently constructed a swimming pool, with the result that my spare time in the summer months is now devoted to teaching my two young daughters how to swim. Before the pool was constructed, we were in the market for a summer cottage on the New Jersey shore, but floating in the local pool is much more relaxing than battling weekend traffic to shore points.

Somewhere along the line, about 1944 or 1945, I painted our home. Space does not permit going into details but after falling off both the roof and the ladder (no broken bones) this was given up for less hazardous activities such as woodworking in my basement shop.

DANIEL McGOODWIN; 5733 S.W. 45th Avenue, Portland 19, Ore.

My wife, Mary Louise, three daughters, Kate, Christina and Mary Louise, and I live in an old house on three acres outside of Portland. Five years in the Northwest have brought us great happiness and expectations. Two years in the practice of architecture have been successful to date, with the future full of promise.

When the word gets back to the industrial captains, Yale '36, that power is cheap in the Columbia Valley, be it known I stand ready and able to be of professional service.

Activities of a physical nature are limited to care and maintenance of the above estate. Some time has been devoted to the promotion of zoning and regional planning for the Portland Metropolitan Area. Prodded by my wife, I have worked for the establishment of an Episcopal parish in our neighborhood, became senior warden and

designed a parish hall, now under construction, to house the mushrooming congregation.

The same desire for a better set of values that brought me from the east coast to this new country motivates a feeling of disgust for the state of politics in these United States. We propose to shape world history, with superiority in material things our only outstanding virtue.

ROBERT B. McKELLAR; 121 E. Conron Street, Danville, Ill.

A brief singing visit to Europe with the Yale Glee Club, a year's experience in the "lake" color laboratory of the Calco Chemical Co., and short tours of duty with the Sackett Fuel Co., Southwestern Tobacco Co., and the Associated Industries of Kentucky, absorbed my energies for the first three years after graduation.

Then followed five interesting years with E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., beginning with the Rayon Division in Richmond, Va., and then switching over in the early war years to the Military Explosives Division for assignments to the Kankakee and Alabama Ordnance Works as an operations supervisor.

Investigating the possibilities of passing a few of the war years in uniform resulted in a commission in the U.S. Naval Reserve and two years of pleasant stateside duty as an Aviation Ordnance Officer, starting, after six months of indoctrination, at the Bureau of Ordnance in Washington and then moving on to the Naval Air Station at Norfolk, where the assignment of Regional Representative for the Naval Air Mobile Training Detachments kept me occupied until the war's end.

The high point of my Naval career was my marriage in 1944 to Beatrice Wright of Washington, D.C., culminating in sons Robert and Kenneth, and daughter Bree, in the peaceful years to follow.

On discharge from the Service the railroad bug bit me, resulting in five years with the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad as an Assistant Engineer and Diesel Inspector in the Mechanical Department. Living in Hamden, Conn., just north of New Haven, enable us to enjoy the hills and shores of New England as well as the advantages of living practically within commuting distance of the City of New York.

In recent weeks we have had to say farewell to New Haven and all of our happy associations there, and are now firmly entrenched in the mid-west, living in the rich corn belt of central Illinois. This is a far cry from the picturesque Connecticut shoreline as seen from the cab of a diesel locomotive, but, nevertheless, a satisfying feeling to be back once again with the du Pont Company.



ARTHUR J. McKENNA; 6062 North Albany Avenue, Chicago 45, Ill.

I am at present engaged as sales engineer for Oliver United Filters, in Chicago, in engineering and selling filtration equipment for large industrial installations, mainly in the chemical, food, and coal mining industries. I have been with Oliver since 1948.

From 1936 to 1942 I was with Air Reduction Sales Company, in the manufacturing department, and when I left them to join the Navy, I was superintendent of their Brooklyn plant.

During the war, I spent a year at the Brooklyn Navy Yard as a ship repair officer. I was then detached and rushed to the South Pacific, where I set up and operated oxygen, acetylene and carbon dioxide plants in the New Hebrides and Guadalcanal.

I was then transferred to Pearl Harbor to the Staff of Commander Service Force, Pacific Fleet, in charge of planning for the supply of compressed gases for the Central Pacific Area and charged with the operation of all Navy compressed gas plants. It was very interesting duty, topped off by two typhoons in Okinawa.

In 1946 I went with the Dewey and Almy Chemical Company, Carbridge, Mass., for two years. I then decided to switch from production work into sales, which has turned out to be a wise but belated decision.

My job consists in working with the research and process development departments of some very progressive concerns on new developments and products. It has proven to be most stimulating.

Looking back, I probably am in the same shoes as many of my classmates. I took industrial administration and today I find myself up to my neck in chemical engineering. I probably would do it differently if I could do it over again.

In 1950 I gave up what appeared to be chronic bachelorhood and married Marjorie Colville of Chicago. We now have a young daughter, Katherine, and hopes for a few more.

One unfortunate aspect of the job is the traveling that it entails. My spare time is taken up with small construction projects around the home, and some golf squeezed in. All in all I don't have much spare time.

HENRY T. McKNIGHT; Cornwall Farm, Box 188, R.F.D 1, Vienna, Va.

Bill Hausberg once observed that McKnight changed jobs so fast that the best anyone could do was keep up with the next to last one. Now Hausberg can relax. We've got our farm, our TV business which is strictly agricultural, and our writing which is the same. Even our politics have come out of the smoke-filled room and gone out to the feed lots.

Since the last report we've had a daughter, Christina Agnes, now age ten months. She beguiles her two brothers, H. T., Jr., and S. T. II, as well as her mother, the former June Hanes, daughter of John W. Hanes, Yale '15.

Also since the last report: President, Cornwell Pictures, Inc.; Vice-President, S. T. McKnight Co.; Director, Thomas Young, Inc.; Director, Forest Farmers of America; Honorary Vice-President, American Forestry Association; Member, Joint Committee on Grassland Farming.

Greatly enjoyed our Fifteenth. We found everyone looking wise and prosperous. This business of getting bald and fat obviously does not apply to the Greatest Class. And we're looking forward to Pinkham's 20th in 1956, which will come just before the Republican National Convention renominates by acclaim whoever it is we will elect in 1952. Right now I'd say that man is General Eisenhower.

JOHN G. McMURTRY; 2890 South Clarkson Street, Englewood, Colo.

I am President of the McMurtry Manufacturing Company. I'm married to the former Virginia Symes, and we have two girls, Sherry, eight, and Caro, five; and one boy, John G., 3d., one and a half. I am a director of the Denver National Bank and of the Great Western Sugar Company.

DANIEL McNAMEE, JR.; Loudonville, N.Y.

Good Lord! It's 1951 already.

From 1946 to 1949—Wall Street law practice; who'd want to hear about that? Well, anyway, I didn't work for the *Herald Tribune*.

I remember 1948 all right. In September, that year, I met a man who *knew* Truman was going to be elected. His wife kept shushing him: "Bob, don't say that. He'll think you're foolish."

That year was also memorable for the birth of our daughter, named Dardis. She is an exception to that rule about girls being quieter.

In 1949, I decided not to practice law and practice investment banking instead. Capitalism seems to me here to stay awhile. We help a little, I think.

Incidentally, I would like to see a few more factors at work in aid of small and medium sized business. I think many of the giant companies are too big; and getting bigger due to artificial tax benefits, Army contract benefits, etc.

In 1950 we bought the house where we expect to stay awhile. Drop in; martinis at 6.

P.S. I just re-read the 1941 and 1946 class books. May I add that the international situation has not been improved by the advent of



those never-fading vaudeville stars of '50 and '51, McCarthy and MacArthur.

ROBERT L. McNEIL, JR.; 8917 Crefeld Street, Philadelphia 18 (Chestnut Hill), Pa.

I was one of those individuals with the good fortune of being able to plan his educational program specifically for his subsequent vocational pursuits. Consequently, while an undergraduate, I elected to take the course in physiological chemistry and bacteriology, thus enabling myself to spend most of senior year taking graduate courses in the school of medicine. I then matriculated at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science for pharmaceutical chemistry, and in 1938 received a degree, "with distinction," from that institution. In 1937 and 1938 I was also enrolled at Temple University, where as a graduate student I took the course in pharmacology.

While undertaking graduate study I organized, at McNeil Laboratories, a research unit in chemotherapy based on the then relatively new principle of correlating the chemical structure of organic compounds with their physiologic activity. From 1936 to 1940, I was a member of the research department, and in 1940 was appointed its director. During the war period this research program (which included the development of medicinal products such as sulfonamides, penicillin analogs, antimalarials, anti-infection agents for burns, nutritional concentrates, sedatives, etc.) was considered one of the most important factors in maintaining the nation's health and in keeping the mortality rate at a minimum. Since the war my responsibilities have been continuously increased, so that now as vice-president I am in charge of the manufacturing, production control, research and medical divisions of the corporation.

I have also been interested in activities connected with the pharmaceutical manufacturing industry and profession. I was an official member of the Pharmaceutical Contact (industry-government) Committee of the American Drug Manufacturers Association (1940), a member of the Board of Directors of the American Pharmaceutical Manufacturers' Association (1946-49), a member of the Board of Directors of the Drug Exchange of Philadelphia (1948 to present, an officer and subsequently president of the Philadelphia Branch of the American Pharmaceutical Association (1946-50) and a member of the Philadelphia Board of Health Advisory Committee (1947-49). I was appointed a member of the Pharmaceutical Advisory Committee of the National Production Authority upon its formation in 1951. For four years before the war, I taught a special course in pharmaceutical chemistry at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science. My professional affiliations also include membership

in the American Chemical Society, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and the Franklin Institute.

Additional "extracurricular" activities include serving as a Director of the Refractory Specialties Company, a Trustee of Germantown Academy, a Trustee of the First Presbyterian Church in Germantown, a Governor of the Continental Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution, and a Manager of the Germantown Y.M.C.A. I am also at present a member of the graduate advisory basketball committee of Yale University. My memberships have included the Philadelphia Cricket Club, Shady Hill Tennis Club, the Academy Club, and the Yale Club of Philadelphia.

Regretfully I have foregone the blessings of matrimony and remained a bachelor. When time permits, I still get a little exercise from tennis, golf, riding, and occasionally skiing and various indoor sports (such as squash).

ANDREW J. McQUEENEY; 624 N. Tulane Avenue, Albuquerque, N.M.

I was a medical officer in the Mediterranean theater for two years during the war. I contracted infectious hepatitis with residual, in 1945. In 1948, I was certified as a specialist in Pathologic Anatomy and Clinical Pathology by the American Board of Pathology. Since 1949 I have been practicing in a fifty-man group with the Van Atta Laboratories. Four children to date. I'm concerned to find that nineteen Yale University faculty members are listed (National Council for American Education, 1 Maiden Lane, New York 7, N.Y.) as recent affiliates ('47, '48, '49) of Communist-Front organizations. Feel that there is a distinction between liberty and license, and that academic freedom is secondary to and dependent upon political freedom.

MARTIN F. MENTON; 6 Jerome Place, Upper Montclair, N.J.

Pension trust planning for the Guardian Life Insurance Co. is my line of work. I am unmarried. My main hobby is music. I am connected with a local operetta club and also sing with a male octet which has appeared several times on television.

TIMOTHY W. MERRILL, 5 Downer Avenue, Scarsdale, N.Y.

In June, 1951, I was transferred from the Bridgeville, Pa., office of the Vanadium Corp. of America to the executive offices in New York City, with the title of Chief Metallurgical Engineer for the company. I bought a house for my family in Scarsdale, N.Y., and am very happy with the new job and surroundings. I have three children: Polly Hart Merrill, ten; T. W. Merrill, Jr., eight; and Janet Merrill,



four. I have a very fine hobby of making furniture, thus far having turned out a beautiful mahogany radio-phonograph combination, large outdoor chair, etc. As for other activities, I have very little time left to pursue my great love of canoe trips, hunting, camping, etc. . . . but come spring and summer, I'm sure my eight-year-old son will make me find time to go camping!

JOHN B. MESSINGER; J. and B. Ranch, No. Haines Road, Clearwater, Fla.

I transferred from Yale to the University of Arizona, where I graduated with a B.S. in Business Administration in 1936. I was employed by the Chain Belt Co., Milwaukee, Wisc., 1936-1941, successively in Malleable Foundry, Production Dept., Export Dept., Personnel Dept., then as Assistant to the Treasurer. I was a member of the Milwaukee Country Club, Executive Club, Exporters Club, University Club, and served as Secretary-Treasurer of the Yale Alumni Association of Wisconsin, Community Fund, Columbia Hospital.

In 1941, I moved to Miami Beach, Fla., for reasons of health, and married Margarite Johnston of Rio de Janeiro on July 29, 1942. (Health much improved.) My war record was strictly 4F. I tried to show a bit of patriotism by working for peanuts at the American Boatbuilding Co., Miami. At the same time I was (and still am) engaged more profitably as a small independent trader in stocks and commodities. John Beecher Messinger II arrived on February 10, 1944, and Bruce Raymond on August 31, 1947—the latter necessitating a quick return from Havana to the States for benefit of American anesthetics.

The big move came in 1948, when we purchased a tract of very raw land outside of Clearwater, Fla. We are still busy taming it and having a wonderful time. I acted as architect for our home, bulldozer operator for clearing pastures, and am currently building up a herd of registered polled Herefords, active in Clearwater Yacht Club, Carlouse Yacht Club, Peace Memorial Presbyterian Church, Community Fund, Executive Club, Morton F. Plant Hospital, and Carado Club.

For the benefit of any reader who has gone this far and is bored stiff, let me say that I no longer am; not since 1948. I believe that I have finally found what I must have always wanted to do. There is much to be said for life in the country, growing green stuff and four-legged animals, a very real thrill to converting jungle to pasture. My cowboys, wife, and I are thriving.

GOAR O. MESTRE; 5a. Avenida y Santo Domingo, Country Club Park, Havana, Cuba.

After five months of numerous interviews at the Personnel Bureau,

and after finally reaching the conclusion that no company would take me, the National Carbon Company came through and saved me from a horrible inferiority complex, by giving me a job, in June of 1936.

I began to work in July, 1936, learning the battery and flashlight business by visiting a number of factories throughout the United States. Shortly after that, I was put behind a desk in New York City as sales correspondent, until finally in September, 1937, I was sent to Argentina to occupy the position of Assistant to the Sales Manager. A year later, I resigned and decided to return to my native country, in order to try my fortune here, but not without considerable chagrin because in Argentina I was leaving behind the girl who, years later, dragged me to the altar.

Back in Cuba, in late 1938, I first founded a food manufacturing company and, shortly thereafter, branched out into the field of exclusive representative of several well-known American firms, among them: General Foods Corporation, American Home Products, The Norwich Pharmacal Co., and several other companies. By 1942, the business had grown considerably and the need of a research-conscious advertising agency became so great that I was prompted to enter that field and, in October of that year, Mestre, Conill & Co., today one of Cuba's leading advertising agencies, was founded.

My repeated contacts with radio stations contaminated me to the point that in 1943 my brothers and I bought the controlling interest in one of Cuba's leading stations and from that date on I abandoned all other activities and plunged myself into radio broadcasting.

From 1946 to 1948 I had my hands full with the job of promoting and building Cuba's three million dollar miniature Radio City, known as "Radiocentro" and consisting of a theater, two restaurants, one bank, 12 stores of different kinds, a 10-story office building and the offices and studios of our radio operations.

Today we own and operate nine radio and five TV stations, and our enemies accuse us of having this business pretty well under control here in Cuba.

Recently we branched out into the field of radio and television receiver distribution, having acquired for Cuba the exclusive distributing rights for "Admiral." So much for the bread and butter department!

In 1940, my bachelor days came to an end through the importation of Argentine talent and so, Miss Alicia Martin, the girl mentioned above, arrived here and we were married on June 5th of that year. Now, after eleven years of marriage, I can report that I have done my share for my country . . . We have four children: Alicia, eight, Roberto, five, Eduardo, two, and Ana Maria, one.

The Mestre contingent may be reached at 5a. Avenida y Santo Domingo, Country Club Park, where true to Cuban fashion, I not



only support a big family but also my share of domestic help. Since we are fourteen in all, do not hesitate to drop in, at any time, unannounced, for lunch or dinner, because we can't count anyway, and one or two more or less are seldom noticed!

JOHN WYCKOFF METTLER, JR.; Somerset Farm, East Millstone, N.J.

There are now three children in the family—John, Peter and Louise. Eleanor sometimes says we should have more, but no one has yet endowed the existing ones. The Interwoven Stocking Company remains my chief interest and benefactor. Additional interests consist of trying to breed registered Herefords (polled) and attempting to raise geese of domestic and wild varieties. Athletics consist of watching the Yanks on TV.

JOHN D. MEYER; 12 Jarvis Court, Pittsburgh 9, Pa.

It's been a tough struggle these last few years, after experiencing a rather lush beginning fresh out of the halls of Eli in 1936 . . . after a short training with Gulf wound up as District Manager for Florida . . . back in those days when a dollar was a dollar and when companies paid dues and "chits" at country clubs.

The War found me unable to get a commission because of astigmatism . . . so, next best I fought the battle of Washington first as Chief of Motor Fuel Distribution for the Petroleum Administration for War . . . then as a liaison officer and lobbyist for that Agency.

Left the Government in 1943 to set up in the consulting business . . . primarily in oil . . . serving several large independent companies and several trade associations. These activities went into public relations and sales as well as pure lobbying. This was "lush" in the days of '43 to '48 . . . (I was not a "five percenter," however.)

Although a good Republican, when the Republican Congress came in I had trouble getting things done . . . and gave up in late '48 to return to home town Pittsburgh (a place I despise more than any other in the world) and went with an advertising agency for a very short while for "bread and butter" . . . then got back into consulting . . . only this time in Management Consulting . . . and have done some outstanding jobs in compensation, profitsharing, pensions and executive management control for some mighty large companies . . . but, trying to work the jobs and sell them too leaves very dry seasons. Just have experienced the longest dry season of six months without one penny of income . . . tough is no word for it. But, things are looking up again.

ATTENTION ALL YALE'S . . . do you know anybody who needs a good competent manager for their business so they can loaf in

Florida or Bermuda and let me run their show for them? And, the further south the better for a deal.

Have two offspring . . . both boys, twelve and five . . . now live in a "glorified country style tenement" called McKnight Village. Pittsburgh is rough unless your family owns a business.

JOHN VAN N. MEYER; 5 Sheffield Road, Great Neck, N.Y.

Since leaving Yale, I have been working for the Cord Meyer Development Company in Forest Hills, N.Y. During this period my activities have been concentrated on property management and the construction of single family homes, apartment houses and commercial construction. Material shortages, rising costs, and other factors since the war have made this type of work interesting but somewhat hectic.

Spent three and one-half years in the Navy during World War II, serving first as Armed Guard Officer on various merchant vessels and later as Gunnery Officer on an attack transport.

Married in 1944, and we now have three children, a girl and two boys, ranging from six to two years of age.

As far as activities in the sports field are concerned, I still play quite a lot of weekend tennis and have managed to keep my waistline about the same. Must confess, however, to feeling a great deal older on Monday mornings.

In spite of rather strenuous objections from the family, have a great deal of fun in the Sports Car Racing field. It's a wonderful hobby, but unfortunately a darned expensive one, requiring considerable subterfuge to hide necessary operating expenses and still keep my wife's spending somewhere near our budget. Somehow find lectures on family economy met with a dim view and suppose this great sport will have to come to an end, at least as far as I am concerned.

Have been doing some work in Civil Defense, but find the extreme lethargy of the average American in these critical times is a severe handicap, as have probably a great many other of you fellows.

Occasionally see some of the boys from '36, but not as frequently as I would like.

BERKELEY T. MILLER; 44 Highland St., Sharon, Mass.

I am married and have three children. At present I am superintendent of F. C. Phillips, Inc., Staughton, Mass., manufacturers of screw machine products and the famous Phillips Cam-Lock golf spikes. My hobbies include fishing, which I love, hunting, which I like, and golf, which I tolerate. I should like to get back to Yale more often and renew acquaintances but don't seem to get the time.



HARRY J. MILLER; Cedar Swamp Road, Jerico, L.I., N.Y.

On June 10, 1938, I married Audrey E. Pile of New York City, and I now have four children—Harry III, aged twelve; Sterling, ten; Audrey, eight; and Jeffrey, four. During the first five years after college, I was schedule manager of finished mill products for Pittsburgh Steel Co., and later special assistant to their Works Manager. In 1941 and 1942, I was special assistant to the General Superintendent of the Republic Aircraft Products Co. in Detroit; and from then until 1945, I was Assistant Supervisor of Aircraft Production Planning for the Hudson Motor Car Company. Since that time I have been Associate Manager of McKinsey & Co., management consultants, in New York. I am a member of the Yale Club of New York, the Lawrence Beach Club, and the Piping Rock Club.

JOHN E. MILLER; 1880 Ninth Avenue, Sacramento, Calif.

At the end of fifteen years, I find myself happily married for well over one year to Jean Bronson Hanan of Piedmont, Calif., with two children who are not my own and one in prospect who, I am told, is.

I have worked variously in banking, in the government, in law, and even in the Marine Corps.

I am now once again a money lender, working as a V.P. for the Anglo California National Bank.

JOSEPH S. MILLER; Route 2, Box 327, Bellevue, Wash.

Since 1945 a second son and a country home have been the chief acquisitions of my family. There has also been a change in jobs. When Albers Milling Company moved its general office to Los Angeles in 1948, I chose to stay behind in Seattle. My present position is accountant for Marine By-Products Fertilizer Co., which, besides manufacturing fertilizers here, also operates Salmon By-Products Co., Ketchikan, Alaska, and Alaska Fish Reduction Co.

Outside of business, my main activities are maintaining the house and yard, an endless job, and running a pack of cub scouts.

W. PRESCOTT MILLER; 1310 Asbury Avenue, Winnetka, Ill.

My delay in replying to the questionnaire is occasioned by one boy, age ten, three girls, ages nine, eight, and four, Christmas, and time required to help keep locomotives running on the C. & N.W. Railroad during a record breaking winter. Also am finishing a new house and have found out that Mr. Blandings' situation wasn't in the least improbable.

BALLINGER MILLS, JR.; 2901 Avenue O, Galveston, Tex.

I married Margaret Leonard in 1937. We have two children, Ballinger Mills, 3d, born on February 27, 1944, and Charles Leonard

Mills, born on July 25, 1945. I am a partner in the law firm of Wigley, McLeod, Mills & Shirley; general attorney for the Santa Fe Railway. Hobbies: hunting, fishing, golf.

C. JAMES MILLS; Greenwich, Conn.

Since graduating from the Armed Forces in March, 1946, we have enjoyed living in Greenwich, Conn., where we moved from New York in August of the same year. The need was for a back yard to support the peregrinations of a pair of twin boys that appeared nine months and two days after we entered the front door to doff the fatigues and don the jeans. Something must have happened in between the doffing and the donning.

With headquarters for Dotty and the four children so located, it became necessary to join the ranks of the commuters, a very philosophical and interesting breed that lives in such manner as to be an eternal enigma to our Southern and Western friends, who wouldn't be seen dead in such circumstances. My answer to that is you gotta eat, and the New Haven Railway is not one of the three most over-rated things in the world, like the Pennsylvania Railway, Southern cooking, and Hopalong Cassidy. Fooled you.

The rayon business continues to be a great industry, and in 1953, March, we will have fifteen years with American Viscose Corporation. This corporation is comprised of eight plants currently, employs 22,000, and has plans to expand four plants and build two new ones.

Over the years one of our main interests has been a growing appreciation of the true value of our private schools and universities to keep our thinking straight in these times of double talk and purposely confused issues. We feel we must do everything possible to keep freedom of learning strong, so as to try and develop eventually better leadership, particularly in government, where we need men who will want to overthrow the era of mediocrity through which we have been dragged for some time.

In the meantime we do our best not to miss out on any customer golf or shooting, and we wish the same to you.

FREDERICK MILLS; Box 158, West Hartford, Conn.

In December, 1945, after my resignation from a mathematical-engineering job with a California aircraft company, my old car took me across this country once again, this time via a deep southern route. By virtue of various night school courses and earlier courses, I had been accepted as a graduate student in bacteriology. There followed two and a half years of learning first-hand, by trial and



error, something of the meaning of scientific research and the scientific method and of my deficiencies therein. How all this benefitted my third alma mater or the world in general is hard to say, but my subsequent engineering work, first in Ohio, now in New England, as well as my working knowledge of human nature, seems to have been definitely improved. . . . The reunion was much appreciated. . . . Let's make sure that Eisenhower is drafted. . . . Three nephews, but still no wife or family.

FELIX MININBERG; 275 Ray Road, New Haven, Conn.

A re-cap of the last fifteen years wouldn't tell more about me than a listing of my present possessions and methods of their acquisition.

*Item*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| A. Wife: née Frieda Rappoport   | M.O.A. Any good Latinist will tell you Felix is Lucky.              |
| B. Wendy, age five, grace and light, dainty, and<br>Janice, age two, who bids fair to outdidrikson the Babe | M.O.A. God's grace.   |
| C. Reserve AF Commission, Inactive  | M.O.A. I stood in the wrong line.                                   |
| D. Partnership with Irving Barker in Mininberg's, fast-growing housewares outlet                            | M.O.A. Sweat.   |
| E. Home in Westville, Conn.   | M.O.A. Not yet all mine. Will let you know at quarter century mark. |

ALBERT H. MITCHELL; 3689 Kroger Avenue, Cincinnati 26, Ohio.

Fifteen years after graduation finds me in Group 3 of your final follow-up—too lazy to write my autobiography, which really isn't much of a job. I'm married and have one son, a man of eight large years. I've had six different jobs, not including the AV's, have lived in any number of places and am now in television broadcasting, which I find fascinating. My work is in connection with general announcing supervision for the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation—WLW Television. Hobbies are my record collection, tropical fish, and the usual amateur puttering.

EDMUND MONTEROSE; 369 Beach Street, West Haven, Conn.

Amidst the clatter of rapacious employers and voracious landlords a child is born, the third of a series, by name Richard Brian. Thus we are five: Eddie, eight; Sherry, five; Richard, three; my wife Marge, age unknown. Our apartment overlooks wind-swept Long Island Sound, and the pitter-patter of little feet growing larger plagues an angry landlord lumbering below. In contrast to previous residences we have acres of room, a fit stamping ground for growing kids.

My jobs have not been few. To name some within my recollection: credit manager, appliance salesman, automobile merchandiser, silverware representative, purchasing agent, ad infinitum. At the time of this procrastinated writing (three cards from anxious editor to get the lead out), I am happily situated with my old friends the Drazens of The Drazen Lumber Co. Want to build a house? Don't, prices are too damn high. Looking for a low-cost home? Stop! Such a thing doesn't exist.

Will the United Nations prove to be an effective instrument in the control of unruly nations? Yes, if Russia is on our side. No, if we are not on Russia's side.

Let me in my last breath express profound regret in learning of the decease of several good friends and instructors of bright college years. Their faces have flit by us to light up the Star of Eternity to greater brightness. They will never be forgotten.

JOHN R. MOORE; Fort Collins, Colo.

After Yale, I attended the University of Colorado and Harvard Graduate School of Business. After a year in New York City with *Business Week*, I moved to Los Angeles, where I was employed by Dun & Bradstreet for a couple of years and then with Lockheed Aircraft Corp. until 1948.

At that time I moved to my home town of Fort Collins, Colo., and am now in farming and live stock feeding.

I married Viola Kluver in 1941, and we have two children, a girl, eight, and a boy, five.

WILLET SANDERS MOORE; 875 South Adams Street, Denver, Colo.

I returned from four years on active duty in the Navy on December 7, 1945. Barbara and I, after unsuccessfully trying to rent or buy a house, broke ground for our own in September, 1946. The harder we pushed the contractors to speed up, the faster the costs rose. What we thought would be a modest house to live in for the few years of family growing pains turned out to be something we will be paying for for some years. Of course, we don't regret it now, and



even wish we had pushed some walls out a few feet farther. We moved in in August, 1947, almost a year later, with our daughter, Virginia, born in October, 1942, and my son, Willet, Jr., born in June, 1946. Randy, our second son, was born in September, 1947. That is where the family stands today.

Being Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer of The Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad Company and its subsidiary truck lines and depot companies takes up most of my time. Barbara and I love the outdoors, gardening, golfing, and swimming with our children in the summer and skating and skiing with them in the winter. As Trustee of the Winter Park Recreational Association, an agency of the City of Denver, some of the problems of quadrupling the capacity of the present ski tows at Winter Park have kept me occupied as has the operation of Denver's first outdoor artificial ice skating rink, now in the first year of operation. Serving as head of the Transportation Division of the Community Chest Drive for two years, as well as on other civic drives from time to time, make me glad to sit down and read a good book twice a year.

ROBERT DUNBAR MORGAN; 215 East 77th Street, New York, N.Y.

Despite the tocsins of doom noted in my remarks in the last of these all-revealing books, I have not met my fate as yet. In sum, I am still enjoying the worryless, expenseless, friction-free state of bachelorhood. In this city of New York, and in this breathing spell between hostilities, it's wonderful.

My work embraces the research in and promotion of new grocery product marketing methods; and it's a lot of fun. I have yet to make the million all Yalermen are trained to pursue unrelentingly; but it will come. Am expecting, of course, to give half of it to Bu. Int., and half to the Alumni Fund. But at least I can look at it in transit.

As for entertainment, the worryless state described above should tell all. Other than that, it's the theatre, playing host and chef, and reading up on how we won the last war. There seems to be some disagreement among the brass on who and how. Am beginning to think those who did not take pen in hand did it.

As for politics, better left unsaid. Still think FDR cooked up a deal no one seems to want to change, not even our Bob Taft, now that the shouting is all over. As for clubs, what else but the Yale Club of New York. It's a terrific deal.

For the future, am getting used to sitting in the center of the Kremlin bombsight. Will probably persist in enjoying the friction-free, worryless state (described above), as am becoming too demanding and less attractive each day from here on in.

WILLIAM HAYES MORGAN; 4217 Bellaire Avenue, Studio City, Calif.

Briefly—I am a banker, with one wife, one daughter (aged 2). We are pleased with California.

ERIC HALL MORRISON; R.F.D. #2, West Chester, Pa.

I went to work for the National City Bank of New York in September, 1936, and lived for four years at 240 East 79th, one of the "Little Yale Clubs" in New York City. On the third of October, 1940, I married Christine Duncan after determining her willingness to desert the ballroom of the Ritz Carlton for the Big Bromley Ski Area. It's all quite different now—no deluxe accommodations, no trip!

In 1945, Mr. Duncan retired from the National City; and, curiously, I "retired" shortly thereafter to go to work for the Provident Trust Company of Philadelphia. After three years of that, I became Assistant to Dr. Charles Penrose (Princeton 1907!!!), the Senior Vice-President of The Newcomen Society in North America.

The Society is an informal group of some 12,000 members, interested in "material history." I get about the country a good deal attending some of the meetings, of which there are about sixty a year. Our office is thirty miles west of Philadelphia; and our house is fifty yards up the road from it. Summers we move to Kittery Point, Me.—across the bridge from Portsmouth, N.H.

Chris and I have three daughters—Linda, ten, Jean, five and a half, and Anne, four this St. Patrick's Day. The work (office and home) takes most of our time, but occasionally we are able to enjoy the finer things of life, such as the Yale Glee Club and the Pennsylvania football team (free seats!).

DENIS F. MULVIHILL; 9 Mill Street, Westfield, Mass.

From 1936 to 1947 I worked for E. I. Dupont de Nemours & Co., then for the next three years I was Vice-President in charge of production for Texon, Inc., in Russell, Mass. In 1951, I became Executive Vice-President and a Director of the same company, but in South Hadley Falls, Mass. I am married and have one son, Dennis F., III, and three daughters. I vote Republican, I drink bourbon, I play golf and poker. I belong to no organization other than the Yale Club of New York.

HOWARD ELWOOD MUMMA; 107 South Ardmore Road, Columbus 9, Ohio.

I am the senior minister of the Broad Street Methodist Church in Columbus and am active in the Yale Club of Columbus.



COLIN C. MURDOCH; Wailuku, Maui, Hawaii.

I am now assistant treasurer and head accountant of the Maui Electric Company, Ltd., of Wailuku, with which I have been associated since 1936. From December, 1941, to December, 1945, I was with the Army Engineers, with service in Honolulu and the South Pacific, ending at Okinawa. I was discharged as a Major.

I am still playing all sports actively, including golf, tennis, baseball, and basketball, and am a director of the local Community Chest and an officer of the Kiwanis Club and the Maui Country Club. In 1938, I married Juliette Alice Hoogs. We have two daughters, Sandra Love, eleven, and Shirley Grail, eight.

D. CLINTON MURRAY; 9 Dogwood Drive, Scarsdale, N.Y.

I am a salesman with Economics Laboratory, Inc., of St. Paul, Minn., covering Westchester County, Greenwich and Stamford. I married Patricia Z. Bacon on March 1, 1947, and our children are Carol Pamela, born on March 20, 1948, and James Clinton, born on April 10, 1949. I play golf as member of the Leewood Golf Club, Tuckahoe, N.Y.

COLONEL JAMES C. MURRAY; U.S. Marines, Seville, Ohio.

This is written from Munsan-Ni, Korea. Aircraft drone overhead enroute between their airdromes to the south and their targets to the north. From the eastward, along the Imjin River, where patrols clash and probe the opposing positions, there comes the "Womph, Womph" of artillery fire.

In this war-like atmosphere the Advance Headquarters, United Nations Command, is an anomaly, for its efforts are directed towards peace rather than war. Here, since I, along with two others, first established liaison with the enemy on July 8, the United Nations Command has attempted to conclude an armistice with the North Korean and Chinese Communist representatives at Kaesong.

Let us go back to the beginning of the period. In 1946, while the U.S.S.R. was absorbing and consolidating eastern Europe, the United States remained blissfully ignorant of post-war realities. For example, when the Communists in Greece attempted to seize Athens by armed force, our reaction was generally critical of a British Brigade which intervened to save the nation from falling into the hands of the Communists. During this period, I was a student at a Marine Corps Staff School in Quantico, Va.

In the spring of 1947, I was assigned to a Marine Division in North Carolina. After six months as a Battalion Commander, Regimental Executive Officer, and Regimental Commander, I became Chief of the Division Planning Section. The growing national con-

sciousness of post-war realities was reflected in the plans with which I worked during the next year. Thus, I journeyed to England and to the Mediterranean. It was during this period that the United States itself came to the aid of the Greeks in their war against Communism. However, it maintained a curiously inconsistent policy in the Far East.

Early in 1949 came an assignment to the U.S. Mission to Greece. From Athens I followed the anti-guerrilla campaigns until late August, when the defection of Yugoslavia found expression in the decisive Communist defeats of Vitsi and Grammos. For the balance of the year I took a leave postponed since 1940 and travelled widely in Europe.

January, 1950, found me at the Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk, Va. The logical result of our Far Eastern policy, the aggression in Korea, preceded graduation by a week. Two weeks later I reached Tokyo. Since then my service has been with the Joint Planning Group, United Nations Command, under Generals MacArthur and Ridgway.

When the matter of an armistice came up, I was one of three officers appointed to make the first contact with the Communists at Kaesong. This liaison duty has continued throughout the meetings of the delegates. Possibly my well-informed classmates have read of some of the rhubarbs which have been associated with this assignment.

This type of activity tends to hold to a minimum divorces, children, and social, civic, political, and philanthropic activities. Greatest distinction is designation as an enemy of the people of Pyongyang, Peiping, and Moscow. There have been times during the last few weeks when the name Murray has supplanted Morgan as an expression of approbrium behind the Iron Curtain.

RUSSELL NAHIGIAN; 18914 Wisconsin Street, Detroit 21, Mich.

I was graduated from the Yale School of Medicine in June, 1939, interned in pathology and internal medicine at Bellevue Hospital in New York and Duke Hospital, Durham, N.C. From July, 1942, to April, 1946, I served in the Army Air Force with two and a half years overseas in the Pacific theatre. Since June, 1946, I have been practicing internal medicine in Detroit. I am married with two children. My hobby is stereophotography.

CHESTER G. NEAL; 3180 Emerson Street, Palo Alto, Calif.

I have been employed as a vocational and educational counselor both by Stanford University and in San Francisco by the Board of Education. Now I am returning to the field of teaching. I have two boys, John Henry, two, and Chester, Jr., five.



My interests center around local university events, local and national politics, the musical activities of my wife, Florence, getting a new home in shape, and, oh yes, encouraging the athletic proclivities of our two energetic sons.

ELMER M. NEVILLE; 2300 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C.

After graduating from Yale, A.B., I went to the Southern California School of Law and received an LL.B. degree in 1940. I was admitted to the State Bar of California and worked on legal and real estate transactions until 1942, when I was admitted to the U.S. Army. I had infantry and intelligence assignments and served overseas, 1943-46. In 1949, I transferred to the U.S. Air Force. At present I have the rank of Lieutenant Colonel and am assigned to the Office of Special Investigations, I Co., Hq. U.S.A.F.

FRANK NEWMAN; 61 Tisdale Road, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Next May 29 I celebrate fifteen happy years of married life with the former Elizabeth Webber Ayer of Scarsdale, N.Y. We have two daughters, Lucy Ayer Newman, aged eleven, and Alice Blakeley Newman, aged seven.

We moved into a new home at 61 Tisdale Road, Scarsdale, N.Y., in April, 1950, after selling our former house in Scarsdale.

Since leaving the banking business a year ago, I have been spending most of my time in Estate Management affairs.

In recent years, whenever I have had the opportunity, I've enjoyed relaxing at our summer place in the Adirondacks, where fishing, sailing, and water skiing particularly engage my interests.

JAMES HASTINGS NICHOLS; 5745 Harper Avenue, Chicago 37, Ill.

As a native Yankee, I am still somewhat incredulous to find my staid middle age in Chicago. For eight years I have been teaching in Bob Hutchins' University, chiefly in various aspects of the history of Christian ideas and institutions. We hold a minuscule equity in a house in the University area, always a-shudder with passing trains and children who never pass. Four of the latter live here; David Beach Nichols having evened up the war of the sexes in our family in 1949. As professors do, I have written numerous articles, parts of two books, and then two others entire, the latest, *Democracy and the Churches*, being an historical study of the religious and ethical climate within which modern democracy has flourished. A term of post-war teaching at the University of Frankfurt furthered my education in

world politics and the history of art. I don't get enough exercise, have virtually dropped squash and tennis and find that touchball with my older boy's gang extorts a delayed price for its moments of glory. It is time to settle for fishing and the bicycle ride to the office. Am interested in politics, literature, history, and, of course, religion.

JOHN WHITELAW NIELDS; 17 East 89th Street, New York, N.Y.

Practicing law as usual with the firm of Cahill, Gordon, Zachry & Reindel, of which I became a member January 1, 1948. Third child, Laura Franklin Nields, born September 1, 1948.

DAVID H. NORTHRUP; 405 Oak Street, Syracuse, N.Y.

The decision to forsake the joys of single bliss once and for all in October, 1948, has since found me located in Syracuse, N.Y., with a wife, Margot Hancock (Smith, '42), a son born in May, 1950, an 80-year-old, three-family house that we have bought and done over, and a job with Carrier Corporation. Currently my position is Vice-President and General Manager of Cambridge Corporation—an affiliate company jointly owned by Carrier and Arthur D. Little, Inc., of Cambridge, Mass. Previously I had been Vice-President of the General Management Company in Chicago, Ill., and in performing these duties also acted as President of Emrick, Inc., in Kalamazoo, Mich.

Business, which recently has included a lot of traveling, has pretty much hampered any outside activities. Except for some occasional golf, most of my spare time and energy seem to be very easily channeled into the many repairs and improvements in our old house, and a couple of rounds each day with my son, who condition is a lot better than mine.

ALBERT E. OELSCHLAEGER, JR.; 5 York Road, Larchmont, N.Y.

It is hard to believe that ten years can make such a big difference in one's views and activities. Soon after the first five years, Uncle Sam called. Basic training, Officer Candidate School, and service in the Ordnance Department of the Army, some of it under Don Metz, '37, found four years gone in a hurry. During the last year of service I was married to Jeanne Bovey, a Dixon, Ill., girl, and we now have two sons, Albert the 3rd, and Richard. The Army made me, like a lot of others, dislike too much regimentation, big business, etc., so I left Socony-Vacuum and sold lubrication equipment for a few years. Then, after twelve years, went back to school to learn optics, and now am a licensed dispensing optician in the State of New York and with my father in the optical business at Aitchison & Co.



PAUL L. OPPENHEIM;

I am merchandise manager at Bailey Co., Cleveland. I'm married and have one daughter, nearly two. Golf and bowling are my games.

FRANK D. O'REILLY, JR.; *The Lock Haven Express*, Lock Haven, Pa.

Since last these words were spread upon the pages of the Class of 1936, there has been no change in jobs or business status. I still remain the managing editor of *The Lock Haven Express* (circ. 7200), and almost the only living member of the class in journalism who has escaped from the clutches of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Like all smalltown newspapermen, I succumb to the flattery of being invited to join the boards of various worthwhile organizations, and then find myself being advanced thereupon to directing the publicity of the annual fund-raising campaign. However, I usually manage to crack the whip over a couple of the members of the staff so that the work gets done, and I get the credit. In 1946, I was divorced, and my son, who will be eleven in November, and my father and I keep bachelor hall. No further romantic entanglements at the moment. I've managed to get back to New Haven for a football game or two per season, and my son has seen enough of Yale to be directing his attention there. It won't be too long, I hope, before he's there.

WINGATE H. PAINE; 47 E. 87th Street, New York, N.Y.

Since the last record (it was the fifth, wasn't it?), I have acquired, in approximately the following order:

1. Time in the United States Marine Corps in various capacities from boot to Captain.
2. A divorce.
3. A new business of being fashion photographer with a penthouse studio in New York. My work, if you can call it that, consists of taking pictures of beautiful girls for magazines like *Vogue* and *Harper's*.
4. A new wife, named Natálie, who spends a lot of time working with me in my new business.
5. An apartment, at the above address.
6. A hobby (see #3).

FREDERICK P. PALEN; 42 Beacon Hill Drive, Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

Our two-year-old son is the cynosure of his parents' eyes. Our current hopes are centered about making him a less "only" child. We live the comfortable customary commuter life with pleasant neighbors, few problems, and a burning desire to see Senator Lodge President of this country.

HERVEY CUSHMAN PARKE; 364 University Place, Grosse Pointe 30, Mich.

Like many of my other classmates, I gave Europe the once-over that summer after graduation and then began to look for a job. Finding that all the studying I had done still wasn't enough, I entered the graduate school of the University of Michigan, from which, after about three more years, I emerged with a Ph.D., having sufficiently impressed everybody with a thesis on "Alkylaminoalkyl esters of aminonaphthoic acids as local anesthetics." I was interested to see how different the life at a coeducational school was and must admit that it has some merits, very pleasant merits too, but felt that the acquisition of a higher education was not always the prime objective of a large proportion of the young ladies.

Leaving university life finally in 1939, I started as a senior research chemist with Parke, Davis & Company in Detroit, and for several years investigated local anesthetics, substances to raise the blood pressure, and sex hormones. The last I had to give up quickly when it proved that intimate contact with these powerful substances was beginning to give me a figure like Jane Russell. I also developed a nice process for making sodium pantothenate, a vitamin which doesn't seem to do or prevent anything, but which is included in all our vitamin combinations because competition has it.

After several years of this molecule building, I was transferred to the products development department and given the rather misleading title of Product Analyst, which I still hold. This position involves the coordination of the various phases of developmental work on new products which are about marketed, and the job of finding unpronounceable names for them is mine too. It is all very interesting, anyway, and in my spare time I write old ladies and farmers that we aren't interested in buying the cancer and rheumatism cures that their families have used for generations.

One of the first things I did on coming to Detroit was to join the Indian Village Chorus, a group of ex-college glee clubbers, male and female, that wanted to keep on singing. Inasmuch as intermarrying in this group was the rule, except for one man who preferred a girl from Flatbush, a soprano named Mary Gage and I went to the altar together on October 24, 1942. Since that time, blessings have showered on us, and the other seats around the table are filled by Hervey III, seven, Connie, six, and Polly, one. Patsy, eight, has to eat in the kitchen because she is a cocker spaniel.

Just before our Fifteenth Reunion we sold the house that we had lived in since shortly after our wedding and bought a big old place with more room for the children's toys to be spread out without being underfoot. Being just one block from a park, where the children can enjoy swimming in Lake St. Clair, we feel that it is an ideal place.



A third floor room has been assigned to model-railroading and we look forward to a lot of rainy-day fun there. When the weather and household chores permit, I like golf and swimming, but the former has been much neglected this year. Sundays find me singing in the choir at Christ Church, and sometimes teaching a Sunday-school class if they need a substitute. Another extra-curricular interest is dramatics, and in the recent production *Jenny Kissed Me* by the Grosse Pointe Players, I had the lead. All in all it is a busy life and a very pleasant one.

JAMES H. PARKER, JR.; 238 North Fifth Street, Reading, Pa.

I enjoyed the 15th reunion, but missed a few faces who promised to be there. Next time I shall include Monday's festivities as well.

At last count, we have three children: girl, boy, girl. I am practicing Ophthalmology and have been practicing in my specialty for two years. Last year I became a Diplomate in my American Board specialty; this year I joined the American Academy in Chicago.

I have recently entered Rotary and am learning more about the organization weekly. What with all the medical meetings, it is difficult to join too many other organizations. My hobbies are still golfing and fishing.

The turn in the political situation lends hope for the future in '52. If all the incumbents can be routed out and replaced by square-thinking and square-dealing individuals, we would be a great deal better off. Dear old Harry S. in the White House is a sorry character. In the recent local election, the incumbent Democrats were swept out of office with a clean sweep of all but one position. Likewise in Bob McNeil's City of Brotherly Love, the incumbent Republicans were white-washed. So there are signs of hope. Perhaps the World Federalists are right after all.

ARTHUR W. PEARCE; Congress Street, Fairfield, Conn.

Since the last report, I have added one son to the family (William J.)—total now five; wife unchanged; domicile switched from Norwalk to Fairfield, Conn. Comparatively healthy, balder, and softer (*i.e.*, somehow muscle has been transformed into a chemical unknown—I weigh the same).

I left the publishing business in January, 1951, after ten years developing Modern Industry, and divided this year between Government consulting to NPA and six months as operating head of the National Management Council. Recently became publisher of three medium-sized Connecticut weekly newspapers.

BERNARD S. PECK; Quarter Mile Road, Westport, Conn.

As I started to write my small contribution to the Year Book, I

glanced through the biographies of the ten-year record in an effort to present the subject matter of this account in an interesting if not original style. I concluded very shortly that we are all confronted with the same difficulties in talking about the ego and, accordingly, I have decided to proceed in my usual prosaic fashion.

Certainly the past five years have been busy and productive ones—productive to the extent at least of two offspring, Daniel Dean, born August, 1947, and Constance Lynn, born January, 1949.

I have been busy too in our Connecticut court rooms, having had the good fortune of being thrown into a tremendous amount of trial work of all kinds. One of the most fascinating cases in which I participated as associate defense counsel was the Carol Paight so-called “mercy” killing of her father when she learned that he was riddled with cancer.

As we read about totalitarianism and its rigged trials behind the Iron Curtain, I am more and more impressed with our great American system of jurisprudence under which an accused person is really presumed innocent until proven guilty, and where a trial by jury is not a sham but a real safeguard of an individual’s liberty and property rights.

Recently Governor John Lodge honored me by an appointment as Associate Judge of the Town Court of Westport. Aside from my work in the court room, I have become much interested in local town meeting activities and have served as a Representative Town Meeting member and also as Moderator of our Westport Town Meeting.

I have tried to maintain my connection with Yale by presiding almost annually at Moot Court trials at the Yale Law School, by serving on the Yale University Development Committee for Fairfield County and as one of the Directors of the Yale Club for Eastern Fairfield County.

By way of avocations, I have introduced my Southern wife to skiing and am still able to enjoy (to a more limited extent!) the usual summer sports activities.

ELMER WATERMAN PECK; 453 East Highland Avenue, Redlands, Calif.

Since 1946 I have directed the earth-sciences department at Riverside College (anthropology, geology, geography, and astronomy). I take classes on many Saturday field trips along the coast, onto the Mojave Desert, or into the San Bernardino Mountains, and have become especially interested in Southwestern prehistory. I’m writing this at our camp, in the mountains, at 6000-foot elevation, where my wife and I enjoy our favorite sport: horseback-riding.

Märtha (wife) is professor of nutrition and dietetics at University of Redlands.



Chief hobby: Participation in local amateur grand-opera. In 1950, I sang rôle of Pimen in *Boris Godounov*, and this spring did Count Monterone in *Rigoletto*. In this connection I'm studying voice at University of Redlands.

As enthusiastic "Pan-Americans," Märtha and I are constantly working hard to improve our Spanish for our trips "south of the border."

No children—but claim uncleship to five in America and nine in Sweden. One twelve-year-old Swedish nephew recently spent a year here with us in California, and his sister may come next year.

Opinions: Robert Hutchins for President. I am aghast at the prevalent emotional tendency to adopt a too-easy "Hopalong Cassidy approach" to foreign policy, involving a maximum of "itchy-trigger-finger" and a minimum of brain work. Unfortunately Eurasia *isn't* the "ol' south forty," all people who disagree with us slightly *aren't* automatically "varmints," and international relations *don't* operate on the same principles as a horsey "Western." I admire the mature British attitude, which accepts complex world realities as coming in various subtle shades of grey rather than childishly distorting *everything* into a straight black or white. Why risk an all-out atomic war just for the right to remain childish? How tragic it would be for us to spark off a civilization-destroying conflagration largely because of our refusal to *think maturely!*

ROBERT H. PECK; 712 Cabarrus Avenue, Mooresville, N.C.

I'm City Manager here; I'm married and have two children.

WILLIAM HAZEN PECK, JR.; Yellow Cote Road, Oyster Bay, N.Y.

Billy now has a brother, Charles Shelton, born December 12, 1947, and a sister, Virginia Hyde, born October 3, 1950. Having no love for New York City as a place for children, we moved out to Oyster Bay in 1947, and after renting for a period, in September, 1948, purchased a house reputed to date back to pre-revolutionary days. Since that time we have been extremely busy at work on house and grounds, "doing over" and trying to bring back to good condition what had been allowed to run down over the last few years. My school-day summers are being repeated, as my own family now returns regularly to our Vermont summer home. That gives a chance to keep up interest in hiking and camping in the Green Mountains, still a great source of pleasure to me. My law practice continues. The association with my father ended with his death late in 1949. In July, 1950, I moved to 36 West 44th Street, New York City, to

practice with a friend of long standing under the partnership name of Sprague and Peck.

RALPH S. PENN; "Sunset," R.F.D. 5, Goshen, Ind.

We are enjoying the fifth anniversary of our residence here getting acquainted with the youngest Penn, Christopher Harlan. He arrived last October and commands the usual share of attention. Our pet family project is the gradual renovation of our old brick farmhouse to accommodate some modern conveniences. Since my business is making controls for home heating systems, the new furnace is my problem. Thank goodness Mary likes the old and the quaint, for it is she who sees to it that we keep the simplicity of the old home.

Our recreation is largely in the form of family "outings." We like to explore the country lanes of a Sunday afternoon and only resort to the highway to reach new territories. Jonathan, five, has a common plea: "Come on, Daddy; let's take a ride and get lost." My golf has not changed a bit in fifteen years, being in the week-end duffer class. Fun, though.

My views on the American scene are more reactionary than ever as events add blunder upon blunder in our national affairs. If the Russian communists are half as bad or half so powerful as we are told by the Administration, then the time is long past to have entered a crusade to rescue both Asiatics and Europeans from this scourge. The situation as it appears today makes no moral or logical sense to me.

My business of making automatic controls depends entirely upon other businesses making and selling machines for some purpose which require automatic controls. The popular use of any such machines is dependent upon the availability of cheap forms of power broadly distributed. I can say from direct observation that the opportunity for human action is unlimited in this field alone. All we need is the restoration of the freedom for action and the incentive to action.

HAROLD PERLMAN; 617 George Street, New Haven, Conn.

Since 1947, I have been engaged in a small manufacturing business in New York City and do some traveling. Special interests are the theatre and the Organized Reserve Corps. I am unmarried.

WALTER PERRY, JR.; 129 Rumstick Road, Barrington, R.I.

Five years have changed the size of family, address, employer, amount of hair—but not the wife, occupation, or waistline. Walter Perry, III, first son and third child, arrived September 30, 1949, and already has an imposing array of Y sweaters.



The change of location is the result of my having come to the Providence Washington Insurance Company to take charge of their investment portfolio, a job which keeps me extremely busy and is entirely to my liking. It has the further advantage of bringing us to New England, which suits the entire family, and finds us the happy, though frequently harried occupants of a big, 75-year-old house, not far from Narraganset Bay.

Political activities have not found their way into my schedule, though sporadic attempts to enlist support of a campaign to urge economy on our elected representatives have been made. I consider this one of the most pressing problems of the day, and something easier to believe in than the platforms of any of the political parties.

Social activities are of the standard sort, trending toward sports, with membership in the Rhode Island Country Club, Barrington Yacht Club, and Prouts Neck (Maine) Country Club, of which latter I am a director. Golf is the principal sport, partly because of back and knee ailments which may be thanked for terminating my connection with the Marine Corps. It's an ill wind, etc.

KENNETH G. PETERS; 21 Stuyvesant Oval, New York, N.Y.

Since the last book I have been married to Muriel Reno, who went to Yale Graduate School in 1944-45, and have a small son named Michael, aged three.

LOVETT CHASE PETERS; 15 Lindworth Lane, St. Louis 17, Mo.

In September, 1949, I joined Laclede Gas Company as Financial Vice-President (Laclede supplies gas utility service to 320,000 customers in the St. Louis area). I had been with Bankers Trust Company in New York since college. My background had been largely in utility securities and loans, though I was a general loan officer and new business securer when I left the bank. I have been trying to help rehabilitate Laclede's finances in the last two years. It is both interesting and challenging, since Laclede, under its former holding company, had been exploited by experts. Have raised \$13,000,000 of new money for the company, and doubtless will have to raise more if we can obtain more gas to sell. Demand for natural gas is far in excess of the ability of the pipeline companies to serve it to us and the other utilities. It is a lot of fun being closer to the firing line, where results are more apparent than is the case in the banking business.

On the domestic side, Ruthie and I have a house in the suburbs of St. Louis. We have one girl and two boys, the youngest, Danny, having arrived August 4, 1950. We are enjoying St. Louis very much and people have been extraordinarily nice to us. We play a great deal more tennis than in the East. Summertime still finds us at Martha's Vineyard, where we enjoy the sailing.

I seem to be involved in about every third charity drive—Red Cross, Community Chest, Yale, etc. Glad to do these, but wish some way could be found to raise charitable funds with a few less man hours.

Am not a conformed joiner, but still belong to more organizations than I can do justice to. The most time-consuming organization at the moment is the Economics Committee of the American Gas Association, which is its long-term planning group. Politically, I guess, I haven't changed much. Speaking for Missouri, Truman seems to be a prophet without honor in his own country. Would hate to see Eisenhower or Taft next year, but would prefer either to HST. On balance, believe our conduct of foreign affairs has been reasonably good and is improving. Feel Russia made serious long-term mistake in encouraging China to invade Korea. It is hard to see how such a move can benefit Russia over the long pull, and this is a long-pull struggle we are in.

JOHN EDWARD PFEIFFER; P.O. Box 207, New Hope, Pa.

Science director of Columbia Broadcasting System and an editor of *Scientific American* since 1945. At present free-lance science and medicine writing. Still married; still one child, aged six, and boy; still unaffiliated with anything but scientific societies. Write frequently about anything from calculating machines and rolling mills to blood banks and brain surgery. (By the way, Yale is a first-rate source of information, particularly on brain surgery.) Between writing sessions come ping pong, poker, swimming, occasional ice skating. After long struggles, finally joined American-movie boycotters. See about ten movies a year, nine foreign. Biggest disillusionment since 1945—visiting Yale on June 26, 1951, I browsed for a while at the Co-op. Piles of "Dianetics" in prominent display; alas poor Gibbs. Gundelfinger was better. But this isn't an exclusive Eli blindspot. Cambridge has similar displays. Still hoping the Republicans run a candidate worth voting for. Even we Democrats wouldn't mind a change, but a joke's a joke. Has everyone read "Worlds In Collision"?

ELDREDGE C. PIER; 103 Mountain River Road, Hamden, Conn.

My Naval career coexpired with my terminal leave in December, 1945—or so I then supposed.

After a few months of glorious indolence, I went to work at, of all places, Yale. My duties had to do with the administration of the Art Gallery, a remarkable element of the University in which the functions of a museum and a mausoleum are uniquely combined; exhibits occupy the upper floors while the late Col. and Mrs. John Trumbull together lie entombed below.



Two years in the sepulcher were sufficient to induce in me a new outbreak of chronic *Wanderlust*. I experienced a craving to visit some exotic corner of the world beyond the limits of civilization as we know it; some spot, in short, where the ways of the people are not our ways, where the customs are quaint and the speech is unfamiliar.

Naturally Bridgeport suggested itself to me, but I rashly chose India instead.

After stops of a few days here and there enroute, we—my long-suffering wife blindly accompanied me—duly reached our mysterious goal, arriving in something less than grand style on a ferryboat from Ceylon.

India proved well stocked with all the fascinating features we had been led to expect, but some features fascinated us rather less than others. Low on the scale of fascination were the railroad trains, which are hot and dusty and divided into compartments, European fashion. Compartments normally sleep four and sex is ignored, at least as far as assigning space to passengers is concerned. The only alternative to promiscuity is purdah, a sensible convention, perhaps, but foreign to our natures.

Despite such petty problems as this, we knocked about the country for a couple of months and saw much that was intriguing, as well as a little that was disquieting. We returned via Bangkok and Japan, with an idyllic interlude at Waikiki for purposes of recuperation.

Our itinerary did not include Korea, so what happened there the next year cannot be hung on us. Returning to the Navy, I reported for duty in September, 1950, at Bremerton, Wash., where I briefly helped demothball ships. Two months later I was ordered to Washington, D.C., for duty in the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations, where I languish at this writing, with my temporary residence in Alexandria, Va.

JOHN M. PIERCE; 137 Channing Avenue, Malvern, Pa.

Have a wonderful wife and two sons. One is almost nine years old and the other nine months. Naturally refer to my sons, as my wife is considerably older. Older than my sons, that is. As for clubs, am not a joiner and until the old exchequer reaches a more elevated position will remain more or less anonymous. Enjoy relatively good health, complain about the cost of living, wonder what the H??? is going to happen next, and have hopes of being able to contribute to the cause of Yale sometime, but for the past and present it is out of the question. Not much on this Biography stuff, as all I could really talk about would be my family, which is really OK. Am in the Real Estate business in Paoli, Pa., and am moving to Paoli soon.

JOSEPH RICHARD PIERPONT; 1104 Bay Ridge Parkway, Brooklyn 28, N.Y.

In 1946, we were established in a comfortable apartment, and I was back in a civilian job. The war began to seem more and more just a faraway memory. But it wasn't too long before there was a change in our easy-going way of life: in May, 1947, Eleanor presented me with a daughter, Carole. It took several months before we decided the baby wasn't Dresden china, but from that time on we enjoyed her company tremendously. So we were both quite happy when another daughter, Patricia Lynn, was born last April. After a stormy two-month siege of colic, Pat settled down, and has become a very affable member of the family.

By this time, the city had lost a good deal of its charm for us, as parents, and we finally found just the home we had been looking for, in North Merrick, L.I. As of next month, we join the ranks of the suburbanites; since most of our friends have already taken the same plunge, the change probably won't seem as drastic as it might have a few years ago.

In the meantime, I had been offered a responsible supervisory position in the Claim Department of the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company's New York branch, and I left the Home Indemnity Company in 1948. About the same time, I "discovered" golf, which by now has become my favorite pastime. I have yet to break a hundred, but it's a good game—especially when more vigorous sports are beginning to seem awfully strenuous.

All in all, it's been a nice half-decade, now that I look back—and I'm anticipating the next chapter with interest.

JONATHAN W. PINE; 101 Deepdene Road, Baltimore 10, Md.

I was in the Navy for six years (1940-1946), coming out as Lieutenants Commander, U.S.N.R. Now doing sales work with Samuel Kirk & Son, Inc., which is located at Kirk Avenue and 25th Street, Baltimore. I am still single.

RICHARD A. R. PINKHAM; Van Wagenen Avenue, Rye, N.Y.

*(Synopsis of preceding chapters: Dick Pinkham, lithe, sardonic Yale man, goes to Gotham, makes good in the advertising dodge, weds, begets twice, becomes one of the major naval heroes of World War II—American Defense Ribbon, Victory Medal, others—becomes a newspaper man. Now go on with this frank, heartwarming story.)*

Gad, a third little wiggly red Pinkham was born triumphantly male right after my last report. Promptly yclept David, he was hotly pursued out of the womb two years later by Gad still another l.w.r. Pinkham, demurely female, name Elizabeth. I challenge the loins of



Eli to improve upon a family of two boys and two girls. They are at once the bane of and reason for existence.

But no more of that obstetrical stuff. We found out what was causing it.

These five vintage years went fast as Circulation Manager and later as a Director of the *Herald Tribune*. Good years on a good paper. But this year, it came time to press on to the most fabulous field of all, to wit, TV. The National Broadcasting Company pays my bills these days. Please keep right on reading the H.T., won't you? But when you're not, be rational, switch to National.

Otherwise there has been nothing much that anybody would be interested in. On weekends I am usually to be found locked in mortal combat with a spinnaker, or attempting to put spin on my serve and take it off my drive. I am not yet under the care of a psychiatrist, nor has my stomach surpassed my hair in abundance, but aside from these, a normal member of the class.

I smoke too much and sleep too little; loathe gardening and love golf; cocktail parties bore me, poker evenings are my dish; I have a dogged devotion to the New York GIANTS, but my faith in the Republican Party is wobbly (although I still vote their way).

I find myself nearing forty.

*(Will Dick and Bunny have yet another child? Can they pay off the mortgage on the house? Don't miss the next chapter in this thrilling, wholesome story in the NEXT edition of the 1936 history.)*

SAMUEL AMES POND; 16 Charles Street, New York 14, N.Y.

Why it took me so long to get married, I'll never know. My bride—of six weeks standing—alleges I was subconsciously waiting for her. She must be right. Her name was Dorothy Linke, she came from Plainfield, N.J., and she went to Smith; which puts me into some kind of a pattern. Our age difference is such that I was forced to claim membership in the Class of 1946 during the courtship period—a colossal lie which I trust my good classmates will understand and forgive.

Since I left Yale, life has been divided in four partes: more education at the Stanford Business School; two years of work in a chemical company; four years in the U.S.N., mostly aboard a torpedo boat; and the last five years with PanAm. Somebody is always the exception to the rule. I am the only Yale man in PanAm who is not at least a V.P. My function is to debate with unions, one that I enjoy, as I do the organization which employs me.

Kip and I live in Greenwich Village. That's a far cry from the haunts of San Francisco. We are both Democrats, something which I became shortly after the war. That reverses the trend of the young

man who becomes more conservative as the year rolls on. HST worries me a little, however, so I am currently more receptive to Republican blandishments. Skiing in such spots as Aspen and Sun Valley, and fishing in the High Sierra are the best forms of recreation—without doubt. Thank goodness for the airplane that makes such places available (that's a plug).

Looking back, it becomes increasingly clear that the four years at Yale makes up the period for which I am most grateful. Only a honeymoon could have prevented my appearance at the Fifteenth Reunion—and it did. Here's looking forward to the Twenty-fifth.

ARNOLD PORTER; 153 Bowen Street, Providence 6, R.I.

Having completed my surgical training in Boston in November, 1948, I bought a house with the help of the bank and acquired an office in Providence, R.I., for the practice of surgery. Appointments to the surgical staff at the Rhode Island Hospital, Roger Williams General Hospital, Miriam Hospital, U.S. Veterans' Hospital, Providence Lying-In Hospital, and the South County Hospital were obtained in the ensuing few months. Certification by the American Board of Surgery and membership in the American College of Surgeons was accomplished in 1950, as well as membership in local medical and surgical societies.

My family is as last reported: one wife and three daughters, ages 13, 9, and 5 years.

Extra-curricular activity is confined chiefly to golf taken up seriously in the Spring of 1951 after recovering from a broken leg in 1950. Summer weekends are spent in Narragansett, where the rest of the family spends the summer.

CHARLES T. PORTER; East Pepperell, Mass.

I worked for E. I. DuPont at Belle, W. Va., from June, 1936, until September, 1937, living in Charleston, where I knew "Dek" Thompson, Yale '34, and Walt Savell, Yale '35. I returned to Yale as a special student at Sheff, where I took pre-medical courses and went to Harvard Medical School, graduating in 1942. I was considered physically unacceptable by the armed forces in 1943 and started a general medical practice in Pepperell, Mass., upon finishing my internship. In July, 1940, I married Elizabeth Ham of Brookline, Mass., who died of leukemia on March 10, 1948. On July 16, 1949, I married Barbara Cooney Murchie, daughter of Russell Cooney, Yale '14, and sister of James Cooney '39, David Cooney, Yale ?, and Daniel Cooney, Yale '50. I have two step-children and one fourteen-months-old child of my own.

Yale acquaintances in this area are few. Howard B. Wood, who



recently deserted engineering to become a floraculturist, is one, and Hugh Gregg, '39, mayor of Nashua, N.Y., another.

I still enjoy wielding a tennis racquet and playing chess, but a rather busy practice leaves little time for these activities.

JOHN POWELL; 119 Vine Street, Bridgeport, Conn.

I married Margaret Godfrey in 1947, and our children are Ellen Jo, now two and a half, and J. Robert, three and a half. My hobbies are golf, *Time* magazine, children, and—I need more time!—house remodeling, etc. Other activities are Rotary, U. Club of Bridgeport, squash, beer, etc.

After graduation I worked for Price, Waterhouse & Co., in New York, until March, 1944, where I was busy with pencils, figures, and so on—all very interesting, but not conducive to an enjoyable life, at least for me.

I was in the Naval Reserve until July, 1946, as a Lieutenant. My post was inspection service—a desk job—at Chance Vought Aircraft, in Stratford, Conn. I got little thanks for a lot of hard work, but gained a great deal from the experience, and found many fine friends—viz., Margaret G.

After my discharge, Price Waterhouse sent me to Los Angeles, up to November, 1949, and then brought me back to New York for a year. This was just the same thing all over again, so I declared my independence and started for myself as a C.P.A. in Bridgeport, Conn. I became associated with John H. McGloon, C.P.A., and am at last enjoying the fruits of my labor, personal friendship opportunities and hobbies not previously available to me in the big city. Perhaps I should have made this move sooner. Anyway, it can be said that I'm enjoying it.

I obtained a private pilot's license during 1945. My wife, an ex-WASP, taught me. I haven't flown, however, since Chance-Vought days.

DALLAS PRATT; 222 East 49th Street, New York, N.Y.

"Write your autobiography in 300 words." Well, I live a bachelor existence in a comfortable old New York house. I pay my taxes regularly. I get up at 8 a.m., eat breakfast . . . . "Stop! We don't want this. Confine yourself to the important events, the significant intersections. You're describing the interstices." I'm not sure I agree with you. In an atomic world one learns to cherish the uneventful. However, I'll try again. . . . In 1936, I read a book which had a great influence on my life. "No, no! You're off the rails again. We want only the events since 1946." But surely you want to know *why* I did what I did? How can the "events" be understood? "Please,

avoid the perpendicular pronoun and give us the facts." Oh, well, here they are in a paragraph:

Staff psychiatrist, National Mental Health Foundation. Psychiatric Consultant to students, Columbia University, 1947-1950. Lecturer in Education, New York University, 1951. Author of various articles on mental health. A perennial member of committees—on education, on mental health and religion, on a neighborhood house, on comics, on recreation, and so forth. Currently Chairman of Friends of the Columbia Libraries. Becoming increasingly interested in the application of psychiatry to international activities. Spend three months every year in England and France.

There are the facts, but they don't tell very much about me. "Ah, the 'real me.' Don't be too sure! Let's see . . . psychiatrist to Columbia (that's a curious choice), psychiatrist to a national organization, now international psychiatry. Isn't there a touch of megalomania in all this, Doctor?" Looks like it, doesn't it? Where do you think I'll end up? "Probably as psychiatric consultant in a space ship! . . . Now, how about voicing an opinion for us?" Here's one: America has gone to the dogs. "Pessimistic and not very original." Not necessarily pessimistic, although I think we Americans have been in a spiritual dog-house for quite some time. But with all the mudslinging that's going on in high places, maybe the kennel is the best place to be. And perhaps we'll return from there to the big house better able to live like human beings, and with the feeling that, in this half-starving world, breakfast every morning is an event. . . .

WILLIAM F. PRESTLEY; 85 Jefferson Street, Hartford, Conn.

I spent four years at the Harvard Medical School after graduation, emerging with M.D. *cum laude*. Then I interned two years at Hartford Hospital, in Hartford, with Archie Deming. Thence, I had four years in the Army in Camp Grant, Fort Lewis, and the Central Pacific, as Commander, 98th Field Hospital, with a final rank of Lt. Col., 1946-48. I resided in Internal Medicine in Hartford Hospital, and since 1948, I have had a practice in Internal Medicine and Allergy in Hartford, Conn., sharing an office with Bob Walker, 1932 Ac. I was married in 1946 to Betty Wheaton of Putnam, Conn., and we have three children: Ann, eight, Peter, six, and Barbara, three. Hobbies: (between house calls) singing, gardening, pistol range.

CHARLES DRURY PRESTON; 1050 E. Illinois Road, Lake Forest, Ill.

A tedious 3½-year stint as discipline officer and judge advocate at the U.S. Naval Repair Base, San Diego, Calif., was concluded by



discharge from the Navy in April, 1946. Some of my former associates in the practice of law had formed the firm of Seyfarth, Shaw & Fairweather in Chicago during the war, and I joined them in June of 1946. This association has continued to the present. Our specialty is labor relations, as representatives of management. The pace has been fast enough to consume practically all of my productive energy. This work recommends itself if you like lively battles and terrific crises—not for the opponents you meet.

1947 was a momentous year for me. It brought the untimely death of my father, Frederick A. Preston, '06S, an enthusiastic Yale man, a fine businessman and citizen, and a wonderful father. It also brought my marriage to Sylvia Peter, daughter of William F. Peter, '05.

We have two daughters, Margaret A., two, and Marion M., born April 26, 1951. Our Suburban Heights is Lake Forest, where we engage in golf, bridge, and gardening. We commute to keep up with the theatre and art in Chicago.

JOHN HARDING PRESTON; Box 118, Old Greenwich, Conn.

October, 1945, was the date of my separation from the U.S. Army, and on January 1, 1946, two days before the expiration of my terminal leave, I started selling for the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co., in New York City, a job at which I am still engaged, having also become an Assistant Manager, recruiting, training, and supervising other agents.

On January 12, 1948, my second child and second daughter was born.

Outside of my work, my principal extra-curricular activity is in the Army reserve as executive officer of the 364th Field Artillery Battalion, part of the 76th Division. This involves weekly meetings and two weeks summer training.

By way of comment, I would like to put in a good word for Yale. In my work I talk to a great many people, many of them Yale men, and I find them an outstanding group not only in my opinion but also in the eyes of men from other colleges, Harvard excepted.

ALEXANDER TIMON PRIMM, III; 19 Upper Ladue Road, Ladue, Mo.

While these years since the war have been eventful, yet there seems little to put down of great interest. Have continued with the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and was made its production manager in 1949 and also placed in charge of its commercial gravure operation. It's a fascinating job and a terrific challenge, with labor and material costs and union problems posing the largest headaches.

There have been no further additions to the family. Have just recently bought a new home with its three beautiful acres affording sufficient room to exploit my gardening hobby. Get a particular boot out of grafting fruit trees and working a vegetable garden, finding it gives me the complete relaxation so necessary to one in the newspaper business. Golf game has collapsed completely, although tennis remains about the same.

Am awfully gloomy about the state of the nation and world affairs. Wish I could do something constructive towards the millenium of world peace and understanding, but the pace of day-to-day living never seems to permit it.

DONALD F. RABBOTT; 192d Fire Disb. Section, A.P.O. 3, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

From Mrs. Rabbott: As Don is now in Japan, I am sending you the information you asked for. He is stationed in Kokura as deputy and assistant to the colonel in charge of finance. Need I add that our future is most uncertain? We have no children. Have just sold our home in Westchester, and I am writing this on a packing crate.

MAURICE S. RABEN; 17 Wright Street, Cambridge, Mass.

For several years now, research and clinical activities in the field of endocrinology have kept me happily busy at the New England Center Hospital and the Tufts College Medical School. I have been concerned with such matters as the thyroid gland, radioisotopes, the chemical purification of pituitary hormones, and, in a less objective way, the aging endocrine system of a member of the Class of 1936.

With Margaret Walser Raben, and Jonathan David Raben (age two), I live practically in the shadow of an unmentionable institution of learning in Cambridge. There are some advantages to being so situated, however, and we are particularly fortunate to have the academic, theatrical, musical, etc., offerings which are abundant in that area.

JOHN A. RAND; Salisbury, Conn.

Returned to Salisbury after the war, engaged in the milk business, and am establishing a small farm of my own.

We have two girls, who are ten and eight years old, and thus summer were astounded and pleased by the arrival of a small boy.

Am still in the Active Reserve, but getting less active.

Life goes on very regularly in the country—there is not much happening that is noteworthy, but we find it a very full life and seem always to be busy.



WILLIAM B. RAND, JR.; High Farms, Glen Head, N.Y.

In early 1946, I returned from India and was released from the Remount Service. I married shortly thereafter, and my wife and I had two children—a boy in 1947 and a girl in 1951. After a brief return to Air Reduction Sales Company, I have since been employed by United States Lines Company and am now Assistant to the Executive Vice President.

Polo, which I began playing shortly before I went to Yale, represents most of my exercise, but golf is infiltrating, to the amusement of all but myself. Apart from these two sports, most of my spare time is spent in general maintenance of our home, which seems to be a snowballing occupation.

An occasional business trip to Europe, one of which was responsible for non-attendance at the Fifteenth Reunion, and many friends in the New York area, have, with these other activities, kept my life busy and full.

ALFRED M. RANKIN; 21301 Shaker Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio.

As penance for a B.S. degree, the editor's directive calls for an autobiography commencing in 1936 of not more than six hundred words. This obviously imposes a considerable burden on the writer and a greater burden on the reader, if there be any. Notwithstanding the imposition of these burdens, I'll commence by saying that my family comprises a wife, Clara Taplin, who graduated from Smith in 1938, despite my interference, and who serves exceedingly well in her present capacity, and three boys: Alfred, Thomas and Claiborne, bearing years of ten, five and one, approximately and respectively, who collectively account substantially for my vocation and avocations. When the male members of the family are not serving as companions, they act in other capacities, such as alarm clocks, firecrackers and catalysts in general.

Aside from the above-mentioned family and related activities, I find time to practice law as a partner in the firm of Thompson, Hine and Flory, Cleveland, with which firm I have been associated since my graduation from Yale Law School in 1939, and because of my advancing age find myself in about the middle of a roster of some 32 lawyers. My professional time is engaged primarily in the handling of probate, estate, and corporate matters, and very secondarily in attending to matters required of a Director, serving as such for North American Coal Corporation, The E. W. Oglebay Company, Oglebay-Norton & Company, and several smaller concerns.

My legal career has been uninterrupted except for a four-year leave of absence for service in the Navy during the war. I received

my naval indoctrination as an ensign in the Bureau of Naval Personnel, Washington, in close liaison with Commander Farnham and numerous other Yale men. If the reader was in the air branch of the Navy and received SNAFU orders early in the war, I probably had a thumb in it. Subsequently, I spent a year as combat information officer on board a "jeep" carrier (Tripoli), engaged in anti-submarine warfare; one year on the staff of commander Air Force Atlantic Fleet; and then ended my naval service where I began, in the Bureau of Naval Personnel, by pure chance, of course.

I'm a member of various social and business clubs in Cleveland and a trustee of the Cleveland Orchestra. By necessity, I have substituted winter tennis for skiing and squash, and golf for week-end farming, although in connection with the latter I still pull an occasional weed and pluck a few fresh vegetables. I enjoy fishing on vacations and to date my personal records are: sunfish and trout (measured in milligrams) and a blue fin tun (581 lbs.).

My political views are not in harmony with those of Mr. Truman and I'm as confused about the conduct of our foreign affairs as is Mr. Acheson.

**B. COURTNEY RANKIN;** 345 Ridge Road Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

My principal performances since the 1946 edition of the Class record have been the acquisition of a home, the adoption of an unbelievably delightful daughter, and the establishment of some small reputation as an attorney. My domestic and professional lives remain very satisfactory. There have been no job changes, although I am better equipped for the one I hold.

The Yale Alumni Association of Michigan has experienced too much of my attention for the last five years, and I have been otherwise particularly active in the affairs of the local United World Federalists organization and the Detroit Area Council of the Boy Scouts of America.

My political, sociological, economic, philosophical, religious, literary, and even legal opinions are sometimes controversial still, but they are my own, as I trust yours are really yours. My wisdom and right to hold some of my opinions are occasionally questioned.

In any event, this is a formidable time to be positive, although being so seems to be more normal than not, and I shall be really quite anxious to see how the rest of the Greatest Class has fared and currently says it thinks.

**BERNARD RAPOPORT;** 225 Waterman Street, Providence 6, R.I.

Since the last report, I have been engaged in the practice of In-



ternal Medicine and Cardiology in Providence, R.I. My family has increased, consisting now of three children—a son, aged seven and a half; and two daughters, aged five and a half and seven months. What little time remains after professional and family activities is spent attempting to play golf.

DONALD A. RAYMOND, JR.; Box 800, Shreveport, La.

The Caddo Oil Company, Inc., of which I am president, are oil producers and drilling contractors, operating in Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas. I am married and have three boys, ages eight, six, and one.

EDWARD ASHWELL RAYMOND; 4462 Reservoir Road, Washington 7, D.C.

Association with Soviet staff officers in Allied Force Headquarters in Africa and Italy was enough to keep me with the Army after the war as a civilian intelligence specialist, and prompted graduate study on Soviet affairs at night. Periods of active duty with the Joint Chiefs and Army G-3 have permitted some fairly close combat with sundry heresies. At the moment the fight seems to be going fairly well on the official front, and at home I find the way to learn Russian is to marry a girl smart enough to learn it faster than you can, and then let masculine pride do its worst. This stratagem succeeded against Mary Frances Siler, Bryn Mawr 1941, in New York City on February 3, 1951. A Bermuda honeymoon about that time of year can be extremely pleasant. Brother-in-law Ben McMahon, '40 Ac, and Willis Reese, '35 Ac, were ushers at the wedding.

Bachelor days in Washington largely were spent living at the University Club, next door to the Soviet Embassy. My wife and I bought the eighty-first house we looked at, and succeeded in obtaining a fairly convenient location. We hope all college friends and acquaintances will note the address and let us know when they come to Washington.

WILLIAM REED, JR.; 335 Douglas Road, Chappaqua, N.Y.

I married Florence Elizabeth Ross, of Scarsdale. Subsequent efforts produced Elizabeth Ann, now fourteen, mightily interested in horses, and a son, Robert Lawrence, seven, interested in sailing, punching the boy next door, and the *étude* "Chopsticks" on the piano. I am more or less interested in holding the doors and windows on a 240-year-old Cape Cod house during remodeling and during the week relaxing while selling radio time in New York for John Blair, representative of radio stations scattered around the country.

WHITELAW REID; Ophir Farm, Purchase, N.Y.

Chief excitement since 1945 has been the acquisition of a wife,

Joan Brandon, in 1948, and the arrival of a strapping young son, Brandon Reid. All spare moments not committed to these major events have been devoted to the *New York Herald-Tribune*.

DAVID FULD REINTHAL; 2790 East 130 Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Five years since 1946 have been interesting ones. The sweater and tee shirt business has been a challenge and a headache, but with luck we have given 500 people full employment for this period.

Board memberships on the Cleveland Jewish Vocational Service and the Cleveland Family Service Association are my social work activities.

Politics have changed little. I like to be independent and liberal, but find that means, in Ohio, one votes mostly Democratic. "Americans for Democratic Action" seems to be a good place to further these independent and liberal ideas, and I have spent much time with ADA, as well as the American Veterans Committee.

Still holding on to a pretense of youth; squash keeps me running in winter, while baseball and tennis make me sweat in summer.

Other miscellaneous activities that keep me on the go are the Cleveland Community Fund, Welfare Fund, United World Federalists, etc.

The bachelor apartment draws my friends and an open bar keeps them happy. Life has been pleasant, not exciting and not too satisfying, but nice enough. I can't kick, though I feel the world will have me back in uniform before too long. But somehow or another, we will all get by and make this a better world to live in.

DONALD W. RICH, JR.; 555 Highland Avenue, Carlisle, Pa.

As of this writing, I am completing a year as Executive Assistant to the Governor of New Jersey, Alfred E. Driscoll. My duties consist of acting as press secretary for the Governor and coordinating the activities of six of the State Departments. Before accepting the present position, I had been Director of the Alumni and Public Relations at the Peddie School in Hightstown and also was Chairman of the Social Studies Department.

In 1947, I was on the public relations staff at the Constitutional Convention in New Brunswick. This Constitution was also adopted by the State of New Jersey. On April 1st of this year, I will move to 555 Highland Avenue, Carlisle, Pa., where I have accepted the position as Director of Public Relations for the C. H. Masland Company.

On June 20th, 1950, I married Mary Ellen Weiske of Rippon, Wis., and on March 7th, 1952, we had a son Ronald W. Rich, III.

HOWARD ASHURST RICHARDS; Sharp Mountain Farm, Cressona Road, Pottsville, R.D. No. 1, Pa.



After flunking Physics over a question of rocket in vacuo [Zeleny: see Goddard *et* V2], Biology over unturned-in-lab drawings, English in appal at H. G. Wells' *Shape of World War II* to come, I helped Dad push thru Pinchot roads, early WPA work relief, the just finished Pottsville bypass, and a road along the top of Sharp Mountain.

Suggestions apparently acted on include home perms to Harris, '33; ash truck loaders to La Guardia, '34; a foundation for research to Crosby, and Alice and live characters in J. C. Harris Uncle Remus stories to W. Disney, in '38 also nature fotos on order of Educational Research Pictures root growth enlargements and use of oscilloscope.

Father H. Richards, 'OOS, was part of O. Johnson's Stover composite, died in '40, leaving farm and real estate problems.

After W.W. II investigated War Assets, found many debits.

Nephew, almost five, on from L.A., son of John A., '37 E, is sometimes a smacko creature.

Brother Owen, '40 S, dredging tin ore in Malaya.

Member Wider Quaker Fellowship, and Episcopal Church [with Mother].

Friend Walter Miles of Yale followed thru on measurement of eye potentials and wave-length of taste.

Gave idea for electric ignition of coal fires '36 to Anthracite Industries. Suggested Alcos [extrusion] for cressona.

Asked Prof. Cy Hoyler at Moravian College where graduated in '40 about electronic melting of and joining cloth and other part dielectrics. He went with RCA and helped spark their seamless sewer.

Interested in use of electrostatic charges for dusts, paints.

Enjoyed '46 reunion sings.

DOUGLAS S. RIGGS; R.F.D., Hill Street, Medway, Mass.

Assistant Professor of pharmacology, Harvard Medical School. Married Robin Palmer, author of children's stories. Household pets: Tim, nine, Wendy, six, Betsy, four, dog, cat, two goldfish, one crawfish. Chief interests: teaching, the thyroid gland, the kidney. Chief hobbies: being educated by children, hiking, natural history. Family life: idyllic. Professional life: hectic. Favorite pastime: procrastination. Greatest fault: complacency. Greatest virtue: complacency.

HARRISON S. RIPLEY; P.O. Box 311, Walpole, N.H.

In 1941 I married Mary E. Allen of Marion, Mass. In 1945 I separated from U.S.N.R. as a Lieutenant and entered the University of Maine, whence I graduated three years later with a B.S. in Forestry. I became a forester with the Eastern Pulp Wood Co., Calais, Me., and then in 1951 joined the New England Forestry

Foundation as an Assistant Forester. I am located at Sunapee Center, serving southwestern New Hampshire and southeastern Vermont as a Consulting Forester.

SIDNEY DILLON RIPLEY, II; 421 St. Ronan St., New Haven 11, Conn.

At the conclusion of the war, I resigned from OSS and returned gratefully to private life, turning down thereby invitations from the State Department to stay on in the Washington scramble. A good part of the winter of 1946 I spent along the Gulf Coast of Texas studying birds (not oil). In July, 1946, I was appointed by Yale as Associate Curator of Zoology in the Peabody Museum of Natural History and also a Lecturer (later made Assistant Professor) of Zoology. In this congenial occupation I have continued to date, attempting thereby to organize and develop a first-class representative collection of bird specimens at our Alma Mater, a collection which would be of fundamental importance in its research and teaching potentialities. I have also been teaching, both undergraduates and graduates in general, natural history and specialized courses in zoology.

In alternate winters I have raised funds on my own, and with the help of the University and other institutions, for three expeditions. All of them have been into the general Indian region: India, Assam-Burma border, Nepal, Ceylon, and Arabia, collecting specimens of birds and mammals for our Museum and in part also for the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. One of the expeditions, to Nepal, was financed principally by the National Geographic Society, and a popular article about it appeared in the January, 1950, copy of the *National Geographic Magazine*. I have just finished a book on Nepal which will be published in the autumn of 1951. I am currently at work on a technical book on Indian birds as well as another popular book, this time on my collection of wild ducks and geese, which has been growing by leaps and bounds at Litchfield, Conn. *The New Yorker*, a discriminating judge in such esoteric matters, calls it the choicest such in the country. I hope they are right.

My most important bit of news, though, is that on August 18, 1949, I was married to Mary L. Eddy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald M. Livingston of Huntington, N.Y. We have had one expedition to collect birds together in the Indian Hills in the fall and early winter of 1950-51, and I hope it is an augury of many more.

THOMAS A. RITZMAN; 5 South State Street, Concord, N.H.

I am still practicing medicine in Concord, N.H., and see no reason to want to make any changes. We have at last acquired our "dream



house," which is a beautiful old Colonial, a little out of town, and which seems almost too much what we have always wanted to be true.

Political connections are easily summed up. Thanks to anthropology at Yale, I am still sure that man's happiness is founded on the opportunity to provide his own security and luxuries; in other words, the opportunity to improve his own lot, and for that reason I am soundly a Republican. Despite the fact that I have a horror of the inroads into our national government being made by the military, I would like to vote for General Eisenhower for president next year. He has personal greatness, unexcelled qualities of leadership, good political instincts, and a truthfulness and simplicity of expression that put him a lap ahead of the field.

I am sorry I didn't make the furious fifteenth but hope to get to the torrid twentieth. I have three children—a second baseman, a doll dresser, and a vase breaker. I hope to see any of you who may be up this way.

ALGERNON SYDNEY ROBERTS; Shadow Farm Cottage, Wakefield, R.I.

In 1937, after a year at the Harvard Law School, I went to work as a student clerk in the Central Hanover Bank and Trust Co., in New York. From 1941 to 1945 I was with the Naval Air Force; I trained at Jacksonville, Fla., served as a flight instructor there, then joined a patrol squadron in the Caribbean, and later served with sea plane tenders in the Pacific. I was released to inactive duty as a Lieutenant Commander, and subsequently went to work for Plantation Air Lines, in Palm Beach, Fla. From 1947 to 1949 I was with Mary Chess, in New York City. I married Mary Ellen Plant in New York on November 23, 1946, and we now have two children, Amy Warren, three and a half, and Henry Plant, one and a half.

DWIGHT E. ROBINSON; College of Business Administration, University of Washington, Seattle 5, Wash.

By the spring of 1948, I had received my Ph.D. in economics from Columbia—my thesis resulting in a book published by the Columbia Press with the suggestive title *Collective Bargaining and Market Control in the New York Coat and Suit Industry*. Was teaching at New York University. An offer from Stanford (Palo Alto, Calif.) turned up and we succumbed to the lure of the West. We are now associate professor and Mme. Robinson and Miss Sarah Kip (-pie) Robinson, age five. We are really entranced by the northwest. To those who would pioneer it is good but strenuous—except for air-

plane and motels essentially as in movies. In spite of J. P. Marquand, there's a bunk for any podner of Y.C.G.C.

PAUL CONATY ROCHE; 1511 Potomac Avenue, Erie, Pa.

With the Fifteenth Reunion of Yale's greatest class so recently and successfully consummated, the only regret is that so many members within reasonable radius of New Haven didn't get around to attending, especially the rank and file of the first graduating class of Yale's School of Engineering, who were conspicuous by their absence. Among those present and accounted for it was interesting to observe that, excepting the acknowledged tycoons who require no evaluation here, right down the line the class is composed of hard-working men who qualify as definite heavyweights in their specific fields.

Autobiographically, employment for this member took up with the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company at Akron, Ohio. Nothing much happened during my tenure there except that I was shut up in the plant during a two-month's strike one time.

Demonstrating characteristic farsightedness, this initial opening was selected on a rather profound basis from three senior year offerings through The Bureau—which is to say that the one with the highest salary tab was accepted, but quick. Setting about a process of grooming for the presidency of the Firestone Company seemed a challenge, and that was before once-around-the-family-for-shoes would eat up \$110—then a month's salary (who had heard of income tax?). Working in their Industrial Products Division, I followed a deliberate program of keeping myself available for policy decisions and leaving the routine to the local help. This approach was so successful that inside of four years my time was practically 100% available. However, higher executives were not dying fast enough, so the obvious solution was to favor another company—like, say, a smaller one.

The next prey was Lord Mfg. Company of Erie, Pa., producers of specialized rubber devices for vibration absorption. Nothing much happened during my tenure except that the U.S. Navy took over the operation of the plant. This seemed like a hasty step for the government to have taken and no one figured out why it happened, unless it was that the government felt that the Lord Company was a little slow at coughing up to cover re-negotiation of \$12,000,000 alleged profits on \$29,000,000 sales. It wasn't just like being in the Navy, but it was a Hell of a long way from holding a regular industrial job. When I took it on the lam in 1945, I was "Acting Sales Manager." Did you ever try to sell under an Admiral?

From a manufacturing standpoint, a transition from rubber to



plastics is a moderate span, and for these six years my business address has been Nosco Plastics, Division of National Organ Supply Company, also at Erie, in the injection molding line. In 1947, we were closed down for six months by a strike. This being a still smaller company, everyone is permitted to work. Besides functioning as Supervisor of Commercial Sales (we also make toys), I make blueprints sometimes.

Margaret Molloy of Haverhill, Mass., became my running mate in 1944, and we are every bit proud of Paul, Jr., who was born in 1945, Thomas, born in 1946, and Norella "Terry," born in 1950. We own a six roomer on double lot slightly west of Erie, knock ourselves out on improvements and get farther behind each year. It's good clean fun, though. Other interests: choral singing, too many drives (Community Chest, Playhouse, Civic Music—and, of course, the Alumni Fund), Society of Plastics Engineers (officer), composing about half a dozen technical papers, and fixing toys.

On the record, whereas Yale as an engineering school stacked up less formidably than I had assumed against mid-western establishments as of the time its No. 1 class was graduated in 1936, I will never cease to wonder at the outstanding impression made by Yale as a university. Yale alumni activity in the Erie area is fairly inspired for the size of the community and whether from rich or poor beginnings, it is noteworthy to state that Yale men away from New Haven are working men, the same as everybody else.

If political opinions are sought here, this autobiography has additional disappointments in store. Having undergone an about-face from the pattern of my Irish extracted forbears, my most profound observation is that the bounds of crooked Democrats are less consistent if not as clearly defined as those of crooked Republicans.

See you in 1956.

FRANK BRADWAY ROGERS; 43 Freeman Place, Kensington, Md.

After serving as Surgeon, 25th Infantry Division, in Japan for two years, I returned to the States in the fall of 1947. For a brief period I was resident in surgery at Walter Reed Hospital. In the fall of 1948, the Army sent me to Columbia University for one year, where I acquired a master's degree in librarianship. Was then returned to Washington, and in October, 1949, assumed the position of Director, Army Medical Library. Army Medical is the largest medical library in this country, and probably in the world. My job is a good one; it was a happy stroke of fortune which led me here.

Our third child, and second son, Shane (Chip), was born in 1948. Last year we moved into an old house in suburban Kensington, and

since we have been here over twelve months (longer than we have lived in any other place since being married at the beginning of the war), we feel as if we have finally settled down. Since becoming a householder, I have of necessity developed hitherto unsuspected capacities as carpenter, plumber, and painter, and as a matter of fact, have obtained considerable satisfaction from these activities, which almost compensate for the occasional exasperation they likewise entail.

Was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, Medical Corps, in December, 1950.

ALVAH IRVING ROOT; 116 Worthington Ridge, Berlin, Conn.

Round and round the little ball goes, and where it stops—well, for me it's been The Stanley Works in New Britain, Conn., making hardware these many years, very much like life in any other putty knife factory in the day time; and in the night time it's been working off the effects of the theatre-bug's bite on all types of local productions. This is good country for theatre—a lot of interest in it. Also have been studying music; done a lot of arranging, and a little writing, which comes much harder. Married in 1944 to Betsey Averill; no children; thousands of nephews. The clans gather at Lake Waramaug and Bantam Lake on week-ends and the weeks fly by, even if it has been a hot summer. There'll be a couple of weeks at the shore yet to come and, let's see, we open up in October with "Yes My Darling Daughter" . . .

JEROME V. ROSCOE; 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

Seems to me that the second chapter of this publication has just gotten me out of the rain in Seattle and into a fog in San Francisco, where we immediately celebrated the arrival of Nancy Campbell—number one.

The next few years proved more than fascinating. For the most part they consisted of helping to re-establish Pan American's Trans-Pacific routes to Australia and the Orient after the war, and I had an opportunity to get fairly frequent looks at where the Japs had been, in addition to a few pleasant recuperative sojourns on Wakiki Beach.

Returned to the East in late 1947 just in time for the big snow-storm. The major events of the following year were the birth of Cynthia Peirson on May 12, 1948, and finally settling down in Rye after a winter snow removal project in Southport, Conn.

As traffic and sales manager of Pan American's Atlantic Division, I seem to have spent about three months abroad for each of the last three years, and a count of the trips overseas since 1944 adds up to



46, with number 47 coming up next month. A lot of fun in many ways, but somehow I'd rather get and stay acquainted with my family.

Next to reunion, which still leaves me shaken, hoarse and haggard, the most important milestone this year was leaving Pan American after 14½ years and joining J. Walter Thompson Company as account representative on the PAA account. What I don't know about advertising would fill volumes and what I do know wouldn't fill a pamphlet. By the time the next chapter of this is due I'll either be in the poor house, or a hero—providing I survive that Tremendous Twentieth.

ROBERT A. ROSENBAUM; Reed College, Portland, Ore.

Except for one year at Swarthmore College, the past five years have been spent at Reed, where I have a certain number of administrative headaches as chairman of the mathematics department and assistant to the president. But teaching (what I get to do of it) is still a very satisfying occupation. We have three children, all boys, and all non-Reed time is devoted to them.

EDWIN S. ROSENTHAL; care Mrs. I. M. Kastner, Lakeside Drive, Lawrence, N.Y.

From his mother: My son is somewhere in Europe and cannot be reached in time for him to send in a report for the book, I am sorry to say.

HOWARD ROSS; 14 Stoner Avenue, Great Neck, L.I.

On January 23, 1951, I gave up the status of bachelorhood for another type of Bachelor, Nanette Virginia, of Pacific Palisades, Calif. After a trip to Nassau, B.I., we returned to New York and then out to the suburbs and the commuters' ranks.

Am presently drawing salary as vice-president of Howard Coal & Coke Co., Inc., Howard Fuel Corporation, and as president of Shelton Trucking Corp.

I spend the minimum amount of time in local civic and charitable activities but did serve as chairman of the Salvation Army fund-raising campaign in 1950 and 1951, for the Brooklyn and Queens division of the coal and fuel oil industry.

RICHARD M. ROSSBACH; 3 Forest Avenue, Rye, N.Y.

It has been a fast five years and relatively little to show for it. Same wife, same children, same friends, same town. A rut, you say. Well perhaps, but a nice one.

Still, there have been a few changes and events. First of all, a

job shift, three and a half years ago, from Wall Street back to the ancestral firm of J. H. Rossbach & Bros., importers of hides and skins, where I now hold forth as representative of the fourth generation in the business in New York. It seems to me more satisfactory to deal in tangibles rather than in certificates of ownership or loans. However, it doesn't bring one too much in touch with classmates (Archie Trull is 1936's only tanner, I think) or friends—hence, aside from the pleasure of working with my father, perhaps a rather lonely usual routine. However, there are compensations in being one's own boss and in travel, even if on business. Domestic trips to Philadelphia, Boston, etc., enable me to see some friends and as such are very worthwhile. Foreign trips are fewer, although two years ago I visited Arabia, Ethiopia, Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Nigeria, and the Gold Coast.

Also a bit of activity on the political fringe. Helped revive and was one of the first directors of the New York Young Democrats, Inc., but lost interest after a while. Seems I was a bit too much to the right for most. As a Democratic "reactionary," I am frequently struck in political discussions with liberal Republicans like Pinkham and others by the considerable overlap of ideas and philosophy. Perhaps one day we shall see a revival of a strong second party built by the many voters in this "twilight zone." Two years ago I also worked as Campaign Finance Chairman for the Westchester County Democratic Committee.

Much less participation in sports these days, but in a few years perhaps the children will start me up again.

WALT WHITMAN ROSTOW; 4 Bond Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Married to Elspeth Davies at Oxford in June, 1947, at the end of a year as Visiting Professor of American History. Proceeded to Salzburg, where we both taught in a seminar designed to give a hundred suspicious and eager European students something of American history. After awkward beginnings, this seminar has developed into a fixture on the European scene. Abandoned academic connections at home to work, 1947-49, as special assistant to the Executive Secretary of the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe, which cheerfully occupies the old Palais des Nations, in Geneva. Over this time, against an upropitious diplomatic background, the ECE grew into an interesting and useful element within the U.N. Traveled on ECE business throughout a good part of Europe, East and West of the Stettin-Trieste line. Learned something about the problems of post-war Europe and the people who live there, as well as of the profession of international civil servant. In 1949-50, again a Visiting Professor in England, this time at Cambridge. Enjoyed the old tie



between Yale and King's College, where my wife supervised the students in American History and I was a Fellow. Published a book on the British Economy of the Nineteenth Century (1948); assorted articles in economic journals; and a few pieces on American post-war foreign policy.

BRYCE TOWNSEND RULEY; 66 High Street, Bristol, Conn.

Since 1936 I have finished an M.A. (Yale 1942) in mathematics, then switched to applied mathematics and engineering. I taught engineering at Brown (1942-43), then worked as mathematician and senior engineer at SKF Industries (1943-51), a ball and roller bearing manufacturer in Philadelphia. Recently I switched companies, going to the New Departure Division of G.M.C. as chief mathematician. My hobbies are tennis and technical writing. Am single.

ALLAN JAMES RYAN; 147 West Main Street, Meriden, Conn.

The last five years have been particularly eventful ones for me because they were the first since college when I have been entirely on my own—namely, in the private practice of general surgery. They have been kind to me, and I can only hope the next twenty-five years will be the same.

There has been one addition to our family, James Allan, born on July 4, 1949, our seventh wedding anniversary. Mike, our older boy, starts to school this fall, which should bring him to Yale in 1963.

My current enthusiasm at the moment is the new addition to our hospital, which will make our working conditions more comfortable starting this fall. Our Bulletin is in its fifth year of publication and still takes up a good part of my time. My extra-practice medical activities are chiefly centered around the cancer control program in Connecticut, where I have held many different positions of responsibility.

Theatre trips to New York and New Haven, and jazz music are still my principal relaxations; following the Dodgers and the Yale football team my chief compulsions. If I could have three wishes granted, they would be for absolute world peace, a trip to Europe, and more time to read, in that order.

JOSEPH TURNER RYERSON, JR.; 32 Suffolk Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

On January 9, 1948, Joseph Turner Ryerson III arrived to greet his three sisters. The family thus completed, our attentions turned to raising what God hath wrought. Even before the schools pleaded, we insisted, "TV on week ends only; no cowboys." (It's easier with

three girls.) No comic books except in doctors' and dentists' waiting rooms. Speak to your elders but don't interrupt. Yes, they have fun and enjoy growing up. They still read books, not just textbooks.

Secondary concern: the faith we live by; how the Church Society for College Work can be aided in meeting the problems arising from the educational retreat from religion. "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness."

In the spring of 1950, I retired from the commuters' world of sales problems and train schedules to a desk, chair, paper and pencils at home. The result is nebulous.

The New Jersey Military District (1243 ASU) has just "awarded" (their very own verb) me the primary military occupational specialty, Equipment Distribution Officer. Not Igloo, South Dakota, again with those Indian mounds a thousand yards apart!

**JULIUS JOHNSON SACHS;** 107 Maplewood Avenue, West Hartford, Conn.

In June, 1951, I resigned from the cliff-dwellers of Manhattan, moved to West Hartford, and set up practice in Internal Medicine in Hartford.

During the past five years in New York, I was kept busy by an active medical practice, taught (Clinical Instructor in Medicine) at New York University College of Medicine, and engaged in research that led to the publication of several articles. In 1950, I was certified by the American Board of Internal Medicine, and elected an alumnus member of Alpha Omega Alpha, and, in 1951, an Associate of the American College of Physicians.

We now have three daughters, Rhoda, aged four and a half, Carolyn, aged two and a half, and Harriet, aged four months. The latter now has more hair on her head than her old man.

We like living in Hartford. The medical practice is coming along, and is helped by a part-time appointment with the Veterans Administration.

**LLEWELLYN SALE, JR.;** 27 Hillvale Drive, Clayton 5, Mo.

Following the last communication, I set out in private practice of internal medicine with my father, passed examinations and was given a certificate by the American Board of Internal Medicine. I have served as an instructor in clinical medicine at Washington University School of Medicine, with interesting and worthwhile teaching assignments. I have had a research project under way for the last four years, sponsored by the United States Public Health Service, to study the effects of various drugs on pulmonary tuberculosis. I have been active on the boards of the Social Planning Council, the Missouri



Association for Social Welfare, and the Family Service Agency. Elinor Ann, our third child and second girl, was born on September 6, 1949. I have little time for extra-curricular activities, but play badminton in the winter and tennis in the summer. Both are becoming too strenuous.

OTTO W. SARTORIUS; Leverett Lane, Fayetteville, N.Y.

My time is divided between my practice as a specialist in diseases of the kidney and work at the State University of the New York College of Medicine at Syracuse, where I'm assistant professor of both medicine and physiology. Patricia and I have a daughter, Mary Wills. My hobbies are hunting, fishing, and trapping—also television rental service. Making a helluva lot of money.

THOMAS C. SAVAGE; Pine Bend, Route 1, South Saint Paul, Minn.

My occupation is the operation of a feed lot, in which beef cattle are fattened. Family status: one wife and two sons, aged nine and six.

HARRY SCHERR, JR.; 924 West Second Street, Huntington, W. Va.

Five years from the late unpleasantness, practicing law in the same pre-war office, I consider the most important thing in the interim the arrival of son number two, Herbert Thompson Scherr, on April 19, 1948; but no daughters as yet. With an expanding family and not so expanded means, recreation has been generally confined to occasional golf in the summer, the usual afternoon and evening sports (as at Yale) in the winter, and annual vacation cruises as the guest and at the expense of Uncle's Navy. In the field of more or less public service, I followed Governor Dewey in leading the local ticket to resounding defeat as a candidate for the West Virginia Legislature in 1948, although was more successful the following year (as a candidate, that is) in serving a term as President of the West Virginia Junior Chamber of Commerce; this involved many thousands of miles traveling in and beyond the State, all to the anguish of family and law partners. Of late my travels have been limited to higher purposes, as Chairman of the Conference of Episcopal Laymen in the Diocese of West Virginia, in addition to local responsibilities as a Vestryman and Registrar of Trinity Episcopal Church in Huntington. Other current activities are not for publication.

MAX SCHLING, JR.; Max Schling, Inc., Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

The greatest single source of pleasure and relaxation, after

domesticity, is the Rotary Club. Through its boys' work committee the urge toward civic activity is satisfied, and through its very creditable and able members I find that male companionship that is so valuable a balance. Even my antagonism to exercise is overcome by Rotary, and I bowl each winter.

Winter evenings are devoted, long after the rest of the house is asleep, to making furniture—New England Pine reproductions—and to trying to have the finish seem as old as the design. When and if I succeed in establishing a foolproof formula that brings the soft golden brown warmth without years of aging, I'll write a book.

Business also is a pleasure—more vital, more demanding, and a pleasure that doesn't bear description. Tiny, compared to the GE's and the GM's, it affords a measure for accomplishment, a proving ground for ideas, a place to do honorable battle with problems.

JOHN L. SCHMITT; 152 Temple Street, New Haven, Conn.

Something must be wrong! Until I dug out the records, it seems as though Hersey was dunning still for a ten-year history—surely not the 15th, but since he is, here is the five year story.

In 1949, Greenwich, commuting, subways, Wall Street, and a V. P. with Lord, Abbett & Company were bid adieu. This made possible an abbreviated farm in Woodbridge, and my own investment firm in New Haven under the name of Income Funds.

So the wheel has gone around. Thirteen years of jockeying, jostling, grubbing, to return to one's birthplace. Here the infant investment firm is indicating a healthy life. Coupled alongside, jointly owned with a brother, is a corporation, Aero Gasket, for the manufacture of aircraft parts.

Family life remains status quo—one wife, two daughters, no new additions and, thankfully, no subtractions.

CHARLES SCHNEE; 2705 Outpost Drive, Hollywood, Calif.

Three happy events mark the last five years for me. The arrival three years ago of my daughter Tina; the arrival two years ago of Red Moore; a contract at MGM. Tina is smart as a whip. Thank God, kids are getting smarter all the time. It's only the grownups who are getting dumber. Red Moore has put his own inimitable mark on Hollywood in a short enough time. When I was at RKO, I met Dore Schary. I decided the kind of picture he wanted to make was my kind, and when he moved over to MGM, I went with him. Wrote *The Next Voice You Hear* for him, and a new one, out soon, called *Westward The Women*. Have now written a dozen movies. One regret—being so far away, have had no chance to get back to New Haven for a football game.



SIDNEY SCHREIBER; 19 The Village, Elizabeth, N.J.

Daughter Florence May came our happy way on May 29, 1947. We have devoted much of our time to her. Nothing compares to the infectious joy of a child.

Substantially the balance of the past five years has been devoted to the law. Our firm has gradually witnessed an increase in activity, business, and personnel. We even reached the point where we could afford the luxury of adding a Harvard man.

New York shows and television have been our chief recreational diversions, supplemented in part with occasional bridge and activity in the Masons.

Politically a state of confusion reigns in New Jersey. There are sharp divisions in thinking within the major parties, along local, national and international levels. Concomitant therewith is an economic uncertainty—business booming and on verge of bankruptcy. All of which makes for a vigorous law practice, but creates serious doubt as to where we are going. Only resolution of the fundamental conflicting ways of life in the world will bring about stability. Here's a hope of attainment by 1956.

PAUL H. SCHROEDER; 148 Riverside Road, Riverside, Ill.

I earn my living as Sales Engineer for the Dewey & Almy Chemical Co. My wife, Elizabeth H., and I have three sons: Paul, Jr., nine, Stephen S., six, and Dean H., two. My hobbies are golf, gardening, bridge, home maintenance and repairs, and dancing—when the "boss" demands.

WILLIAM CURTIS SCHROEDER; Box 87, Route 4, West Bend, Wis.

I am an advertising salesman for The Milwaukee *Journal*. Part-time farming. One daughter, aged nine.

ROBERT H. SCHULTZ; Maizeland Road, Red Hook, Dutchess County, N.Y.

Nothing important until meeting Evelyn Weeden and son, Billy . . . and shivering at Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade in 1947. We three were married in July, 1948 (Dick Herold beat me by less than a month).

After nine months of riding the New York Central between New York and Rhinecliff, discovered that even the sight of the majestic Hudson could not compensate for the hours of traveling.

Moved to Red Hook and found that owning a house can satisfy nearly all desires for physical exercise.

Employed by Glens Falls Insurance Company.

JACK LOUIS SCHUMANN; 150 Queens Drive, Little Silver, N.J.

I am a sales engineer with the Buell Engineering Company, dust collectors, of 70 Pine Street, New York. I have a wife, Helen, and a son, Robert, four, and hobbies are all bound up in our new house.

GUSTAV SCHWAB; R.F.D. 2, Peekskill, N.Y.

The end of the War found me just as anxious to get out of the Army, Air Force in my case, as anybody else. I had accumulated a wife, a rank of Major, and an uneasy aversion to going back to my old job, when I got my discharge at Mitchell Field in November, 1945. Terminal leave gave Jo and me a chance to do some skiing, which was a welcome change, in the sub-zero weather of Canada, after a couple of years of duty in Puerto Rico. I then turned to the more serious occupation of trying to find a job.

After being "on the beach" for a couple of months I landed a job selling advertising space for the Ahrens Publishing Company, thru the Yale Club Placement Bureau. Let me say here and now that this is a marvelous alumni activity of Yale, which deserves everybody's support. It certainly helped me. I am still with the same company and have risen to the position of Eastern Advertising Manager.

My greatest post-war problem, like a lot of other people, was trying to find a place to live. We finally located an experimental dairy farm on the estate of Obbie Webb's (Yale '36) family in Garrison which had lain idle for a number years. The owners were looking around for tenants to use it as a home, so work was begun at once to convert the barn into a liveable house. Today it still looks like a barn, but any member of the Class of '36 who happens to be up near Garrison, N.Y., is welcome to come and see how comfortable a family can be in an old stone barn with the dining room in the silo. For possible laughs from the dim-witted, we call it "O Silo Mio."

My family consists of my good wife, Jo Shely Schwab, one daughter, Alice Clark, age five and just learning to swim, and one son, Gus, age one, just learning to stand upright.

HENRY B. DEV. SCHWAB, JR.; 989 Balltown Road, Schenectady, N.Y.

Greetings from Schenectady and the G.E. Nineteen forty-five found me returning from Erie, Pa., for a stretch of staff work in the General office, and more recently in the field of Laboratory Administration.

I am married and have two children. Keep busy with tennis, curling, skiing, and miscellaneous hobbies. See the sea, the backwoods and the big city about once a year.



ZENOS E. SCOTT, JR.; 2353 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Working for Louisville and Nashville Railroad as a traveling coal peddler. Getting plenty of competition from the natural gas and oil industries. No particular hobbies at present. Our two small children are Marian and McKinley.

SAMUEL A. SCRIBNER; 732 Scarsdale Avenue, Scarsdale, N.Y.

I have this day received an ominous post card forcing an untimely end to my procrastination about writing this deathless quivering story of My Life. Having long lost the questionnaire—I believe a small son ate it—I've forgotten just what is called for, but the last five years went something like this:

At the end of 1949, I left my long time job with General Motors and joined a small advertising firm, which did well in all of its phases except making money. So, this past year I have been with Willard Pictures, Inc., producers of quality sales, training and T.V. films (advt.). Although I'm often forced to spend days at a time surrounded by chesty blonde models, the job is otherwise very interesting.

The hearthside is lous— er, alive with small male extroverts. Actually only two, aged one and three, but it seems like more. The theory that small boys are constructed of rats and snails and puppy dogs' tails is validated by empirical observation.

MORTIMER ASHMEAD SEABURY, JR.; Ship's Cabin, Marblehead, Mass.

This finds me about five feet from the water in Marblehead sitting in my little office. No, I'm not afloat, but my seaside inn hangs out over the harbor. The guests have gone to bed, but I am serenaded mildly by the sound of the water and the distant gaiety of younger things enjoying our annual Race Week. My wife, Virginia, who has been in that status for four years, is home with our small boy, whose namesake, Warren Bartlett Seabury, graduated from Yale in 1900 and was one of the founders of Yale-in-China. Writing this makes me nostalgic about our last reunion, my first. It meant a lot to me and I plan never to miss another. It was a joy to see old friends, and I hope they will drop in to see me here whenever they get anywhere near Boston. At the time of our 25th, my other son, little Ash, should be graduating. My two girls, Mayo and Diana, will probably be married to a pair of Elis; so, all in all, the next ten years will bring some changes. I hope they are for the better for 1936, Yale, and all the world.

WILLIAM J. SECOR, JR.; 111 West Main Street, Waterbury, Conn.

Resigning from the F.B.I. in December, 1945, I returned to the practice of law in Waterbury, becoming a member of the law firm of Lewis, Hart, Upson & Secor in 1948. My daughter Betsey arrived in 1946, John Hoover in 1947, and Barbara in 1950, making a total of four, including Fielding.

Since my return, I have specialized in the field of taxation, and in 1946 I took a special course on this subject at Yale Law School.

We recently moved to Middlebury, Conn., where practically all my spare time is spent landscaping our new home.

Present memberships include Rotary Club, The Waterbury Club, and the Country Club of Waterbury.

ROBERT E. SELTZER; The American Baler Co., Bellevue, Ohio.

Current assets of the Seltzer family include four children: Bob, nine, Marion, six, Margaret, five, and Pat, one and a half; mother, the former Doris Scott of New York; a house to live in which seems too small when everyone is there but much too large when anyone is missing; and a business for Daddy which so far has provided a living.

The liabilities are mostly trivial things, currently including a case of the Mumps and Scarlet Fever. One major liability is that Daddy started his own business after the war and has had to work twice as hard as any apparent results would justify; however, prospects are considerably brighter, giving rise to the observation that if you can't find a quick gold mine in business, the alternative is to hang on with your teeth long enough and work twice as much as a human being ought to.

NELSON SHARPE, 3D; 1523 Clubside Rd., Lyndhurst 24, Ohio.

It only took a year after graduation for this Eli to tire of living alone, which resulted in his marriage to Janet M. Orton in Utica, N.Y., on November 6, 1937. My family expanded two years later with the birth of a boy, Lee Nelson, on November 30, 1939. During this period, until 1940, I was employed by the Permutit Co. in the field of industrial water conditioning equipment, with residence mainly in Philadelphia. My next and only other full time job, which I currently hold, was with the W.H.&L.D. Betz Co., which required a move to Cleveland in the capacity of District Engineer. In 1943, our family was completed with the birth of a daughter, Anne Orton, on January 11.

Aproximately four years ago I joined with others in the formation of the Hukill Chemical Corp., of which I am currently Secretary, and later the Wolf Processing Co., where I am a member of the



Board of Directors. Though both nonpaying as yet, these jobs have been of considerable business interest, and have allowed me to continue full time activity in my capacity as a consulting chemical engineer in the water-conditioning field.

I am a member of the University Club and the Mentor Harbor Yacht Club, though non-sailing at present. I have been a vestryman of St. Alban's Episcopal Church on two occasions, and my politics remain essentially Republican. Membership in a Boy Scout Troop Committee plus two or three technical organizations complete the roster as to activity other than social.

A large lot in Lyndhurst, a residential city of Greater Cleveland, takes most of my spare time when not vacationing in Michigan in the summer. A convivial social life with many friends completes an interesting and happy life, with no substantial regrets.

WARREN SHEAR; 1120 North 13th Street, Duncan, Okla.

The arrival of our second daughter in 1947 completed our family, I hope—except for the purchase of a malemute pup at Aspen, Colo., last winter while skiing.

Unable to find a job after my discharge from the army, I started selling oil and gas leases in Southern Oklahoma and have now progressed to the point where I am a small oil producer with bank loans larger than my assets. Have been married just once to a native of Oklahoma, born on the banks of Wild Horse Creek—luckiest thing I ever did. If I hadn't married her, I'd probably be working for a small stipend in the crowded East.

My wife has learned to fly our Beech Bonanza, and, in fact, is such a hot pilot that she threatens to get weathered in in Tulsa or Dallas and see why I always have to stay by the ship when the weather gets bad. I hope she won't be disappointed. We ski, swim, play golf and tennis for amusement, and occasionally get time for a vacation, usually in the winter. Find myself getting lazy and dull as middle age approaches; also find my political views considerably changed from college. Enjoyed our great Fifteenth Reunion, but was amazed to see how much younger I looked than most of my classmates—possibly the clean life I live.

BLAKE SHEPARD; 500 Summit Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Settled in Bronxville, N.Y., after the war and sought my fortune with J. C. Griswold & Co., insurance brokers, in New York. In spite of pleasant surroundings and frequent contact with the likes of Bob Cooke, Pete Grace, Tom Stockhausen, Brendan Gill, etc., gracefully accepted job with a St. Paul insurance agency, W. A. Lang Co., and

moved back to Minnesota in July, 1949, shortly after the arrival of our third child. My good wife is successfully adjusting herself to having three daughters and eight or ten months a year of arctic weather.

Life in Minnesota has proved pleasant, with plenty of extracurricular relaxation in the form of golfing, hunting, and shoveling snow. Also quite a few '36ers inhabit this country, and since J. Press sends a representative a couple of times a year, we're really not too badly off. Have been taking vacations each summer in Madison, Conn., and hope to continue to do so.

The fifteenth reunion was enjoyable, especially the good behavior of Train. Hope Looie can raise a million by 1956.

DAVID SHEPPARD; 2721 Terrace Road, S.E., Washington 20, D.C.

The summer of 1951 finds me on the backs of the often muddy Potomac, working as a statistician for the Air Force in the five-sided, air-conditioned concrete and granite establishment. This is the eighth year of my second stay (my first was for two years, 1940-1942, with a short stay in the Coast Guard in between), and during the eight years my family has expanded to include two lovely (aren't they all) daughters—Ellen, born in 1943, and Susan, born in 1946. So now we are four. For the record, marriage caught up with me in November, 1940, in the person of Miss Esther Tessler of New Haven.

In the fifteen years since leaving Yale it has been my good fortune to work in fields closely allied to my mathematics major. My statistical career has covered such interesting areas as anthropometrics, psychometrics, social statistics, applications to military problems, and lecturing in statistics for two years, 1948-1950, at the School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University.

My being a "bureaucrat" has made me somewhat sensitive to the present-day connotations of the word. The picture of a man who feeds at the public trough, producing nothing beneficial in return, is generally not true. This is the material that goes over big in the provinces. In reality, most "bureaucrats" produce an honest day's work and contribute, in their own small way, to the operation of government. So much for the soap-box.

It used to be that physical exercise was something one ought to take willy-nilly, but over the years my allegiance has shifted to the school that alleges the pursuit of happiness is best achieved by taking life easy. Thus, my feet no longer pound a softball base path or a tennis court. They are more often squarely on the floor with my rear comfortably enjoying a soft chair. And, of course, a bottle of beer. This is rather a good position for watching baseball, football,



basketball, and best of all, Jimmy Durante on TV. My spare time is also quite often taken up with reading, woodworking, and painting (arty or otherwise).

Among the art forms that provide a great deal of pleasure is the theater. In retrospect, this is probably the most enjoyable to me, and the recent but not lamented hiatus in Washington for nearly two years was most distressing.

I hold membership in the Institute of Mathematical Statistics and a rather inactive membership in the Yale Club of Washington.

F. ALLEN SHERK; Milton Academy, Milton, Mass.

The past five years have seen little change in the Sherks except for the increasing bald spot that is appearing on Daddy's head. It can't be caused by family worries; so the strong Harvard tendencies of '47 boys in Wolcott House will have to bear the brunt of the blame.

For nine months of the year our life centers around the active and pleasant atmosphere of Milton Academy, where I am Wolcott housemaster, head of the history department, and track coach. Then in the summer, our attention shifts to a quiet lake in Deering, New Hampshire, where we have a more normal family life in a house that has been built completely by ourselves.

The only significant outside responsibility has been serving as national chairman of the English-Speaking Union's Youth Exchange Plan. This involves the raising of funds and the administration of the exchange of top-notch American and British boys.

ROBERT E. SIMON; 1 Raycliff Terrace, San Francisco, Calif.

I am a general partner in the stock brokerage firm of J. Barth & Company, San Francisco. I married Joan Salz in 1940, and we have three children: Michael, ten, Barbara, five, Douglas, three. I play a social game of tennis to keep fit! ! Am active in local philanthropies, including Budget Committee of the Community Chest, Executive Committee of the Jewish Welfare Fund of San Francisco; also active on various committees of the San Francisco Stock Exchange.

CHARLES RIVES SKINKER, JR.; 18 Druid Hill Road, Summit, N.J.

My job with the New Jersey Zinc Company (160 Front Street, New York City) involves my making the rounds in Washington, D.C., weekly. I try to keep abreast of the plethora of rules, orders, regulations, tripe, etc., therefrom. Have a lovely wife, Thaisia de Transehe, a blonde daughter, Sandra Isabelle, born July 10, 1941—weight 100-plus, height five feet, a brunette daughter, Barbara Ann,

born April 22, 1944, at 4:44 a.m. (food for numerologist's thought!) —and a four-legged son with curly tail: Doctor Pepper, the best d--n Dalmatian you ever met.

Interests are golf (but rarely get to play), Florida, bourbon, people; sources of personal wonder: my children, politics, Washington; sources of personal amazement: my children, other people's children; source of satisfaction: the Good Lord for His blessings.

HARRY EMERSON SLOAN, JR.; Sunset Farm, West Hartford, Conn.

Having had everything to do with the fall of Franklin Hall and nothing to do with the rise of Franklin D., this body plunged into the horrors of grease-ball life (after a summer of leisure), in the fall of 1936, in the occupation of 'machinist's apprentice.' This was in the way of learning a few of the rough spots of human nature, as well as finding out what makes things tick. My \$17.86 per average weekly wage, earned at the Hartford Special Machinery Company in this capacity, I soon learned to spend 'in toto' in Northampton, or at *Toto's*, but that training will not be forgotten.

This all led up to the inevitable—one of Smith's lovelies, Jane Quantrell, threw in the sponge in 1939, and the chase was over. In the meantime, due to an industrial accident, I dropped one blinker by the wayside, and, spending a few months on the sidelines, resumed productive life with the Cushman Chuck Company. Being an old family concern, this was a pretty good move, as I was not long after elected Vice President and Secretary, which I still am.

Our one and only, Nancy Jane, was born in November, 1940, and it won't be long before we will cast the jaundiced eye at some of you lugs with bratty sons. A horsewoman she's turning out to be, as was her mother, and you'd better be sure you can afford horses. We can't.

The war period—'40-45—is a past nightmare of wondering whether you're in or out, and in the meantime working like the devil at a so-called essential job. My hat was, and still is, off to the guys in service. That is a real sacrifice.

Since about 1946 or thereabouts, up until about a year ago, everything has been quite serene. Nothing dramatic, unusual, or even commonplace. The squash courts of the Hartford Golf Club ring gaily to the sounds of crushed racquets (and spirits), wielded with finesse by some and abandon by yours truly, during the winter months. Smiling summer skies never fail to find us cursing profanely on the golf course. A great game—develops the competitive spirit. And also some sailing (which I love, but am alone), plus not enough hunting and fishing, which we both adore.



Now comes the debacle, or did about a year ago, in the way of rearmament, which disturbs the even tenor of ways. Being a part of the machine tool industry, my company is again operating on something approaching a wartime footing. Our small best we will do again, and hope that this time we all will not relinquish the beautiful advantage we once had to put peace in the bag.

My first chance to vote in a national election happened, as I guess it did to most of '36, in the same famous year. Being employed at that time as a factory hand, it shocked my Republican training to be jibed at with the vulgar phrase, "Vote for Landon and you'll land on your ass." Well, I did and have been doing so ever since. Must say I'm getting a bit thick-skinned down there. However, the worm will turn, provided all good Republicans and Democrats get together, and who then gives a hoot who is the Pres? I'll vote for Griswold. He may be out for dough, but he will spend it wisely.

Anybody tendering a dollar bill to the Community Chest, the Yale Alumni Fund, my prep school Kingswood, or other nefarious enterprises will find me a willing taker. Might even dust off the Steinway, open a coke, and whale away for you.

JOHN DAVENPORT SLOAN; 171 Elm Street, East Longmeadow, Mass.

It has been hotly contested, but it is my firm belief that a certain Naval cousin-in-law's knowledge of merchant ships' locations during the last war led directly to our happy marriage. Somehow, Nickie (formerly Ruth Nichols of Worcester, Mass.) always seemed to be on leave whenever my ship docked. Ulcers interrupted this routine, but still we were married in February, 1945. Nickie went back to Glenview Naval Air Station and ex-Marine Engineer Sloan went back to Chain Belt Co.—his stomping ground ever since graduation in 1937. (Skipped a year in '36 to work for National Biscuit Co. and line an empty pocketbook.)

Mutually agreeable arrangements with Chain Belt have resulted in jobs in all three plants—on budgets in Milwaukee, Purchasing Agent at the Worcester Plant before the war, and now Asst. Supt. Baldwin-Duckworth Division of Chain Belt, Springfield Plant, where we make roller chain. (This is no ad—just want to differentiate between our product and toilet chain.)

Spare time is spent watching five-year-old son J.D. build toy boats and Nickie do metalcrafts, while a Sloan-built garage is left with its foundation showing. Beer-drinking, homebodies, Republicans can best describe our other activities—or lack of them. Entertainment is of the quiet variety, with a few plays and some concerts interspersed with elbow bending among congenial friends. It is a good life.

A. EDWARD SMICK; 5811 Mastin Road, Merriam, Kan.

In order of importance to me personally, the principal changes in my life since 1946 were (a) my marriage in '49 to the former Barbara Amy Brown of New York City, (b) the birth of my first son, Peter Gilman, in '50, (c) my promotion to Manager of Engineering for Trans World Airlines in '49 and my relocation to Kansas City at that time. Although I do not yet, and perhaps never will, enjoy Kansas City, the combination of an annual pass on our airline plus the availability of my Cessna 140, which I purchased in '46, offers considerable relief from the confines of this land of floods and chiggers.

Incidentally, at the time of this writing we are actively engaged in digging our Overhaul Base out of the mess left by eighteen feet of water. The devastation wrought upon many thousands of homes and hundreds of industries by this flood was terrible to see, and all too reminiscent of the destructive sights in the industrial cities of Europe during the war. To the home owners the loss will, in most cases, be permanent, but it is hard to imagine that RFC rehabilitation loans will be difficult for any industrial firm from Missouri to obtain. This local disaster emphasized how lucky we are that modern wars have not actively crossed our shores and how completely incapable the typical American municipality is in coping with the sudden problems attendant upon a major disaster.

Outside of deploring (passively) the astonishingly low level to which so many high public officials have fallen in the conduct of public affairs, plus regretting the lack of firmness and aggressiveness in the foreign policy of this nation, my thoughts have been pretty well confined to the problems of family and personal life, with a little skiing, a lot of flying and traveling, and a hobby of woodworking and cabinet making as my principal diversions. I hope that the United Nations can work its way out of another world war, but doubt that the vacillating policy of both England and the United States will permit that. The similarity in our approach to many events of the last few years is so like the behavior of England and France during the '30's as to preclude any well founded hope of avoiding war. I have not kept in touch with many of my classmates and hope that any who pass through Kansas City will take a few moments to call me at work or arrange to stay over night if possible.

BRADLEY SMITH; Brambletye Farm, Setauket, L.I., N.Y.

I am married to the former Christine Brown, Bryn Mawr, '36. We have one son, aged three years, and we are expecting another child in June, 1952. My permanent employer is the United States Chamber of Commerce, Washington, D.C. I was recalled to active duty in the



Air Force in July, 1950, and sent to Korea. There I flew 101 combat missions in F5's prior to rotation back to U. S. Then I was stationed as a gunnery instructor at Suffolk AFB until I was able to get out on September 10, 1951, and return to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. My hobby is golf, my handicap on the home course being seven.

CARLTON McADORY SMITH; 2631 Aberdeen Road, Birmingham, Ala.

Engaged in the office furniture and blueprinting business in Birmingham, Ala., but for the past sixteen months was called back into the Army, having remained in the Reserves, being stationed all over the U.S. in the Transportation Corps. Have one child, a daughter, eight years old. I should be out of the Army in February, 1952.

EDWARD RICE SMITH; 69 Colony Street, Meriden, Conn.

It's been an eventful five years. There are four children now. My surgical training was completed at Yale as we had hoped and I am in the private practice of surgery in the old home town, near enough to New Haven to be able to hold an appointment as Clinical Instructor in Surgery in the Yale Medical School. The American Board of Surgery has certified me as a specialist, but as an ex-pathologist and reformed G. P., I feel more pasteurized than certified. So much for business; the exciting developments have been extracurricular. The family homestead and farm went up for sale when the last of an older generation died. We could buy the homestead but not the farm, and had to watch it replaced with a pimply rash of tiny "ranch houses" on sixty-foot lots. So the house went up for sale again while we went crazily into debt for seventy-five acres of beautiful overgrown pasture and woodland in West Cheshire. Here we spent many happy hours rediscovering Nature, but we couldn't build because the old house wouldn't sell. We did get a well sunk (you never tasted such water!) and then put up a little shed for the tractor, but the tractor never got into it. Last July fourth the family slept there "for fun," and in no time had moved in permanently. Our furniture went into storage, the old house was sold for what we could get, and from our tiny new base of operations we began to build a new home in the middle of our tract, surrounded by peace and beauty. Of course it wasn't all peace and beauty, and I wonder how Alta ever faced it. We run a hundred yards to the pump for water, and it's frozen much of the winter; the toilet is a pit with a box over it and a square hole to discourage constipation; the kitchen is three by six, the sink a basin, and the stove a hot-plate, but we eat fine. And we've never been happier. The house is now well along and should be done before

another winter. We did about half of the building ourselves and feel fine for it. The surroundings and the work make life seem a constant vacation, the kids are brown and healthy, we have vegetables in the garden, trout in the brook, the freshest of air, and the purest of water—and my office in the city is only five minutes away. The undeveloped land has limitless possibilities; enough for many years and year-books to come.

EVERETT WARE SMITH; 151 Dover Road, Wellesley 81, Mass.

Graduation found me leaving the comforts of New Haven for the U.S. Marine Corps and the mosquitoes in the Philadelphia Navy Yard, having accepted an appointment as a Second Lieutenant from the Yale Naval R.O.T.C. This interlude lasted until the summer of 1938, when marriage overtook me in the person of Ruth Howe Tyler (Smith '36), and I resigned to go to work for the Aetna Casualty & Surety Co. in Hartford, later being transferred to Boston. During most of this period we had lived in Cambridge and had just moved to Wellesley, Mass., where we still are, when our first child, Pamela, arrived on August 31, 1940, to complicate the scheme of things.

In the spring of 1941, it became clear that an application for active duty was in order—or else; so back into the Marine Corps I went. After nine months' duty in the States, they sent me to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, as part of a cadre around which the 13th Anti-Aircraft Battalion was formed. During this sojourn in Cuba my second daughter, Karen, was born in Boston, on October 27, 1942. In March, 1944, the outfit was sent back to Camp Lejeune, N.C., for refitting of equipment and men. For three months we luxuriated in the town of Jacksonville, N.C., in a defense housing project of magnificent proportions.

In July, 1944, we started for the Pacific, stopping for a short period on Maui in the Hawaiian Islands, where the outfit was broken up because the need for anti-aircraft artillery had diminished greatly. At this point the Marine Corps pulled my name out of a hat and sent me to the First Marine Division in the Russell Islands, just off Guadalcanal. There I joined the 11th Marines (Artillery), serving as a Battalion Executive Officer, later on the Regimental Staff, and finally as Commanding Officer of the 4th Battalion of that Regiment (155 mm Howitzers). Okinawa was the only landing operation in which I participated, and there as elsewhere from an artillery standpoint the Japanese were outclassed by superior equipment and greater fire power.

With one hundred and forty-three points, I managed to get back to Boston and out of uniform by December, 1945, and immediately went to work for the New England Trust Company, first as a security



analyst, and later on as a Trust Officer and account manager. In the spring of 1948, the Boston and Maine Railroad hired me to be Assistant to the Vice President-Finance, a title which covers a multitude of miscellaneous duties.

On September 4, 1949, came a big moment in our lives with the arrival of identical twin boys, Nathaniel and Jonathan, who have managed to be, and seem likely to remain, a source of considerable entertainment to the entire family.

Outside of the Yale Club of Boston, my only club affiliation is the Dedham Country and Polo Club, where golf is my chief interest. During the summer months we do considerable sailing at Kennebunk, Me., and in the winter a small amount of skiing. At present I am on the vestry of the local Episcopal Church and have enjoyed being on several committees of the town government.

P. H. SMITH; Grace Brothers Ltd., 143/9 Fenchurch Street, London, England.

After graduation, I joined W. R. Grace & Co., 7 Hanover Square, New York City, in September, 1936, and subsequent to an extensive training period I was sent to Columbia to learn something about the coffee trade. This was a most interesting experience and for all I know I might still be there had not the War assisted in changing my plans.

I resigned shortly after Pearl Harbor and returned to the States to get into the Army. The military science course was somewhat vague at that point and I did not know the difference between a Mil and a Howitzer. Nevertheless, officers seemed to require less qualifications than G.I.s, and I was given a commission as Second Lieutenant and assigned to the 94th Infantry Division after several service schools. I went overseas with this Division and was in combat through France, Luxembourg, and Germany and ended the War in Czechoslovakia. This country was so dismal that I asked for a transfer and ended up in Munich. Since I had had experience with Grace & Co. in foreign trade I was made a Foreign Trade Officer and given the rather difficult job of stimulating German exports at a time when there were no goods available of any kind, much less for export.

This operation developed into a joint French, British and American effort which financed German foreign trade and had the mission of building up exports to the point where Germany was independent of outside aid. This was a most interesting time. I resigned in October of 1950 and returned to W. R. Grace & Co. I am now the Manager of the Grace office in London.

I would like to give a standing invitation to buy a drink, dinner or what have you for any member of 1936 who finds himself in London.

RALPH BRIGGS SNOW; 28 Ayer Lane, Harwich Port, Mass.

The past five years have been good to the Snows. 1951 finds us established in Harwich Port as permanent residents and content to be Cape Codders for the rest of our lives. Two years ago I opened my own law offices at 53 State Street, Boston, and in Harwich Port, and now divide my time between the two locations. This naturally takes quite a bit of doing, but there still seems to be time left over for the pursuit of happiness with Jane and the kids. The world situation seems no better and not much worse to me than it did at graduation, despite all the water and blood which have run under the bridge since then. There always seems to be a villain and a crisis confronting us, so that we may now consider a state of emergency normal. The Democrats, too, are apparently always with us, and since they are so fond of running the country, let them do the worrying. Me, I'm going fishing!

FRANK CHANNING SOULE; 622 Scoville Avenue, Syracuse 3, N.Y.

I graduated on Tuesday and was married on Thursday, in June, '36, to Ruth Gesell, sister of classmate William H. Gesell. At first I was hired by Price, Waterhouse, in New York, and I used to grind nights at the N.Y.U. Graduate School of Business Administration, until I had earned an M.B.A. in Accounting, in June, 1939. I was certified as a Public Accountant in New York in 1940. From 1941 to 1946 I was Treasurer of R. Gesell, Inc., manufacturing chemists, in New York, and since 1947 I have been Treasurer of the Onondaga Radio Broadcasting Corp., operators of station WFBL, here in Syracuse. Since November, 1951, I've also been a member of the staff of Hurdman and Cranstoun, University Building, Syracuse 2, N.Y.

In spare time, I've been active, and have held various offices, in the Syracuse Chapter of the New York State Society of Certified Public Accountants; in the Safety Division of the Syracuse Chamber of Commerce; in the Salem Hyde (public) School Community Association; in the Nottingham High School P.T.A.; in the Central New York Yale Club; in the Society for the Advancement of Management; in the Museum of Fine Arts, the Technology Club, and the University Club, all of Syracuse; in the Syracuse Red Cross and Community Chest; and in the St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Syracuse. In other words, what can a Yale man do to manage to keep busy in his community?

My hobbies are sailing small boats, mostly at Nantucket; building small boats and an occasional piece of furniture in the basement;



and gardening—needle and broadleaf evergreens and spring and fall flowers in the back yard.

W. HOWARD SPENCER; 593 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Conn.

The years between college and the war were spent mainly in New York and Chicago, where I worked for the American Tel. & Tel. Co. In New York the work was principally of a statistical nature, and in Chicago, engineering sales work. Among others that I shared bachelor existence with in New York was George Hogle. For a time there were six of us living in an apartment on East 35th St. that became quite well known for good parties. Life in Chicago in 1940 was equally gay and carefree.

When I was drafted in April, 1941, there was an abrupt change in my activities. Now I had such duties as picking up rocks at Camp Forrest, Tenn., where the Illinois National Guard Division had just been sent on active duty. That division was probably no worse than any other guard outfit, but at the time it seemed to me as though no other group could possibly have been so fouled up! When I happened to see a notice that it was possible to be discharged from the Army if one were accepted in the Navy V-7 officer training program, I jumped at the chance.

It worked, and in January, 1942, I went to Annapolis, and in four months came out an ensign. Instead of now being off to the wars as I expected, I was held there to instruct Marine Engineering until the end of 1943.

During 1944 came duty with the brand new *U.S.S. Alaska*, which was commissioned in June and finally got to the Pacific in December. This was particularly interesting duty for an engineering officer, because the ship was of a new type, a large cruiser—almost as large as the battleships—and built for high speed action. This necessitated a tremendous engineering plant, which was extremely interesting to learn and to help operate.

We operated with Task Forces 38 and 58 (high speed carriers) in the Pacific in 1945, commencing with the Tokyo strikes just before Iwo Jima and continuing through the Okinawa campaign until the surrender. After that we went into Inchon, Korea, for a brief stay and then to Tsingtao, China, while the Marines took over from the Japs and held the Reds at bay until the Nationalists could get in. In December we were back in San Francisco, and I took off for New York and civilian clothes.

In 1946, I went back to the Telephone Co. in Chicago, but I soon decided that I wasn't satisfied with the job or the opportunities for advancement, and I began to look for a change. The opportunity came to return to my home town, Hartford, with the Cushman

Chuck Co., and I made the move in February, 1947. With them I have been Supervisor of Cost Accounting and have found the work varied and interesting.

The big change in my life came a few years ago when I finally met the right girl, the former Mary Alice Andrews. We were married in May, 1949, at a ceremony in which I was ably assisted by Harry Sloan, even though he had just broken his arm the week before.

During the last few years I've become quite interested in golf, but as yet I haven't been able to get my game much below 90. Bridge has always been a favorite activity, both the social and the more serious duplicate games. For spectator sports I'll take the Brooklyn Dodgers every time (a rabid fan of 20 years standing), and, of course, there's nothing like getting back to the Bowl for a few games each fall!

ROBERT H. SPOCK; Brooks School, North Andover, Mass.

I am assistant headmaster and head of the lower school at Brooks. Still single. Skiing, carpentry, and mountaineering are my main interests or hobbies.

ARNOLD STEIN; 4778 E. 180th Street, Seattle 55, Wash.

Since 1948 I have been associate professor of English at the University of Washington, my special fields being 17th Century and contemporary literature. Hobbies are my poultry and fruit orchard, my hard cider and Kirschwasser. I have one adopted son, Jonathan William Robert, who was born on April 29, 1950.

JAMES WILLIAMSON SQUIRES; 529 Sedgefield Road, Charlotte, N.C.

After spending two months trying to figure how anybody expects a man to write an autobiography and avoid the perpendicular pronoun, I (pardon the expression) am forced by the last of a dozen penny post cards to do something. If I want to say *I*, I am going to say *I*, and no damned classbook editor is going to suppress my individuality in the manner of Hitler and Stalin. It is my intention to use the perpendicular pronoun as often as I desire and I will use it horizontally, vertically, and in any other position which I deem proper.

Many of my leisure hours are devoted to bragging about my undergraduate friendship with such 1936 Greats as Toni Wishbone, John Hersey, Grace, et al. Of course, I never knew these men at Yale.

My heart's desire was always to be a stock broker. That there was no Yale major preparing one for such a vocation was a tremendous



disappointment. I am sorry not to have cultivated the friendship of Lou Walker. He looked so seedy, so much like a bum, that I never realized he was one of Wall Street's finest?????

Rulane Gas Company and affiliates still exercise the poor judgment of keeping me on their payroll. Rube that I am—I still have the same wife. Three daughters grace our household. Politically I am a conservative and have such strong opinions against Harry Truman that my doctor has warned me not to voice them. If any of you fellows are ever in Charlotte, telephone me and ask me out to lunch. I promise you I will never try to borrow any money from anyone in the Class of 1936. I am fortunate enough to have some rich friends in the Class of '35 and '37.

JOSEPH GARDNER STANDART, JR.; 180 Ridge Road, Grosse Pointe 30, Mich.

Having completed five years with Uncle Sammy—a longer hitch than had been devoted to any previous activity, except that of growing up—I returned to civilian life and encountered as many problems as any adolescent brat ever dreamed up. The transition of Standart, A.C., to Standart, Esq., took about eighteen months to accomplish and ten years off the life of those who had to struggle along with me.

During this time I had returned to my old method of gainful employment—advertising, but was making little or no sense, being mainly involved in rediscovering the female sex. Being still unmarried, this was a more or less legal occupation, but one fraught with all kinds of hazards—some extremely interesting.

Much to everyone's relief, this phase passed, and I finally became accustomed to passing brown-suited men in the street without shifting packages to the left hand. Concurrently, a grass widow with three female appendages hove into view, and after much soul searching and long meditation on the theme "Children in the Home—their Past, Present and Future—If Any," the plunge was finally taken. This sauce was not cooked up without a certain international flavoring, however, as the question was popped—or should I say pried out—in the forests of deepest Denmark, where the lady in question—and the aforementioned female appendages—were summering. The union has been blessed by a son, Joe III, and the male bird dog can now go back to more nasal pursuits, relieved of the responsibility of lending an attentive ear to my soliloquies on "The Problem of Man Faced by a World of Women."

A year ago, after thirteen years' association with one agency, I left to join another (name on request), where I am currently happily and gainfully employed helping to peddle automotive wares.

JOHN H. STANGER; Waterloo & Newton Roads, Devon, Pa.

The past five years have treated me and mine as well as anyone could expect. I continue to struggle with the problems of a small finance company. These problems have been made worse by the reinstatement of Regulation W and the recent ups and downs in the automobile market. Once the Federal Reserve Board decides that installment credit is not the only factor involved which leads to inflation, maybe my problems will become somewhat easier.

I continue to try to keep my weight normal by indulging in a little tennis, squash and soccer now and then. Each year, I swear that it will be my last on the soccer field, but the following fall always finds me trying again. However, I find I'm satisfied to play less and less each year, so I guess this athletic endeavor is about over for me.

The past five years were finished up in a blaze of glory at our fifteenth reunion, and those that failed to make it missed the greatest party the class has ever given.

FREDERICK M. STARK; 538 Badgerow Building, Sioux City, Iowa.

After discharge from the Army in August, 1947, one and one-half years were spent in completing a fellowship at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. My first venture into the private practice of medicine began in March, 1949, in Sioux City, Iowa, in partnership with Dr. Philip Pugh. Our work has been limited to neurology and psychiatry (so far we haven't found it necessary to do general practice on the side). Sioux City is quite remote from Yale influence (only two other Yale men here), yet doesn't seem to suffer too much from that fact. It is a distributing center for a large area that includes about 25% of the Grade A farm land in the U. S. For anyone who has something to sell, Sioux City should be kept in mind.

At present the Stark children are two in number: Barbara, five, and Carolyn, three. Our son, Richard, is scheduled to be born in March, 1952.

GEORGE ROSS STARR, JR.; Washington Street, Duxbury, Mass.

I moved up here to open country four years ago, and am having a wonderful time practicing general medicine in a small town. In 1941 I married Barbara Kelley of Winchester (Bennington '41), and we have three moppets: George, 3d, nine, Nancy, six, and Gary, four and a half. A tool shop in the cellar, stamps, golf, and a rough course in duck gunning each fall use up what spare time there is.

GEORGE S. STEARNS, JR.; 490 Lincoln Road, New Britain, Conn.

Fifteen years of post-graduate life has been spent fairly close to



New Haven (thirty miles away), with the exception of the years in the Navy, and most of that in the Pacific as Gunnery Officer on a destroyer escort. Since my marks in Accounting at Yale were the direct result of Hank Allen's coaching, my certificate as a C.P.A. now graces the office walls of Baker, Goodyear & Company, 215 Church Street, New Haven, Conn., and I as a partner.

New Haven seems to be omnipresent since a Professor's (Carl F. Schreiber) daughter consented to try matrimony, and have now been married since 1938. We have one daughter, Dorothy, aged eleven, who has decided opinions about Yale, Yale football, and the Yankees (liking them all, with an occasional bitter comment about last year's Princeton game).

Figuring other people's taxes and auditing corporation books in recent years has given me a jaundiced view of our Administration; also, a deep admiration both for the American People's ability to take it and somehow survive, and for their continuing complacency in putting up with it. Needless to say it is interesting and at times harrowing, but never dull.

When it gets too thick we like to travel, and of late seem to have a preference for the South and Mexico. All of us are enthusiasts for the following, in order named (1) Travel, (2) Golf, (3) Fishing, (4) Skiing, and neither excel nor do badly in any of them. And between times we all seem to get mixed up in the usual Civic adventures, such as charities, professional groups, etc. All I know is that we always seem to be busy and now wonder where in h - - - fifteen years have gone.

Reunion to me, last June, was an excellent affair, and thanks to M. D.'s Ferguson, Parker, et al., pulled through safely. To them I give my thanks and await their bill. Am looking forward to 1956 with anticipation, and hope it will be bigger and better if possible.

EDGAR Z. STEEVER; Old Stamford Road, New Canaan, Conn.

A sculptor's life is very rewarding and satisfying, though financially sketchy. Part-time work as shop supervisor in a small factory, teaching in art schools, and kiln firing for private potters bring in enough to keep the larder full between jobs and commissions in sculpture. Which means mostly portraits, plaques, animals, tablets and medals. The portraits are scattered about the country in twelve States, and include Allan P. Kirby of the Alleghany Corp.; the Dunning brothers at Columbia School of Dental and Oral Surgery; Dr. L. N. Gay, discoverer of dramamine; and Prof. Adolph Knopf of the Geology department at Yale. Recently executed the award of merit medal for the Silvermine Guild of Artists, whose activities and development I've been closely connected with for some time.

My opinions on politics, business, the state, labor, and institutions are those of the average, but strongly tainted by the fact that I wouldn't give up time or trade places with anyone. As for the world situation, America still has a contribution to make by developing her creative culture.

Living out in the woods here gives much activity outdoors for our three boys, which we supplement with shore life and sailing in the summer, either on the Chesapeake or the Sound. Last winter we put together a dinghy in the living room, which amused the boys, extended my wife's patience, and, since it was built upside down, gave refuge to the cat from the new dog. So, if you see a knockabout pretty well loaded down sailing somewhere between Norwalk and Stamford, likely it's us.

From many visits to New Haven and Yale, the College seems to have improved—maybe no more waitresses and such trimmings, but the courses and individual treatment are improved. As for the Art School, I'm not sure I can say the same; reorganization has left it lopsided, with two dimensional design and architecture doing fine at the expense of representational painting and sculpture.

We all enjoyed the fifteenth reunion and are looking forward to seeing what happens to everyone after the next five years.

HERBERT MORTON STEIN; 34 Fairway Drive, West Orange, N.J.

When the Navy dispensed with my services in November, 1945, a pre-war associate invited me to join him in a marketing venture which we called Hollis Company. This prospered in a mediocre way for the next four years, but in November, 1949, I joined the advertising staff of Ronson Lighters, having succumbed to the lure of big business. In June, 1950, I was appointed Assistant Director of Advertising for Ronson and supervised all TV and radio activities. Currently, we are putting together a new star-studded variety show, which I trust is part of your weekly 'must' entertainment by the time this appears in print.

Not realizing how well off a man is with two children, we took the big step and announced the birth of our third offspring, Herbert Morton Stein, Jr., on November 14, 1950. This necessitated, among other things, larger quarters, which accounts for my new address.

Golf continues to be my favorite outdoor recreation, and music, theater, and reading (mostly trade journals) occupies my time indoors. However, finding leisure time becomes increasingly difficult—characteristic of the advertising profession.

Certainly enjoyed the reunion this June, and was amazed to find that only up to, and including, the Class of '31 had gotten older.



RICHARD LEWIS STEINER; 5219 Putney Way, Baltimore 12, Md.

After Yale I spent two years at the M.I.T. graduate school, where I picked up a degree of Master in City Planning and a wife. Jane Seaton Rodman and I were married in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York on June 24, 1939; she was a graduate of the N.Y. Agricultural Institute, the Lowthorpe School of Landscape Architecture, and also had an M.C.P. from M.I.T. I had spent the summer of 1936 with the Mayor's Committee on City Planning in New York City; the next summer as the first traffic analyst for the Maryland State Road Commission; the summer after that as planning consultant to the Lexington, Mass., town planning board. In the fall of 1938 I undertook a rural road inventory and traffic analysis for the Connecticut State Highway Department. From December, 1938, to February, 1941, I was a project planner with the U.S. Housing Authority, Southeastern Region. During the war I served in the Civil Engineer Corps of the Navy, progressing in rank from Ensign to Lieutenant Commander. I worked in the Housing and Real Estate Office of the U.S. Naval Air Station in Jacksonville, Fla., with a short time at the end in the Public Works Office of the 10th Naval District, San Juan, Puerto Rico. Since the war I have been Director of the Baltimore Redevelopment Commission, which is engaged in a \$15,000,000 slum-clearance project. I'm still active in the Naval Reserve, and was first commanding officer of a postwar volunteer Seabee unit in Baltimore. We have four children: David Lewis, eight, Roland Christian, six and a half, Carol Seaton, five, and Stephen L., two.

My civic and other outside activities have included the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore, of which I was formerly deacon and am now an elder; the Maryland State School for the Deaf, and the Egonton Home for orphan girls, on whose board I serve; the American Society of Civil Engineers; the American Society of Planning Officials; the National Association of Housing Officials; the Maryland Association of Engineers; the Engineers' Club of Baltimore; the American Institute of Planners; the UN Association of Maryland; the United World Federalists; the Maryland Sheep Breeders' Association; the Maryland Historical Society; the Yale Engineering Association; the Maryland Academy of Science; the Civic Association of Baltimore; and, formerly, the American Veterans Committee and the Baltimore Junior Chamber of Commerce. I'm listed in *Who's Who in Engineering*.

We spend our weekends and live during the summer on a farm about thirty miles from the city. We started with fifteen acres and now have a hundred and twenty-five; the main emphasis is on sheep, with some chickens and ducks. We had good corn and wheat crops

this year, but are still operating in the red because of the necessity for investment in improvement, stock, and equipment. The farm has a beautiful location overlooking a large city reservoir.

HENRY ROOT STERN, JR.; Old Courthouse Road, New Hyde Park, Long Island, N.Y.

From 1946 to 1952, I was Assistant District Attorney of Nassau County and engaged in private practice of law at 1501 Franklin Avenue, Mineola, N.Y., where I shall continue after resignation from District Attorney's Office becomes effective on January 1, 1952.

I'm married, have two children (Geoffrey, four and a half, Peter, two and a half), three dogs, ages and names not pertinent.

My outside activities include:

Director of Nassau County Chapter American Red Cross, 1948-1951; Chairman Fund Raising Committee, Nassau County Chapter American Red Cross, 1949; Chairman Fund Raising and Planning Committee, Nassau County Chapter American Red Cross, 1950; Member of Advisory Council of Nassau, County Council of Boy Scouts; Member of Advisory Committee of the Sister Kenney Foundation; Director of Nassau County Police Boys Club; Director of Nassau County Social Welfare Agency; and member of various committees of Nassau County Bar Association.

HERBERT L. STERN, JR.; 1128 Greenbay Road, Highland Park, Ill.

I am a partner in the law firm of Gottlieb & Schwartz, in Chicago. Married, three children. Outside activity chiefly concerns local politics. I founded a local organization to promote better government on the township level. My chief hobby is playing with a small tractor on my own grounds. With it I plow, mow grass, spray trees, and snow-plow. Sports I enjoy are skiing and fishing.

GEORGE C. STEVENS; 459 Field Point Road, Greenwich, Conn.

I work for the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. My wife was born Lydia Hastings (Vassar 1939). We have four children (three girls).

FRED KING STEWART; 1316 Maple Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

The most important event in our family since 1946 was the arrival of Charles King, our second boy, in February, 1947. He weighed over ten pounds and was certainly off to a good start.

Aside from increasing the size of our family, there is very little else to report on that score. As far as my business is concerned, I



continue to sell all forms of insurance as a broker and am with W. A. Alexander & Co. in Chicago. In June, 1950, after three years of night school at Northwestern, I received the Chartered Life Underwriters' designation. This has been my main endeavor to improve my knowledge during the past few years.

Since 1946, I have maintained my commission in the Army and am now active with the 85th Infantry Division. In fact, these words are being written while on a short tour of duty at Camp McCoy, Wis.

Fifteen years out of college finds me the same in girth, height, and weight. The hair is thinner, but still in evidence, I am happy to say. I have worked pretty hard at my business ever since the War, and there hasn't been too much time for extra-curricular activities. My main purpose now is to figure out some way to spend more time with my family and have more leisure hours. By the time the next reunion arrives I hope to have accomplished this ambition and still be able to pay the bills.

ROBERT DARST STEWART; 16 Chauncy Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Shortly after the war I moved to Boston and started working for a large engineering firm in this city. I also renewed my acquaintanceship with a tennis racquet and began to spend rather too much of my time at the Longwood Cricket Club and on the tournament circuit. I occasionally met Walt Bronson and Eddie Mansfield of our class and Eggy Miles of '35 on these trips and between matches we would lie to each other about how hard we had been working at home.

In 1948 I was married to Mary Rockwell of North Andover, Mass., Vassar '38. Mary's father, uncles and three brothers went to Harvard, so I must, in all fairness, say that I think that it was rather to escape from this slum atmosphere into that Elysium where the wives of Yale men dwell than to any personal charm of mine that I must attribute this, for me, singularly fortunate event.

Shortly prior to this, I had made the comparatively mundane move of changing jobs again. I got a job as an engineer with the Rhode Island Humidifier and Ventilating Company, a firm primarily concerned with industrial humidification and air-changing in textile mills. My position entails a large quantity of sales engineering, with dabs of designing and mechanical engineering.

In 1949, I was ranked One in New England tennis doubles, thanks largely to C. D. Steele, Jr., my partner.

In January, 1951, a son, Paul Perry, was born. He is an extremely large, good-natured fellow whose chief avocations are bouncing on

his stomach and string-chewing, surely most original traits in a six-month-old. He is a source of constant wonder and delight to us both.

FREDERIC B. STILLMAN;

My business is as a research chemist for the Jackson Lab of the Dupont Company. I worked on Anthraquinone vat dyes and on Fluorine compounds for the Manhattan Project.

I married Catherine Higgins, formerly a chemist at the National Bureau of Standards, in 1944. A son, Bennett, arrived in 1945; he's now a carom enthusiast. A daughter, Dorothy Phyllis, arrived in 1950; we're grooming her for a future Miss Delaware.

Gardening and piano are my hobbies. I'm working out a system to get a concert piano technique on a half to one hour per day practice. It combines calisthenics, judo, and some systematic piano exercises of no musical value whatever. My pet peeves are: 1) foreign meddling, 2) the present political party, and 3) end-of-the-month bills.

WILLARD C. STONER, JR.; 159 North Street, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

I worked for two years in the paint business up to 1938, entered medical school that September and graduated from the Ohio State University Medical School in 1942. After interning for a year at St. Vincent's Charity Hospital in Cleveland, I entered active duty as a First Lieutenant in the Army Medical Corps in July, 1943, and was discharged as a Major in March, 1946. I received a Bronze Star with two oak leaf clusters, a Combat Medical Badge, a Unit Citation, and three Campaign Stars. I had a three years' residency in internal medicine at St. Luke's Hospital, Cleveland, started private practice on July 11, 1949, and am now located in Cleveland and Chagrin Falls, Ohio. I was married to Muriel Kelly, of Yonkers, N.Y., on June 14, 1940, and have two boys, Willard C., 3d, who is two years old, and John G., three months. My hobby is horseback riding.

STANLEY S. STRAUS; 765 North Crescent Avenue, Cincinnati 29, Ohio.

Every decade we seem to be able to propagate. Our second daughter, Ellen, arrived on June 27th of this year and I am now enjoying what is really my first experience as the father of a baby, as the eldest was over three years old before we met. After selling my interest in the Hy Pure Drug Company in 1947, I entered the real estate business and at present am Vice President of The Cleneay and Nourse Company in Cincinnati, which was founded in 1886 by two Yale graduates. Activities are the usual and exercise consists of



riding in the winter, and tennis and golf in the summer. Vacations have been spent in Michigan since 1946, where we have a cottage.

LOUIS M. STUMER; R.F.D. 1, New Canaan, Conn.

Since our last class record there have been quite a number of changes in my life. Television, as it has done with so many of us, reared its ugly head, and since TV has been commercial, I have been President of Television-Radio Enterprises, Inc. (of which I'm still a director), Ass't Manager of Operations for the DuMont TV Network, Program Sales Manager for the CBS Television Network, Account Exec. in the television department of Music Corp. of America, General Manager of World Video, Inc., and finally came to roost a little over a year ago at Goodson-Todman Productions, one of the largest independent producers of TV programs, where I am Director of Sales. By the way, the next gent, even a 36er, who asks me why TV programs aren't better, is no longer going to get a soft answer; merely will be referred to John Crosby, who won't give him one either.

My first wife passed away in the spring of 1948, and after two footloose years, Pamela Rolston of Vancouver, Canada, and I were married on June 28, 1950. There are two small boys, L.M.S. III, aged seven and one half, and John Carlisle, three and one half, and the household is resoundingly better for not being so exclusively male. We are both pretty internationally minded, following what seems to be closer to the old Willkie line than anything else, and are active in the UN Association and United World Federalists. Skiing, boating, and fishing keep us fairly active, and we keep promising each other to revive the golf game (next year).

When the day's work is over, and the normal time is taken to get the small boys off the ceiling, spare (?) time is spent in reading or the theatre, when we can afford it. We don't watch television much, —see paragraph #1, above.

JOHN PIERREPONT STURGES; 260 Angell Street, Providence, R.I.

Worked for Snyder Chemical Corporation in Bethel, Conn., 1946 to 1949, in various sales capacities; resigned to join brother Ben (1931 Ac) in partnership operating a limited venture capital firm known to few as Sturges Company. This enterprise can best be described as a venture capital firm without any capital. In 1950 the firm retired gracefully from the shadow of impending excess profit taxes and helped reorganize a neophitic tool company known as Dowding Tap Company, for which concern I now devote my entire efforts in direction of sales. My home is again Providence (summers

in Saunderstown), after two years in the wilds of Connecticut, and my family seems to have grown to five young men. In addition to my three stepsons (now seventeen, fifteen, and seven), were born, in 1947, John P., Jr., and, in 1949, Peter Hazard.

My wife and I made a six weeks' trip abroad this spring to forget about all this, to Austria (for skiing) and France (pour le sport), our first vacation in four years—which in part retraced the erratic route of Wadsworth, King and writer in 1936. Austrians, though beat up, still love us—French still dislike us intensely. Still crazy about skiing, tennis, watching football, and theatre. For a year and a half have served as President, Yale Association of Rhode Island. With wife joined Urban League last year, which interests us both very much, and wish I had time for politics. Travelling time on business has grown to about 50%, which is broadening in the wrong direction. Daily exercise confined to a pathetic parody of Kiphuthian contortions every morning on arising.

Believe we are headed for a third world war about spring 1953 (assuming the Russians will wait until after election). Think our greatest weakness both individually and as a nation is our lack of interest and participation in self government. Wish a coalition of progressive Republicans and disgusted Democrats could upset the applecart in 1952 with a man like Senator Fulbright. Anybody want my vote for this program—just ask.

WILLIAM GILBERT SUCCOP; R. D. #1, Renfrew, Pa.

The arrival of our fifth child, Bill (March 9, 1947), and our sixth, Nancy (June 30, 1948), has not as yet necessitated use of the two-platoon system at meals (per Hersey) but has stimulated our interest in the writings of Mrs. Galbreath (Cheaper By the Dozen). Time and motion studies of our children have not been too successful—we don't have the time, and have been unable to find anyone fast enough to calculate the motion!

Our interests as a family are various. Father is one of those unfortunate fellows who hasn't enough ability as yet to take care of his business (manufacturing roller bearings) on a forty hour week basis (per children). No one knows what Mother does with all her spare time (per Father and children). Children are never interested in the right thing at the right time (per Mother and Father). Nevertheless, everything works out all right in the end (per everybody).

Bought a farm, built a new home and are raising Registered Guernseys on a spot thirty miles north of Pittsburgh. Four of our children are attending a public township school. They have outside interests which include piano, choir, Sunday School and riding. Their day is a full one.



Mrs. Succop's interests include our home, our children, our farm, and our church. The first three bring to light more problems than can be solved each day; the latter is a pleasure.

I am still in the roller bearing business and enjoy it more each day. The difficulties under which we operate, existent conditions being what they are, constitute a challenge. We must accept the challenge and do our best to solve the problems. The farm and our church (Sunday Schol teacher and vestry man) provide a good part of my outside interests.

Fifteen years, since 1936, have sped past. We see many things we've failed to do, and many that we shouldn't have done at all. We are thankful for what we have, not covetous of what our neighbor has, and hope that in the future we'll be privileged to do more of the things we should do.

**WILLIAM EDWARD SULLIVAN;** The Taft School, Watertown, Conn.

Since last I reported on my life and times, much water has flowed under the bridge, to coin a phrase. A school teacher's existence is a busy one, and as I look back at the five years since I returned to Taft from the Navy, I can truthfully say mine has been no exception. I have experienced the usual merry round of extra-curricular duties, including coaching, directing dramatics, acting as adviser to the school newspaper, etc.—all part of the intricate mechanism of teaching the adolescent boy. In 1950 I was appointed Chairman of the English Department, and in 1951 Assistant Director of the Taft Summer School. Thus, although my main interest in life is teaching—and I can honestly say that it is an occupation I enjoy increasingly with the passing of the years—I, somewhat ruefully, find myself assuming more and more administrative duties. There are compensations, of course, and I suspect I wouldn't have it any other way.

On other scores, too, life has continued to be good. We have a daughter (an almost inevitable occurrence to a master in a boys' school), born October 21, 1948, with another child due in December. The vacations are frequent and our colleagues congenial. Although my yearly earnings will not raise the class of 1936 average, I have no regrets. My path, indeed, has fallen in pleasant ways.

**CYRIL SUMNER, JR.;** 630 Hospital Trust Building, Providence 3, R.I.

Perhaps the only citizen of '36 distinguished by having "done time." This refers, however, not to San Quentin, but the Brown and Sharpe Company in Providence, where an English major toiling as an apprenticed machinist, learned to distinguish a gib from a hob.

The year 1940 exposed a fettered business psyche hankering for people and not things. Joined the Providence sales staff of the American Viscose Corporation, where Jim Mills and I shared an office. Narrangansett Bay duck shooting, bourbon, and frequent discussions of married (his) versus the celibate (mine) existence.

The Navy's quick and decisive triumph over the Army saw me at sea in the North Atlantic early in 1941 as a Fireman 2/c. Rocketed upward, like mollases in Reykjavik, to Machinist Mate 2/c.

For this accomplishment, was rewarded during a brief leave in May, 1942, with the troth of Fran Barnes of Wallum Lake, R.I., in whose design, execution, and intellectual equipage no pains had been spared nor efforts wasted.

Commissioned a j.g. at sea, and was sent to Washington late in 1942, where Fran and I shared a house for a while with Bernie and E-J Rankin. Saw and swapped lies with such experts as Howland, Farnham, Cates, Sweet, Clapp, Kerr, Chisholm, Alexander, and Reid. Burnet Barnes Sumner (f.) appeared in 1944.

Got the "heave-ho" as a Lt. on a convincing display of those yummy "points" in late 1945, and returned to American Viscose, Providence, and peddling. Since then, tricycles have also been purchased for Sarah Alexandra (1947) and Cyril Jonathan (1949).

Hobbies? We bought an old house. . . . !

WILLIAM H. SUTHERLAND; 6410 Connecticut Avenue, Chevy Chase, Md.

I just got back from four months in the Far East—two in Korea and two in Japan. I was making a survey of Army logistic problems for the Operations Research Office, Johns Hopkins University, my new employer (after ten years at the Experimental Towing Tank at Stevens Institute of Technology).

Korea wasn't much fun. Japan was. The guys in Korea are doing an intelligent, difficult job, on a shoestring (like all wars will be, from now on).

I'm married, have two boys—Howie, three and a half, and Mac, two. I'm still crazy about sailing, but haven't done much lately.

JOHN F. SWEENEY; 461 Race Street, Denver, Colo.

As President of the B.K. Sweeney Manufacturing Company, I'm engaged in designing and making special tools for the railroad, aircraft, and trucking industries. I'm married to the former Vivian Eyre, and we have two children, Marna and John F., 2d. I'm an enthusiastic and regular skier; play golf, swim, squash, and hunt—one elk this year. Also I'm an amateur gardener and lawnmover pusher.



CLINTON W. SWEET; 12 East 81st Street, New York 28, N.Y.

Since the Tenth, things have been going on a very even keel. There have been no marriages or offspring. My job is still purchasing for Sweet-Orr & Co., Inc., and my title, which may not sound too impressive, is Secretary of the Corporation. Vacations are split between Lake Placid and New Hampshire, with occasional weekends at Fenwick, Conn. Not being too much of a church-goer, am afraid the collection plate has not benefitted too much, but the Federal Grand Jury Association manages to gets its yearly dues from my pocket, as does the Yale Club of New York. Dewey got my vote in 1948 and the Republican Eagle will probably get it again in 1952.

The Fabulous Fifteenth was the best ever, nothing was lacking, and it certainly was a pleasure to renew old acquaintances. Hope it won't be till the Twentieth before we meet again.

SIDNEY E. SWEET; 58 Weed Street, New Canaan, Conn.

I'm engaged in International Commerce as secretary of J. C. Tenant Sons & Company of 100 Park Avenue, New York, and since 1946 have made three trips to Australia—1947, 1948, 1949—and one trip around the world, in 1951. We entertain in our home many overseas visitors. I am active in the Congregational Church of New Canaan, am interested in politics, enjoy tennis, paddle tennis, golf, and winter sports with the kids, and have just succumbed to television—which Santa Claus brought.

Here is the family data: wife, Virginia; three children: Shelley Janeway, seven; Sidney Nelson, five, and Virginia, two.

DAVID E. SWIFT; 314 North Orange Street, Media, Pa.

From 1947 to 1951, I was Associate Professor of religion at Lincoln University, Pa., and since January, 1951, I have been Personnel Director for the American Friends Service Committee. I was married in 1941 to Jane H. Nichols (sister of Jim Nichols, '36), Mt. Holyoke '39 and teacher of English and good singer of madrigals! Our children are Jonathan, eight years; James, six; Gordon, two and a half. My pastimes are gardening, tennis, camping, and fishing.

Am still a believer in one's bending much of oneself to improve society over and above earning a living and raising a family; and my special interest is educating beyond racial prejudice.

WILLIAM E. SWIFT, JR.; 361st Station Hospital, A.P.O. 1055, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.

Since the last edition, resident training in Internal Medicine at

New Haven Hospital was completed, and Yale has provided a faculty berth—Instructor in Medicine, then Instructor in Preventive Medicine, and, since 1949, Assistant Professor of Medicine. The year in Preventive Medicine was spent running a clinical research program in Germany, trying to learn more about hepatitis. Returned to temporary active duty (Army, Major) in October, 1950, and since January, 1951, have been practicing medicine in Tokyo on United Nations Korean war casualties. The greatest event has been my engagement to Anne D. Sheldon of New Haven. Except for marriage at the first opportunity, the future is uncertain.

C. LEVERNE TALMADGE; 420 Percival Avenue, Kensington, Conn.

I live in Kensington with my wife (we were married December 24, 1938) and son, Glen A., born April 19, 1948. I am employed by The Stanley Works in New Britain in their cost department. HO guage model railroading is my only hobby. I am a member of the Kensington Congregational Church. Our home was purchased two years ago, and I spend all my available time making improvements and repairs.

ROBERT PAUL TANSEY; 84 Underwood Street, Newark 6, N.J.

Since my Yale days I have majored in the field of medicinal chemistry. I received my B.S. and M.S. degrees in pharmaceutical chemistry from Rutgers University and attended Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute to get a background in chemical engineering.

After having spent some time in the retail and detail fields of pharmacy, I decided to enter into industrial work, and have held positions with several pharmaceutical manufacturing concerns throughout the last twelve years. I have been in control, in research and development, and in production work. At present I am connected with Merck and Company in Rahway, N.J., as a senior chemist.

I am a member of the American Pharmaceutical Association (A. Ph.A.) and am chairman of the Committee on the Practice and Science of Pharmacy of the N.J. branch of that association.

A year ago I presented a manuscript before the A.Ph.A. National Convention describing a method I devised for the assay of certain steroid compounds. It has proven to be of interest to several large research groups. They report successful use of the method in their studies.

My wife and I were married in 1941 and have two girls and two



boys: Barbara, age nine years; Carol, age seven years; Robert Paul, age four years; and David Charles, age two and a half months.

JOSEPH W. TAYLOR; 590 Allen's Creek Road, Rochester, N.Y.

I am secretary and general counsel of the Bausch & Lomb Optical Company of Rochester; am married, and have four children. My hobby is ornithology.

ROBERT CAMPBELL TAYLOR, 36S; 524 Willard Avenue, Newington, Conn.

The five years after graduation were spent playing a lot of golf, courting a lot of girl, singing and discussing in congenial groups, and helping The American Hardware Corporation manufacture Russwin Builders' Hardware. This period was more or less of a shake-down cruise period in which something, I like to believe, was learned about life, love, and the realities of the business world. It ended in a decision to marry Lois Schaeffer (Syracuse Fine Arts, '37) on January 27, 1940, and a decision to quit the hardware business, which latter was eased considerably by the decision of the U.S. Army to recognize the fact that I had kept alive my ROTC commission (Lt.) in the Engineers and order me into active service in December, 1940.

The next five years were the Army and war. My outfit, the 42nd Engineer Regiment (General Service), was activated at Camp Shelby, Miss., by my fellow reserve officers and myself with the help of an officer cadre (amounting to 25-30%) of West Pointers. In our line of business, it didn't take long for the reserves to more than hold their own. After doling out basic and engineer training to our brand-new selectees, we spent four months in the rice paddies, etc., of Southern Louisiana and East Texas on '41 maneuvers, and then cleaned up the mess left by same. Being alerted constantly both before and after Pearl Harbor, we sent one company to Greenland in November, 1941, and ourselves started the trek to Alaska to repel the Japs in December, 1941. That was the great deep freeze on promotions, but I was lucky and made Captain, which set off one of the wildest celebrations ever seen in Juneau. That was my post-war project at the time—to return to Juneau and run for Mayor. Being ordered out of my outfit and nifty billet within twenty miles of civilization in May, 1942, I served the Department Engineer Headquarters as Resident Engineer on a succession of bleak and dreary coastal construction projects, ending up with a complete winter on the end of the Aleutian chain. Never really saw the war—thought we had it made at Kiska, but no Japs. Go back in the country in May,

1944, landed a job teaching at the Engineer School, made Major, got out late in 1945 and took the drastic step of going to work for father in structural steel business.

The last five years have been the struggling homeowner and family-raiser period. (I did not, in contrast to the rest of the Regiment, leave my wife pregnant on the dock—she got tired of waiting, got a WAVE commission in the Navy, and had a fine war.) Martha came along in May, 1945, and Rob, Jr., in June, 1948. At present I am having an interesting time trying to run a structural steel fabricating shop, trying to live within an income I once would have considered munificent, trying to raise a family as it should be done, trying to play a little golf, etc. I am a more or less active member of the local Congregational Church, the Shuttle Meadow Country Club in New Britain, the Republican Party, the Army Reserve (active), the Newington Town Plan Commission, the Y.M.C.A. Industrial Council in New Britain, New Britain Community Chest (past director of N.B. Fresh Air Camp), New Britain Yale Club (past Sec.-Treas., Pres.), and am serving as area representative of the Yale Committee on Enrollment and Scholarships ('Alumni Interviewer'). I view with alarm the drift of our once mighty country down the road to State Socialism and believe that private industry (and consequently privately-endowed educational institutions) cannot long survive the increasing double strangle-hold of government regulations and taxes and government-backed labor unions.

ROBERT CROWELL TAYLOR; Schofield Road, Cohasset, Mass.

Since being separated from the Navy in 1946, I have lived in five different homes, including a temporary home afloat on a 47-foot yawl. I have been sales manager of a radio station, sales manager of a Ford Truck agency, President and Treasurer of an English automobile agency and sales representative for Daten Dunton Desk Co.—and who knows what the future will bring?

I have a husky four-year-old boy, Richard Sears Taylor, and a plump three-year-old girl, Louise, the former of whom people say is the spitting image of me, and the latter of whom is more fortunate and greatly resembles my bride.

Hobbies are concentrated around my home, fixing things and trying to improve my property. Also making feeble attempts to keep my waist line down and my weight under 250 pounds.

I recall writing in my last notes before the War that whereas everyone else expected a war, I didn't. This time, I shall remain silent on the subject and hope for the best.

DAVID M. TENNENT; 620 Coleman Place, Westfield, N.J.

The Tennent family is now five, having two girls, Blythe and



Meredith, and a boy, David. It is supported by a father who is still working at the Merck Institute, doing research in the chemical aspects of biology, or the biological aspects of chemistry, depending upon how you choose to look at it, and enjoying it very much. Most of the hard work is done by the mother, Martha, who seems to be bearing up surprisingly well under the strain. We enjoy bridge, and we like to travel. This is done in the family automobile, an ancient machine that goes on and on as long as you pour in gas, oil, and money. We get to New York as often as our country cousins come to visit us. We are in favor of (a) plenty of sleep, (b) longer vacations, (c) lower taxes.

PAUL JONES THOMAS; Box 179, Four Mile Run Road, McDonald, Ohio.

The development of a public accounting practice was interrupted in 1942 for Navy service, which terminated late in 1945. After the war the career was resumed, and I am now a partner in the firm of Burgeson and Thomas, Certified Public Accountants, Youngstown, Ohio.

From the office to home is about seven miles. Home is a farm where I live with my wife Marguerite and daughters Gwendolyn and Janet. We have dairy cows and pigs and do a general farming business. Labor problems being what they are, there doesn't seem to be time for hobbies.

The social service activities fall in Marg's sphere of activity. She enjoys them, and I hear about them.

Since I am a hay fever sufferer, our vacation time is set at August 15th, and the place is the Laurentiaans, in Canada.

Organization memberships include the Reserve Officers' Association, the Elks Club and the Youngstown Club, the Colony Club, and the First Presbyterian Church.

Political opinions have been generally in favor of the opposition over the last fifteen years.

The promises of the administration to take care of me in sickness and old age and when out of work and most every other time imply a growing hold over my every activity. The universal rush for government-sponsored security must lead to continued inflation and government control in economics. Government control in economics entails similar control in speech, press, religion, etc. It just takes a little longer. Already you find that opposition to an administration policy will result in visits from various government bureaus, administrations, and departments. In the field of foreign affairs, I am tired of being told that the U.S. must donate billions abroad or "our friends" will turn Communists.

ALEXANDER B. TIMM, JR.; 36 West Main Street, Milford, Conn.

Since previous autobiographical note in 1946 there is little to add. I am in private practice of medicine in the town of Milford, Conn., and am located at 36 West Main Street. Have one daughter, aged three years, Rhys Morrell Timm. Otherwise no change.

EVERETT PARSONS TOMLINSON; The Great Road, Princeton, N.J.

Since June, '36, the more or less normal course of life's events has transpired as follows: August, '36, asked for and was accepted by the hand of Nancy Kershaw of Forest Hills, N.Y., Smith College '35. September departed for Pasadena, Calif., for graduate study in physics at California Institute of Technology. January 1, 1937, officially engaged as per August's private arrangement. June 26, 1937, married in Forest Hills as per January's official arrangement. Honey-moon consisted of a week in Bermuda, a drive across continent, taking in Niagara Falls and Reno, a week house-hunting in Pasadena and three weeks in Hawaii. June 17, 1938, first daughter born. June, 1939, survived oral Ph.D. exam. October 17, 1940, second daughter born, also a native Californian. June, 1941, completed Ph.D. thesis two weeks too late to have degree conferred that year. August, 1941, went on active duty with U.S. Navy at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., first as student, then as instructor in pre-radar course given there. November, 1942, continued to M.I.T. radar school, and thence to Pearl Harbor for observing. Bad penny returned in August, 1943, to Annapolis to teach at postgraduate school. Left Annapolis June, 1946, to come as instructor in Princeton University physics department. August 21, 1946, third daughter born, this time a New Yorker. Now life goes on as lecturer in physics at Princeton, involving teaching and research and bringing up families of daughters and dogs and cat and goldfish and parakeets with lots of pleasant work and very little time for play.

EDWARD N. TOWNSEND, JR.; The Leash, 41 East 63d Street, N.Y.

My occupation is Technical Manager, North America, British Overseas Airways Corporation. I am unmarried and have three children by a former marriage: Suzanne, Peter, and Wendy.

SAMUEL J. C. TOWNSEND; 4417 McFarlin Boulevard, Dallas, Tex.

I am married, and Sally and I have a son, Sam, Jr., who is ten, and a daughter, Lee, seven. I have worked for Chance Vought Aircraft since June, 1940, and am now staff engineer for power plants, which



concerns reciprocating and jet engines and the installation thereof. Our main hobby is sailing; we now have a "Lightning," which we race on a lake near Dallas, and elsewhere, with the help of a trailer. Wish I could have made the fifteenth.

**WILLIAM K. TOWNSEND;** 45 Harborview Avenue, Milford, Conn.

I am with Scaffolds, Inc., of 278 Bridgeport Avenue, Devon, Conn., as secretary and treasurer. Have a wife and two daughters, with no change in sight. I enjoy boating when we can borrow a boat.

**ROBERT JACKSON TRACY;** 515 Pomeroy Avenue, Pittsfield, Mass.

As the end of my second year of surgical practice ends we feel that we are finally getting settled. After college, I worked in insurance for a year, then threw up the job and went to Harvard Medical School, where I graduated in 1942. In my third year, I got married and my wife supported us. A year of surgical internship followed at Massachusetts General Hospital, and after that I had six months at Mt. Auburn Hospital, Cambridge. During this time my first son was born. The Army then took over for two years, during which time I was in a Third Army Evacuation Hospital in the European Theater. On my return, I started a three-year stretch of surgical residency at the Massachusetts General Hospital. During this period, my first daughter was born. The G.I. training program made my prolonged training possible. Another six months at The Pondville State Cancer Hospital completed my training.

The family then moved to Pittsfield, where I went into practice on my own. We have been very happy here, practice is increasing, and we are removed from the state of poverty occasioned by the long training. We have not yet become involved much in civic affairs. My wife has become a member of the Junior League, and I have joined the Pittsfield Surgical Club and the Monday Evening Discussion Group. In 1950, I became a Diplomate of the American Board of Surgery. I am also a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society and the American Medical Association. In 1950, our second son was born.

Spare time is used up in trying to keep up in professional reading, and keeping the house and grounds presentable. Fishing, skiing, and skating are the usual sports activities. We entertain on a moderate scale.

Our present hope is to get a bigger house and a summer camp on one of the nearby lakes.

ROBERT TRAIN, Jackson Springs Road, Macon, Ga.

Strange as it seems, we have instituted the two platoon system at meals, and even though it necessitates a short order lunch room for a couple of hours at each meal, it has increased consumption, cut down egg fights, milk slinging, and hamburger battles. The kids have put on weight, the dogs have lost weight, and it has helped my ulcers. February, '46, brought a girl; June, '48, brought a boy; and January, '51, brought a boy, adding Commey, John, and Gerald to Robert, Jr.

The Bibb Manufacturing Company saw clear to making me Comptroller in '48 and since returning from reunion, was very unexpectedly made head of the Cotton Buying Department, due to the sudden death of one of our Vice Presidents.

During the last year I have served as Chairman of the Georgia-Alabama Textile Traffic Committee, elected a Director of the Georgia Cotton Manufacturers Association, become a member of the Cotton Committee of the American Cotton Manufacturers Institute and elected a Trustee of the Episcopal High School.

Can't help but put in a plug for the Reunion Committee. They did a good job. Wouldn't miss '56 if I'm around.

ARCHIBALD LILBOURN TRULL; R.F.D. 4, Georgetown, Mass.

It was a bit surprising, on returning to our fifteenth reunion this June, to find that I am perhaps one of the few in the class who is still working for the same company that employed me in June, 1936. Soon after graduation, I came to work in Peabody, Mass., for A. C. Lawrence Leather Co., one of the largest tanning concerns in the world. My early days with the company were devoted largely to training for the position of raw stock buyer for the Sheepskin Division. This was the job I held when, in July, 1941, the Navy called me to active duty. A year and a half in Jacksonville, a year in Memphis, and about twenty months on the West Coast and aboard an escort carrier in the Pacific completed my Navy duty, and I was released as a Lieut. Commander.

In 1942 I met and married Ethel Rudolph in Jacksonville, and in September of the following year our first child, Martha, was born. Richard and David, who complete the family, were born in 1946 and 1948 respectively.

One of the happiest moments of my life was to return to civilian life after the Navy. Having had five years in the tanning business before the war, I still wanted to follow it as a career. Shortly after returning I was placed in the President's office, where I had the opportunity for two and a half years to see the operations of the whole company. Since then my job has been as Production Manager



of our Sheepskin Division, with ample opportunity to share in problems regarding buying and selling, as well as manufacturing.

One of the smartest things I ever did was to take my wife's advice to buy a house right after the war. Late in 1945 we found and bought at what now seems like a ridiculous price an old house (1842) badly in need of considerable renovating. We tackled the job with enthusiasm, doing most of the work ourselves, and now after nearly six years have a place we are very proud of. Our original enthusiasm, I must admit, has worn rather thin at times, but there's a lot of satisfaction in learning how to do all sorts of jobs from brick-laying to paper-hanging.

We have taken an active interest in community activities—church, local politics, various fund-raising campaigns, and town social life. At present I am about half-way through a three-year term as a member of the School Committee. Because we lack adequate school facilities for the growing school population, we are trying hard to put over a building program which the town can't see the need of. If you live in a small New England town you know what I mean.

At this point, I am well satisfied with what the last fifteen years have brought me. My wife and I have been happily married for nine years, we have three wonderful children, and we look forward to the future with hope and faith that some day the present state of confusion in the world will be straightened out.

CHARLES P. TURNBAUGH; 3350 Grenway Road, Shaker Heights 22, Ohio.

After Yale I finished school at Case Institute of Technology and went into my own business, doing Commercial Photography. I married a Cleveland girl, Sally Salisbury, in 1940, which union is not yet blessed with issue. Army Ordnance took two years of my time, after which I spent seven years with NEA-Acme Newspictures as Purchasing Agent. Recently joined Reliance Electric and Engineering Co. as an Electrical Engineer. I enjoy sailing in summer, ice skating in winter, and a basement workshop the year around.

H. MACGREGOR TUTTLE, JR.; 37 South Linden, Palatine, Ill.

Since January 1, 1951, I have been associated with Booz Allen and Hamilton, Management Consultants, and am attached to the central region office in Chicago. My work, which centers around management and cost reduction surveys and system installations, provides ample opportunity for travel.

The Tuttle clan pulled up stakes in Oak Ridge, Tenn., the day after the close of school this past June. After a summer of touring the east and vacationing at our Verona Beach, N.Y., summer camp, our

car and trailer landed us (via Canada) at our new Palatine, Ill., home.

The Tuttle family population has remained constant since the 1948 pre-Christmas arrival of son Howard III. Two girls, Barbara, ten, and Martha, six, and my wife, Harriet, complete our quintet.

There's always a pot of coffee brewing in the stove, so drop by and have a cup with us at the above address. During the summer months come and have a sail with us in our Lightning on the east shore of Oneida Lake, New York. The Verona Beach Postmaster will give you directions.

GREGORY N. TYACK; 134 Mountain Avenue, Pompton Plains, N.J.

Upon leaving college I entered the employ of Scovil Manufacturing Co., for whom I worked nine years. Part of this time was in production work through the mill; for the last five years I was an outside sales engineer. I married Elizabeth Goddard in 1938 and lived in Cheshire, Conn., until 1945. Two of our children were born in Cheshire and a third was born in New Jersey, where I now reside. In 1945 I left Scovill and moved to New Jersey, where I represent The Hartford Steel Ball Company throughout New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Outside activities consist mainly of Boy Scout work and an occasional game of golf.

WALTER UNTERMAYER, JR.; 77 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

The year 1945 found me fretting about going back overseas, this time as an aerial navigator with a Navy patrol squadron, but the capitulation of Japan resulted in a change of orders. The rest of the year was spent in figuring out my points, but being without dependents I was not released to inactive duty until April of 1946. I considered going to Law School, and in the course of obtaining a couple of letters of recommendation, I found myself accepting a position in charge of an Industrial Weather Influences Survey being conducted by the Research Division of New York University. I also initiated and had charge of a nightly weather broadcast from radio station WOR. Between two jobs and courting a Patricia Finsterwald from Detroit, who became my wife in September of the same year, it was an active spring and summer. Through my work at New York University I became intrigued with the potentiality of industrial meteorology. In the fall of 1946, we moved to Massachusetts, where I joined an embryonic firm of consultant meteorologists. The exploration of a new field provided a stimulating two years, but I resigned in 1948, partially because of inadequate growth, but principally because of an excess of partners. We returned to New York City, where I became associated with Untermeyer Robbins & Co., manu-



facturers of diamond engagement and wedding rings and allied products.

Having worked on the editorial staff of a magazine before the war, I still manage to do a certain amount of free lance writing in the field of non-fiction. I play a good deal of squash and tennis and find that the years have not cramped my style too badly.

As far as active participation with outside organizations, the mundane pursuit of the buck and the daily routine of living seem to consume all our time and energy, particularly since the recent arrival of son Michael.

When I contemplate our ambitious program for the future, material, spiritual and otherwise, it gives me a headache. If only a reasonable percentage of our plans come to pass, we should have no kicks.

WILLIAM UPTHEGROVE; 9 Berkley Lane, Clayton 5, Mo.

In 1945, I started a manufacturing company which now has a hundred and fifty employees—much more favorable results than my previous work for a large corporation had promised.

Caroline and I now have two children; a daughter, three, and a son, one year old. My chief hobby is golf, and I am fortunate enough to be Club Champion of Saint Louis Country Club. I regret exceedingly missing the Greatest Class' Greatest Reunion due to business reasons. I understand it was a great success for all concerned.

Our factory is located a ten-minute drive from my home in Ladue and suburban working conditions are as attractive as living conditions, since one avoids traffic and commuters' troubles.

I have been spending summer vacations in Watch Hill, R.I., where I plan to spend the month of August this year for a much-needed rest.

Whenever in Saint Louis, I trust my classmates will be sure to look me up. We will have a local reunion.

JOSEPH UPTON, JR.; Watson-Flagg Machine Company, Paterson, N.J.

I'm manager of the gear motor division of the above company—making General Electric gear motors; and I'm on the Lubrication Committee of the American Gear Manufacturers Association (use care in interpreting).

We have three children—twin boys, eight, Joseph and Walter Coles Upton; a daughter, three, Judith Neill. My wife was Jane Coles, Vassar '39, from Troy, Ohio.

I read, ski when possible, coach a "little league" ball team (most of the time spent trying to keep up with the children).

DONALD KEELER USHER; 6 Axtell Drive, Scarsdale, N.Y.

Either I'm a steadfast soul or just in a rut, but in any event I'm still with Pan American World Airways, at present in charge of traffic procedures for the System, covering the handling of passengers, cargo mail, and immigration. Service-wise I am attached to a Navy Volunteer Supply Corps Division and waiting to see what happens next. Our two children, Susan and "Butch," are eight and six, respectively. For exercise I play tennis at the Scarsdale Golf Club and chop trees around an old barn in Annisquam, Mass., which we have converted to a summer home known as "Usher's Folly." Favorite entertainment is still the theatre and sports events, and my chief (of too many) hobbies is making articles out of silver and collecting and repairing early American clocks, whose ticking is gradually driving the family mad. I work on Community Fund drives, etc., and politically am in a state of despair.

A. CARL VALENTINE; 271 Fourth Avenue, Stratford, Conn.

Taking our subjects in the order of their importance, our family now consists of Marie and two sturdy sons: Jeffrey, born October 13, 1943, and Mark C., who came along October 2nd, 1948.

I tackled life insurance underwriting as a career, setting out with two objectives way back in 1946: first, to gain the coveted designation of Chartered Life Underwriter (C.L.U.), tops educationally in our industry, and second, to attain membership in the Million Dollar Round Table—definitely the mark of outstanding success in the field of life-insurance selling. After four seemingly endless years of study and exams, the American College of Chartered Life Underwriters conferred the degree of C.L.U. on September 27, 1950, and now I can strive to reach that second and more important goal. Here's hoping that that C.L.U. key will open the door to that "M.D.R.T."!

In 1948, I entered the managerial side of the life insurance business, becoming Assistant Manager for the Connecticut Branch of the New York Life, with offices in Hartford and New Haven. After a year in this capacity wherein I had a chance to examine the opportunities in both phases of our business, I decided that the selling field offered the greater advantages all around. Resigning my position at the end of the year, we chose Fairfield County as my area of operations and have not regretted the decision.

We bought our home in Lordship, Stratford, in July, 1950—Milt Cohn handling the legal details for us. Both Marie and I are active in several local civic organizations, including P.T.A., Red Cross, Junior and Senior Chambers of Commerce, Y.M.C.A., etc. Business organizations with which I'm affiliated are the local Bridgeport Chapter of the National Association of Life Underwriters, the New



Haven Chapter of the American Society of Chartered Life Underwriters, and the Connecticut Life Insurance and Trust Council.

Several years ago the formation of a Military Government Unit in New Haven revived active interest in Reserve affairs. As a Major I have a Welfare Section that keeps me interested in people and their problems and we feel that this is a definite contribution toward the present Defense Effort. Our unit boasts a good representation from current Yale undergraduate and graduate bodies and that helps keep me in touch with happenings in New Haven.

Our local Underwriters Chapter has me listed as Instructor in Advanced Underwriting this coming year—that plus work and all the other activities, which include trying to keep pace with two live-wire youngsters, keep me operating on a 25-hour-a-day schedule—no time to get fat or old!

We find that music, the theatre, and color photography keep us very contented as hobbies go. And the seashore with golf thrown in manage to make the sunny seasons really fly!

From a career standpoint, I hope that the University can eventually establish insurance courses and study. I find that this business is closely allied to American business and way of life. We ought to have a greater representation in this field, because there's a tremendous job to be done.

BRUNO VASSEL; 1120 Greenwood Avenue, Deerfield, Ill.

Married a Smith College graduate, Mary E. Elmer, on Martha's Vineyard, Mass., in September, 1936. Our honeymoon trip was to Ann Arbor, Mich., to start graduate studies, which culminated in "our" Ph.D. in biochemistry from the University of Michigan in 1939. Worked in the chemotherapy section of the American Cyanamid Corp. at Stamford, Conn., until 1942. During this time Mary Erety arrived. Accepted an Associate Professorship at the North Dakota Agricultural College, where I did research on flax proteins. Bruno 3rd and Elizabeth Helen arrived in two-and-a-half year intervals. This influx of hungry mouths was incompatible with a college salary; hence, I accepted, in 1936, a section leadership in the organic-biochemical research division of International Mineral and Chemical Corporation at Rossford, Ohio. Our group is concerned with research problems connected with food technology, and is getting interested in new pharmaceuticals. Beginning in November, 1951, I will be transferred to our new research laboratory in Skokie, Ill.

RUSSELL WINFIELD VIERING; 5 Grennan Road, West Hartford, Conn.

After following the suggestion of rechecking the earlier auto-

biographies, I realize that my life since 1946 has been extremely serene and uneventful, although I can honestly say it has been the happiest period I have lived since leaving the apron strings of the Mother of Men.

Jobwise I am still "endeavoring to master the intricacies of insurance law" (to plagiarize from the 1946 Book), having acquired the title of Assistant Secretary and Legal Counsel of The Phoenix Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

On February 4, 1951, our second child arrived in the form of a son named Peter Bentley. Following this event our "garden" apartment suddenly appeared to have become extremely filled with people, with the result that we are now in the throes of building a house.

My chief dislikes at this point are government waste, communism, and inflation.

ALEXANDER O. VIETOR; 50 Trumbull Street, New Haven, Conn.

Since the last publication of biographical data for the class of 1936, I have remained employed by Yale University as Curator of Maps in the University Library. In addition to this post, I have also been made Director of the Cartography Laboratory, which is a newly created laboratory to make maps for the university faculty as aids in teaching and research. This has been a very successful development at Yale and the faculty have made considerable use of the facilities.

I don't know whether I had recorded in my last biographical sketch the fact that I am an Associate Fellow of Pierson College or the fact that I am now the father of five children: David B. Vietor, Richard R. Vietor, Anna Louise Vietor, Pauline O. Vietor and, last but not least, Alexander W. Vietor, who was born in April, 1950.

I still live at 50 Trumbull Street, New Haven. My hobbies are still mostly marine in direction—early marine books and documents from a collector's point of view, and, as far as activities go, sailing and swimming at Edgartown in my vacation.

At the Fifteenth Reunion last spring I won a radio in the class raffle, saw many old friends, and took my two sons to the ball game.

DARRELL GRAHAM VOORHEES; 60 East 67th Street, New York 21, N.Y.

By the time graduation day rolled around for the Class of 1936, the plunge into medicine had been taken and I was already about fifty fathoms down. The first year in the Yale School of Medicine was behind me, and it was quite obvious that medicine was a darn sight more than current yeast ads would have you believe. In June, 1939,



the necessary authorities slipped an M.D. under my arm, and I sallied forth into the world of white uniforms, night calls, and no income. This era included two years at the Hartford Hospital and two and a half years as a resident physician at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary.

Starting in the practice of ear, nose, and throat in New York City was an experience that made one feel like the needle in the proverbial haystack, constantly wondering if anyone would ever find you. With the generous help of an older and established physician, word gradually got around about what I was doing. For five years I sawed wood, with time out only to turn to the next pile. This included regular practice, the secretaryship and chairmanship of the ENT division of the N.Y. State Medical Society, a teaching appointment at the N.Y. University Medical School, and work on committees to keep socialized medicine away from the door. During this time it was my good fortune to become a fellow of the American College of Surgeons, of the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, and a fellow of the N.Y. Academy of Medicine. When my back was turned, some of the boys at the N.Y. Eye and Ear Infirmary thought it would be a good idea to make me secretary of the Hospital Alumni Association. This I labored over for three years and must admit I had a lot of fun and acquired a great deal of valuable experience. By valuable experience I refer to such items as putting on a dinner for a hundred and fifty hungry doctors when you were certain no more than a hundred would possibly show up, and timing the preceding cocktail party so that the same hundred and fifty knew they had had something to drink but were not as yet on all fours.

About this time, some five years after spraying the first nose in private practice, I came up for air. It was now 1949, and I was decidedly no longer in the spring-chicken class. I was out of debt and was reasonably satisfied with my progress in medicine, but it ended right there. The social side of life was in sad need of some attention. Efforts in this direction have made me a hopeless golf bug, and a member of the Wykagyl Country Club in New Rochelle. A few workouts with Frank LaForge at the Yale Club have given me some proficiency at squash, which I must admit I play chiefly to keep in shape for golf the coming season. But the pay-off on these newly-directed efforts was the discovery of the "one and only." We announced our engagement on June 21, this year, and the big day is not far off now. Catherine Kenny is her temporary name, she comes from Livingston, N.J., and is a very able nurse. Other comments about her I will avoid, since they would be of such a biased nature as to be questioned by my readers. She is very pretty, though.

The future looks wonderful to me; best of luck to all '36ers.

NATHANIEL M. VOSE, JR.; 6 Agawam Road, Barrington, R.I.

My job is that of investment analyst and administrative assistant in the trust department of the Rhode Island Hospital Trust Company in Providence. I'm treasurer and a trustee of the Providence Country Day School, and special interests are gardening, golf, and my home. I married Diane Ludlow, and we have a son, John Cranston, four and a half, and a daughter, Pamela Ludlow, three.

ARTHUR VREELAND, JR.; 284 Godwin Avenue, Ridgewood, N.J.

My first job was with an insurance agency in New York City, which I left after a short time to accept a better position with the Providence Washington Insurance Co., in its New York Branch office. In 1939, Miss Kathleen Kirkwood Mullins and I took the fatal step and our first child, a girl, arrived June 2, 1941. Shortly thereafter I was made Assistant Manager of my office and in November, 1943, the U.S. Maritime Service took me over as a Purser-Pharmacist Mate for a two-year lesson in handling cargo and playing ship's doctor to its sailors. Through their kindness, I acquired zone ribbons for Atlantic, Pacific, and Mediterranean, and ended up with the Grace Line, paying my respects to all the major parts of the north and west coasts of South America. It was during this period that our second child, a son, was born, on September 20, 1944.

After the war I returned to my old job, but on December 1, 1949, I left to become an officer of the Northern Insurance Co., of New York, at 83 Maiden Lane, N.Y.C. I am now an Assistant Vice President of this company. On March 29, 1950, our third child, a girl, arrived, so we are now a happy family of five, which is a satisfying number. Golf has consistently been my big hobby, although I gave it up completely during four years of the war. I am a member of the Arcola (N.J.) Country Club, on its board of directors and presently have a Metropolitan handicap of three. Membership in the Lawyer's Club of N.Y. completes my club affiliations.

FRANCIS B. WADELTON, JR.; 102 Willow Street, Brooklyn 2, N.Y.

I married Marjorie Raymond Smith on February 14, 1942, and we have three children: Francis Bacon III, aged eight, Elizabeth Starbuck, aged five, and Nancy Harris, aged two. From 1936 to 1940, I was employed by the City Bank Farmers Trust Co. From December, 1940, until October, 1945, I was a naval aviator, holding a reserve officer's commission. Jack F. Chrysler employed me from 1945 to 1947. I am now a partner of Lord, Abbett & Co., in New York, and vice president of Affiliated Fund, Inc., American Business Shares,



Inc., and Union Trusteed Funds, Inc., all in New York. My outside interests are squash, hunting, and shooting.

REVERDY WADSWORTH; Geneseo, N.Y.

Very little change from 1946. Still married to Eleanor, still one child, Harry, aged 10, still deeply engaged in the farming business. Have now established a beef-breeding herd—Herefords (white-faces to you), so should not go hungry. Maybe by 1956 one of the calves will be big enough to barbecue at the twentieth. As for extra-curricular activity, the National Guard takes up one night a week and two weeks at Pine Camp, New York, in the summer. Since 1948, I commanded for two years the 27th Rcn. Co. of the 27th Inf. Div., New York National Guard; attended ten weeks' course at the Army General School at Fort Riley, Kan., in autumn, 1950 (Intelligence); the Command and General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., in May, 1951 (one-week staff refresher course), and am now assigned as Ass't G-2 of 27th Inf. Division; rank, Captain; expect Majority this December. Other activities include vestryman and choir member; member of Town Board; director of local bank; member Executive Board local Boy Scout Council. Our family stays in Geneseo year around, except for an annual trek southward through Philadelphia, Washington, as far as South Carolina, along about March 16th (if there's anything left).

U. D. E. WALDEN; Loudon Woods, Rye, N.Y.

1946 and '47, after release from active duty, were spent settling down and starting on a new job with General Electric Credit Corporation in New York. This involved moving innumerable times, leaving a broad trail of leases and mortgages. Finally holed up in Rye and gave up travel, except commutation.

Since then existence has been static but pleasant. The finance business, at least from the law point of view, provides enough incidental excitement to give me a few gray hairs but no ulcers. My modest participation in exercise has decreased to the vanishing point, but an interest in breeding and showing poodles and in gardening, both shared by my wife, plus a television interest in baseball, hockey, and football, fill any spare time nicely.

LOUIS WALKER; 20 Colony Road, West Hartford, Conn.

After being detached from Psychological Warfare, S.H.A.E.F., following V-E day, I returned to my pre-war job as Sales Manager of Western Newspaper Union. For some definite reasons, I left there the following year to re-enter the investment business which was my

first love. Following two years in the New York office of G. H. Walker & Co., I became a partner in the firm, and then moved to Hartford, Conn., to head up a new office that we opened after absorbing a local member firm. I miss New York, but not the commuting, as my house is only ten minutes away from the office.

The family unit remains the same: Grace, Jim, Suzanne, and the 1963 twin debutantes, Debby and Betsy.

Grace and I took up skiing several years ago, and we get off to Canada or some other spot for a week or so each year. However, my main social interests are golf, bridge, and watching the Big Blue each Saturday in the Bowl.

Extra-curricularwise, most of my interests are connected with Yale—serving as Class Secretary, member of the Class Secretaries Executive Committee, and membership on the Alumni Fund board. I also devote a fair amount of time to local endeavors such as the Community Chest.

I belong to the Links Club and Yale Club in New York, and to the Hartford Club, Hartford Golf Club, and the Farmington Valley Polo Club in and around Hartford.

On the national level, I sincerely hope our next reunion will find a Republican administration in office, because I think the seeds of inflation and corruption are sprouting through the present twenty-year administration.

W. GARDNER WALKER; 15 Newtowne Road, Acton Center, Mass.

The wool business in Boston has been my work since school. After several years training in various fields of this specialized line, I was able to begin my own business as a wool dealer (buyer and seller of raw wool) in 1948. For three years the business has progressed favorably with operations both locally and abroad.

My two daughters—Joan, three, and Lee, six—continue to be the source of much entertainment and also hard work. As they grow older, they are requiring more and more attention, to the detriment of my golf game, which has slipped from 80 to 90.

My most enjoyable entertainment is a fall day in the fields, hunting pheasant or woodcock with my two dogs—Mike, an Irish Setter, and Cymbol, an English Setter.

LEONARD F. WALLACE; 165 Franklin Street, Bloomfield, N.J.

I am married, and we have one daughter, Susan. I am employed as a cost analyst by the Prudential Insurance Company, in Newark, N.J. My hobby is golf. I served in the Navy from 1942 to 1945 and am a Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserve (inactive).



ROBERT KESSLER WALLACE; 1503 Indiana Avenue, La Porte, Ind.

After graduating from Harvard Business School in 1938, went with the investment banking firm of Harris, Hall & Co., in Chicago. Married Danforth Matthews of Spokane, Wash., in November, 1939, and lived in Chicago. Entered the Navy as an Ensign in August, 1942, and was stationed in Chicago until late 1943. Our first and so far only child was born in May, 1945 (Robert M.). On return from the Navy in December, 1945, went to work for C. J. Devine & Co., in their Chicago office for three years until Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane ("We the People") determined they could use my services as Manager of their Municipal Bond Department in their Chicago office. We are living in La Porte, which is a new address as of one year ago, and while commuting takes one hour each way, we enjoy the small-town environment. Golf is the main means of exercise, since suffering a broken ankle trying to ski at Sun Valley three years ago, but still can't play as well as I'd like to. (Can you?)

WILLIAM CHARLES WALLSTEIN; 1125 Park Avenue, New York 28, N.Y.

I seem to be hard pressed for time.

HENRY C. WALSH; 1405 Division Street, Burlington, Iowa.

At present I am judge of the Municipal Court. I was in the Army from 1941 to 1945—with the Provost Marshal General's Office, Prisoner of War Division. Spent approximately three and a quarter years overseas in England, France, and Germany, ranking as Lieutenant Colonel upon emerging from the Army. While in England, I met and married (November 20, 1943, in Cheltenham) Margaret Kelly, of County Cork, Ireland. Result: Timothy Kelly, six, Anne, three and a half, and Margaret Mary, one.

GEORGE BONNELL WALTON; Indian Trail Road, R.D., Chester Springs, Pa.

Two more children, both of them boys, plus a dozen Hampshire sheep, a pig and dog, and we add up to a total of nineteen mouths to feed—enough to keep any man stepping!

I'm an agriculturist, I guess. Working hard in the city in an effort to afford living in the country. With but minor variation, the past five years have been passed gradually restoring our early Pennsylvania farm house and improving our income. Insurance is the chosen field of endeavor. It was only this past August First that I took over Philadelphia operations for the Guardian Life of America, having

passed the previous three years as head of the life insurance department of one of the city's general brokerage houses. The industry has been good to me and, were it not for the ever-present economic, political and diplomatic uncertainties, complete happiness and tranquillity would be the order of the day.

My business activities have opened many new avenues of friendship, which has resulted in a fair amount of social activity. Also, on occasion, Bobby and I will go to the theatre or manage a brief few days in New England. But the "farm" and the children are our principal interest.

Clubs? Well, there's the Yale Club, Union League, Pickering Hunt and Chester Springs Skeet Clubs. The last named is mentioned as a tie-in with a major hobby—bird shooting. As Club Secretary last year, I managed to burn a substantial amount of powder, with only mediocre results.

Had I been asked to comment on the future a year or two ago, the result would have been an essay filled with ominous foreboding. However, it is now this correspondent's strong opinion that, if we can maintain, or rather improve one thing—our moral integrity, we all have much in the way of happiness ahead.

THOMAS JOHNSON WARD, JR.; 123 South Broad Street, Philadelphia 9, Pa.

After the "last unpleasantness," the Navy put me ashore to take up landlubbers' ways again in Trenton, N.J., where we remained for two years. Moved back to Philadelphia, Pa., in 1947 and have kept a rollicking household ever since, augmented by another little girl, Tansy, age two. Betsy now seven. In order that wife Betty and brood eat regularly, I am forced to earn a living via being a life underwriter for the Equitable Life Assurance Society. The problems of taxes, etc., keep me quite busy, except when bringing up the tennis and golf fortunes of the Wards'. We expect two champions in 1970.

Have now recovered sufficiently from reunion to welcome all Yale friends with "velvet cups."

DERYCK H. WARING; 3 Templeton Avenue, Elizabeth, N.J.

I work as a recording engineer. I am married and have two children: a girl, Janet, three; and a boy, David, one. My main interests are music, photography, and railroads.

JOHN MOALE WARNER; 326 W. Willow Grove Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia 18, Pa.

Immediately after graduation, I was employed at the RCA plant



in Camden, N.J. However, since July, 1937, I have been associated with Philadelphia Electric Company, serving in various capacities in the Operations Department. Since 1949, I have been Superintendent of Overhead Lines. During these years we have lived in Germantown, Langhorne, Coatesville, and Chestnut Hill.

In April, 1937, I was married to Virginia Stuart Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip H. Ward, Jr., of Philadelphia. We have two sons, who are currently would-be athletes at Chestnut Hill Academy. Phil, nine, is half-back on the eighty-pound football team; while Johnny, eleven, is full-back on the soccer team. After a practice workout with them over a weekend, it is quite evident to me that the new generation is taking over!

But, returning to the work-a-day world, I am a member of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia and the Electrical Association of Philadelphia. I am currently serving as a Member of Council of the Yale Club of Philadelphia and am active on several Committees. I belong to the Yale Engineering Association, being Vice-President and Secretary of the Philadelphia Section. Until our Class consolidation a year ago, I was Class Secretary of the Sheff and Engineering portion and am now acting on the Class Executive Committee, primarily as a Regional Representative.

During the past summers at Cape May, N.J., tennis and especially beach tennis have been my chief interests and means of exercise. However, recently my sons have become avid fishermen, and my own interests have turned in this direction. During the winter our chief sport is badminton, and we are members of the Wissahickon Badminton Club.

As for profound (?) thoughts, I have this to offer. In correspondence with many members of Yale's Greatest Class and in preparation of Alumni Notes, I have observed a consistent boasting by our members about their manual dexterity—the ability to build and repair anything in or about the walls of their own castle. There is something solid and fundamental about this, and I am proud to acclaim my right to join this large segment of our class who feel competent in the mysticisms of plumbing, carpentry, masonry, and general contracting in and around their own homes!

JOEL WARREN; 7415 Lynnhurst Street, Chevy Chase, Md.

It used to afford me a rather morbid pleasure to write the quintenary post-mortem, but now that the aging process can no longer be laughed off or overlooked, this job is a little frightening. Can it be that in the last five years we have neither moved from our old job, greatly modified our opinions, or gotten rich? We haven't. Anne, aged  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , and John Joel, aged  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , are two fine children acquired with little direct assistance from the alma mater but considerable

from the *natura mater*. We have just returned from five months in Sweden, where I had been working at the Biochemical Institute at the University of Uppsala. We have fallen in love with Scandinavia—its beauty, its culture, and above all its integrity and respect for the capacity of human beings to solve their problems. We seem urgently to need more of the Swedish sensibility and rationality in our governing bodies right now. Unfortunately, it seems to be a product of a rigorous climate as much as anything else.

Since 1942, both in and out of uniform, I have been at the Army Medical Service School in Washington, D.C. At the present time, I am Chief of the Department of Bacteriology, which operates in essentially the same fashion as academic departments outside of the federal service. This involves membership in the usual number of professional societies, attendance at the usual number of conferences and meetings, and writing of the usual number of reports, etc. Teaching is becoming more and more of a satisfying experience, not that we know more, but because I become increasingly appreciative of the gratitude and energy of younger students.

Another world war does not appear to be inevitable or unavoidable to my wife and me, and we try to do all we can to propagate what seems to be this naive idea in America.

JOHN B. WARREN; 23 Elm Court, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

In a few words—I am with an automotive parts concern; married; doing a lot of sailing and skiing.

JOHN W. WARRINGTON; 1616 Union Trust Building, Cincinnati 2, Ohio.

I work as a lawyer with the firm of Grayden, Head, and Ritchey. I married Suzanne Mooney on May 5, 1951, and we live in Indian Hill Village, Ohio. I am a Republican.

WILLIAM O. WEBB; West Montgomery Avenue, Rockville, Md.

Since severing all ties with the Air Corps in July of 1946, I have been an employee of the United States Government in Washington. Overlooking the usual frustrations inherent in government work, the job has been satisfying and stimulating. On the home front, the second son arrived on August 8, 1946, and the two of them manage to keep us thoroughly engaged. We live on approximately fifteen acres on the outskirts of Rockville, Md.—a piece of property which we are just barely able to keep up with.

LEONARD WEINER; 3038 E. Drachman, Tucson, Ariz.

Another book, another five years; Chuck will have a playmate



soon since he now has a sister, Elizabeth Jane, who was born on November 17, 1950.

In the interim a house has been acquired and now I am building my own office. Located in a cooperatively-owned venture occupying two city blocks, this quadrangle (a la Yale) houses 30 to 35 physicians and 7 to 10 dentists. The offices form the periphery of the quadrangle whilst the center is given over to parking patients' cars. Having looked forward for many years to owning my office, it is needless to say that the realization is most satisfying.

Golf, undertaken at my wife's request to prevent a coronary, sic, sic, has become a consuming passion. It is with a deep sense of regret that I count the number of years that slipped by without indulging in the game. To think of the opportunities Yale offered in this direction and the number of us that did not take advantage of them.

Reading fills many of the evening hours. It was with no small degree of pride that I read John Hersey's books. "The Wall" is fascinating.

In one way or another church and philanthropic affairs have held me in a tight grip. To such an extent that in 1949 mine was the honor of being chairman of the United Jewish Appeal in Tucson, which year saw \$107,000 raised for Jewish philanthropies. This work has convinced me that if we are to stand off governmental interference, i.e., socialized medicine, in these matters, each of us better get on the ball and lend a hand; not alone in fighting the legislation but more importantly in making such legislation unnecessary by demonstrating that private initiative and private capital can adequately support hospitals, universities, youth centers, research foundations, et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum.

Professionally, this five-year interval has seen my election to the American Academy of Periodontology, the American Association of Endodontists, and my specialization in the field of periodontia.

SAM WEINTRAUB, JR.; 802 12th Street, Denver 2, Colo.

My first jobs, out of school, were in the department store business, and then the life insurance business in Chicago until 1938. Then I returned home to Denver, where I worked in my father's clothing business, and later in the property management business till 1943. Then I was with the Goodyear Aircraft Co. as Senior Industrial Engineer, and in that capacity I served under the office of Scientific Research for several trailer manufacturers and other war goods manufacturers, until 1946. Then I was a consultant management engineer, until I organized and headed my own manufacturing business, making products out of glass cloth. Since July 1, 1949, I have been work-

ing with our very wonderful company selling draperies, floor coverings, upholstery fabrics, and imported house furnishings to the department stores and manufacturers of the South West. This year I was made Branch Manager of the seven states and I am very happy to have finally found that work for which I am best suited.

In 1940, I talked Maxine Kurtz of Denver into marrying me. We are blessed with two little girls—Lynne, nine, and Nan, three.

My only regrets—I should have taken graduate work, and I should have found my present business years ago.

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE WELLS; 292 Silas Deane Highway, Wethersfield, Conn.

Physician, engaged in the practice of medicine in Hartford, Conn., living in Wethersfield in a degree of peace and quiet with my good wife Eunice, daughter Judy, who is eight, and sons Ernest A. and Stephen H., whose ages are six and two, respectively. Whenever possible, we avoid social, civic, political, and philanthropic activities, seeking entertainment at the family-unit level. Most of our time is spent in growing, living, and, on occasions, even working.

DEVER K. WERNER; 154 S. Anita Avenue, Los Angeles 24, Calif.

Wife: Dorothy (married on June 22, 1940).

Daughter: Carolyn (born on February 19, 1943).

Employer: North American Aviation, Inc.

Position: Supervisor, flight test instrumentation.

IRVING ROBERT WERSHOW; Route #2, Alachua, Fla.

I have been teaching Spanish for six years at the University of Florida. Just built a new home on sixty acres of land and raise turkeys and boxers for hobbies. I have one daughter, two years old now. This year I am doing Point Four work at the university with South American government workers who are in the United States for study.

ROGER F. WHALEN; 233 Tyler Street, East Haven, Conn.

I am manager of the Whalen Insurance Agency, Hamden, Conn., which handles general insurance and real estate. My outside interests are the three Whalen infants, aged seven, five, and four, and following the fortunes of the Yankee baseballers and the Eli footballers. I get exercise from golf, bowling, and home repairs, in order of their importance.



EDWARD C. R. WHITCRAFT; Mill River Road, Oyster Bay, N.Y.

My good wife says things are looking up—five years ago I lost a front tooth crown on spareribs and last week I lost one on lobster. Ah! Opulence!

Melissa Eden, February 15, 1947, and Nicholas Regester, February 15, 1949, have brought us to a 2 to 2 tie in boys and girls.

With apartment houses and stores gaining in Great Neck, we moved further out the Island for more room and a change of pace—a long commute, but well worth it.

Now Assistant Vice President and assistant head of Security Research, Bank of New York and Fifth Avenue Bank.

How long can a boom last? Will the GOP win just in time to take the economic rap?

JOHN HAZEN WHITE; Rocky Point Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

Since 1938 I have been Treasurer, and since 1942 I have been President as well, of the Taco Heaters, Incorporated, manufacturers of hot water heaters. I have a wife and four daughters—Faith, eleven, Priscilla, nine, Mary, seven, and Peggy, three and a half. My hobbies are sailing and music.

MILTON WHITE; 349 Garden Street, Hartford 12, Conn.

Since 1945-46, I have tried my hand and head at writing, but with not great success. A couple of short stories in *Seventeen*, an article in *Vogue*. A creative writing fellowship at Stanford (1948-49). Completed a novel, but no go; want to start another.

In the meantime, since I must nourish, clothe, and house myself, I have taken a job in a local department store working for the Methods Division.

And that is all.

PETER D. WHITNEY; 219 South Lee Street, Alexandria, Va.

When I last wrote, in 1946, I was just beginning as U.S. correspondent of the London *Observer*, a well-known London Sunday newspaper, and a string of dailies in Europe and the British Commonwealth. I then had two children.

Five years later I live in the same house, in Alexandria, have one more child, and work for the *Washington Post*.

I covered Washington for the *Observer* until March, 1949, when the editors replaced me with an English citizen, but instead of letting me go as I expected, they sent me to Paris as their correspondent for a year and a half. This was the first time I had had the opportunity to live in France, and was exactly what I wanted most to do. I had

been enamored with the country and the city ever since the Liberation.

I was the *Observer* correspondent from April, 1949, to August, 1950. The effect on my inner horizon was great—I like to think that it broadened at least in proportion with my waistline; the food was so delicious that the middle-aged figure stole upon me swiftly. I was not altogether unawares but too seduced with the joys of the palate to resist.

The children took unwillingly to French learning, which is strict and is enforced in the schools by a waspish feminine discipline that they resent to this day, a year later; but they certainly acquired long division and grammar long before they are going to get it in U.S. schools. They all spoke French at that time with a fluency that shamed their parents; it is one of the drawbacks of living abroad, that you are bound to be outshone by the young and made to feel an ignorant clod. But upon landing in the U.S. again they set their faces firmly against all things French, pretended not to understand when addressed in the language. Today they are complete U.S. small fry, addicted to Hopalong Cassidy, bubble gum, and pestering their parents for TV. The melting pot is efficient.

The eldest, twins, Elizabeth and James, are nine; the youngest, Stephen, is close to four, having been born in Washington, D.C., just across the river, on November 22, 1947.

We came back to the U.S. in August, 1950, when it became clear that, delightful though France was, it was important for my future to get back into the employment of a U.S. newspaper. Since March, I have been one of the copyreaders on the *Washington Post*.

Although the summers here are justly notorious, there are great compensations in other seasons. I do as much fishing for smallmouth bass and trout as I can, and enjoy running rapids in the nearby rivers in a French folding boat which is to me what skis are to those of you who live nearer the mountains. In France my wife and I paddled in some dozen beautiful streams. There too I fished for salmon in all, I suppose, about a month of eight-hour days without the slightest result at the other end of the line. At my own end, however, great though intangible results were achieved, which no non-angler will believe and no angler needs to have described to him.

At the risk of seeming to propagandize in this class history, which ought to be personal above all, I can't refrain from remarking that our foreign policy seems to me to be right, our Allies faithful, and our chances of leaving a world worth living in to our children dependent on being resolute but patient in our present policies. Upon returning from abroad, one is shocked at the intemperateness of political criticism in this country, and the irresponsibility of many of the critics.



WILLIAM C. WHITRIDGE; 6214 Memorial Drive, Houston, Tex.

After a year in Germany as a Red Cross Field Director, I found myself back home again in 1946 with the same wife, three daughters, and an urgent need to make a living. My old vocation of farming was out for the present at least, as land and cattle prices seemed at the peak and it seemed only sensible to wait for the post-war readjustment to take place. I am still waiting.

So, Houston, the booming metropolis of the South (adv.), beckoned and I settled down to the retail lumber and home building business, graduating from this to the lumber brokerage business some eighteen months ago and now running my own brokerage concern.

Having three daughters, the eldest of whom becomes a teen-ager next month, I am beginning to consider the advantages of Smith over Vassar, but will probably end up with three Texas Longhorns or Rice Owls.

Fortunately, my harem and I enjoy much the same activities, such as swimming, some tennis, symphonies, bridge, and other less strenuous card games. Unfortunately, perhaps, my wife and I find ourselves subordinating some of our activities to those of the children.

The past five years have been full and satisfactory ones for me and mine, although the outlook in 1946 was uncertain enough. Looking ahead to the next five, I still have that uncertain feeling, wondering whether we face the alternatives of full-scale war or full-scale depression or whether the U.N. can really function to prevent a war and we can straighten out our economy to prevent a financial collapse.

PETER K. WICKHAM; 2411 Lincoln Street, Evanston, Ill.

Just read 1941 and 1946 chapters of this prolonged and disjointed serial thriller. Reading time: 14 hours and 25 minutes—if you skip the long ones. It's enough to make Johnny Berdan turn over in his grave.

Let's see . . . I left Janet on the nest at the end of my last chapter . . . that must have been Molly, now a Junior Demon of four. She'll drive some poor sophomore crazy in about fifteen years. I'll be in a padded cell long before that.

The cast now leads off with Doug, ten, a leather-lunged, left-handed first baseman who still prefers the Cubs to the White Sox. Such stubborn loyalty to the underdog may be very useful when he arrives in New Haven about 1959 or '60. Sally, our next oldest, is a pretty young lady of seven. Molly, an affectionate little puppy of four, is our youngest and liveliest. Their mother, Janet, is prettier than when I married her, and I wouldn't trade jobs with her for twice my salary. The titular head of the family (theoretically) is buying Kitchen Utensils for Sears, Roebuck and Co., and seems to enjoy it.

The question of the moment is whether he will become bald before he becomes gray.

We now have a house in a lovely wooded neighborhood. In fact, the neighborhood was what we bought. We had to wreck the house inside out and start all over again. All I need say about the house is that the former owner still had the gas plate in the bathroom for her curling iron! The house is now a very attractive place, due to Janet's ability and efforts. A scotch and soda or a julep or collins on the side porch is real relaxin'. We welcome any visitors—just give us a call and stop by to say "hello."

KENT D. WIGHTMAN; Davis Hill Road, Westport, Conn.

Missed contributing a biography for the 1946 edition, so will jump back ten years—wow!

Married Pat Miller from Montclair, New Jersey, in the spring of 1941. We lived in New York until 1943, when we went to Washington, D.C., where I spent three years in the Navy with the Special Devices Division of the Office of Research & Inventions.

Returned to New York in the spring of 1946 and plunged right back into the advertising art business while my wife looked for a house for us instead of an apartment because by this time we had a boy, five, and a baby girl to consider. Before long we were comfortably settled in a Levitt house in Roslyn, Long Island, which was bought with a G. I. veterans loan.

This spring we moved to Weston, Conn., where we live in an early colonial remodeled carriage house perched halfway up a steep rocky ridge. My wife and I spend much of our spare time building terraces, rock gardens, and generally trying to exercise a green thumb. My watercolor painting has been sadly neglected, but the surrounding Connecticut landscape is so lovely that I hope to get back to it this fall.

LOUIS WILLARD, JR.; Water Works Road, Sewickley, Pa.

Now we are six, two new ones having been added since last report—Sally six, and Molly, two; the girls are ahead, three to one. The new members necessitated an addition to our domicile, which took up most of my time for a year and all our money for several years to come. Real estate is still my business. Since I sold a few properties last year, George Bros. made me a partner in the firm this Spring. Gardening in the summer and wood-cutting in the winter are my principal home occupations. The benefits of the winter exercise have been greatly diminished by the acquisition of a power-driven chain saw, which has added several more inches to my abdominal pro-



tubercance. Fortunately, my wife and children like to fish. This makes summer vacations in Canada easy and enjoyable.

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS, JR.; Sanford Ranch, Littleton, Colo.

Was in the East until 1947, employed as an Information Officer with the Department of State. Last assignment (1946-47) was Editor-in-Chief, English Features Section, Voice of America. This tour was prefaced by a session in the Navy, wherein I served as a communications officer in the Pacific. Gave up New York in the summer of 1947, and returned to ancestral homestead in Colorado, where I now farm a dry and unprofitable acreage ten miles from Denver. Make my living at the University of Denver where I taught on the English faculty 1947-49, and where, since 1949, I have been Assistant to the Chancellor and Director of Development. Am also associated with the Central City Opera Association as a member of the Executive Committee and the Rocky Mountain Radio Council as a member of the Board of Directors. My only hobby is writing in the western history field, and I have three books on certain aspects of the subject in print; am also author of a recently published history of the Bible. Made a second marriage in 1948 to Ann West, a former literary agent, and now boast three children: Christopher, fifteen; Holliday (a girl), thirteen; Albert N. III, one.

EVERARD MOTT WILLIAMS; 619 S. Linden Avenue, Pittsburgh 8, Pa.

Another summer in Pittsburgh reminds us that we have been on the job here (currently as Professor of Electrical Engineering at Carnegie Institute of Technology) longer than at any previous post. We means Mary Stansel Williams, several smaller Williams', and myself. Mary graduated from Russell Sage College in 1937 and came to the Yale Nursing School. We were married in 1938 and lived in New Haven until 1939, when my work for the Ph.D in Electrical Engineering was completed. Our first child, Thomas Granville, was born in 1940 while I was Instructor in Electrical Engineering at the Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa. Nancy Reid arrived in 1943 in Schenectady, N.Y., just after I had taken a leave of absence from Penn State to become chief engineer of a wartime research and development group (radio countermeasures and radio controls for guided missiles) for the Air Force at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. Susan Mott and Peter Biddle were born in Pittsburgh in 1946 and 1947 respectively, where we have been since August, 1945. In addition to duties at Carnegie Tech, I maintain a private consulting practice, which was started in 1946; this is now thriving and includes service as expert consultant to the Research and Development

Board, U.S. Department of Defense, and Scientific Consultant to the USAF. What little spare time we have now goes to the affairs of the Blackberry Pond Corporation (Everard M. Williams, president, and Mary S. Williams, member of the board), a cooperative non-profit organization which operates a recreational forest, lake, and farm area about twenty-five miles east of Pittsburgh. We have just finished a cabin for summer use and will shortly retire to a restful life of swimming, wood chopping, painting, general repairing, and culture (of vegetables and fruit). If pressed, we would probably admit this is the kind of life we like.

JAMES B. WILLIAMS; 71 Hillside Avenue, Waterbury, Conn.

I'm an insurance agent and a bachelor. I have too many interests, etc., to even try to enumerate them.

LYNDON WILSON; 156 Bryant Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

While I am still an officer and director of the Lish Savory Corporation, the family business, my principal occupation is that of assistant to the president of the Weisner-Ropp Company, Inc., manufacturers of aircraft machine tools. Janie and I have four robust children—Tucky, Henry, Deda, and Caroline. We enjoy golf, tennis, fishing, and skiing and are interested in our friends and current events. I'll be happy to retire some day to a farm high on a hill overlooking the valley. Best wishes to '36.

ROBERT E. L. WILSON, 3d; Lee Wilson & Co., Wilson, Ark.

From 1945 through 1947, I was ranching in Colorado and Wyoming, and the next two years I served as Manager of the Wilson Soya Corp. at Wilson, Ark. Last year I became Manager and Trustee of Lee Wilson & Co., which farms 25,000 acres in cotton, soybeans, rice, and cattle, and operates twenty-five subsidiary industrial businesses. Last year I was King of the Memphis Cotton Carnival. In 1948, R.E.L. Wilson 4th died of leukemia, and that same year Stephen A. Wilson was born. My hobbies are hunting, fishing, and race horses.

DAVID EDWIN WINEBRENNER, 3RD; New Oxford, Pa.

The five years since 1946 have passed happily, quietly, and all too quickly for me. Major event in the family history was the arrival of our fourth child, a daughter, in January, 1950. This makes the family score two boys and two girls, and (we hope) the score is final. Principal concern is raising the children as we feel they should be raised. With their ages ranging from eleven years to one and a half, our interests must jump from Boy Scouting to nursery rhymes, our table con-



versation must skip from Roy Rogers to Bye-Baby-Bunting, and our vacation gear must include hunting knives as well as toidy seats. To help things run more smoothly we took a DP couple into our home two years ago—a middle-aged man and wife from the Polish Ukraine. They are still with us and seem to love America. They not only lend an international flavor to our household but help immeasurably with the daily duties of family life.

Job-wise, my status is unchanged: I am still Secretary and Treasurer of D. E. Winebrenner Company, a family farming and food-canning business. Since the death of my father in 1948, my three brothers and I have inherited the task of running the business. Fortunately, we get along well and have been able to operate successfully so far. We have the business departmentalized four ways in order to minimize the possibilities of getting into each other's hair (of which, incidentally, none of us has any surplus). As a third generation canner, I have become involved in association work, and two years ago was forced to accept the presidency of the Pennsylvania Cannery Association. Innocuous-sounding at first, the job has expanded to include countless headaches and activities which consume entirely too much time. Other interests include a directorship on a bank board, county TB board, county library trustee, Boy Scout committeeman, and Red Cross Fund Chairman.

For exercise, Betsy and I play golf whenever and wherever we can. We both love it, and a winter golf vacation and numerous golfing week-ends are part of our normal routine. Part of each summer is spent in Ocean City, N.J., with our children. Home amusements include reading, canasta, and television in moderation. Some drinking, HO gauge model railroading (for the boys), and an increasing propensity to take things easy. Success in the latter, however, is seldom attained, for life seems to get a little busier each year and time seems to pass a little faster.

ROBERT C. WINFIELD; 325 Silverside Avenue, Little Silver, N.J.

Not having sent in the last one of these, will try and get up to date in one shot. . . . As Ethel Mae—my better half since August, 1936—puts it, she is surrounded by males, as follows: John, nine, David, seven, Kenneth, one and a half, and Tops (half Doberman, half German Police), not to mention myself (little gray around the edges). As the ages might indicate, home is now a place where the boys play ball and Daddy wears his arm out pitching to them. . . . Business is different! My feet rest on a desk in the New York office of A. G. Becker & Co., Inc., while I try to buy various Municipal Bonds cheap and sell them high (tough thing to do sometimes). We cater to wealthy people, the interest is tax-exempt (advtg. plug). . . .

That about covers it. I play a little golf and do lots of swimming in the summer; bridge, poker, horses, and dice are still vices, but they can be fun. Haven't been able to scare up the time or the energy to get involved in political or other such activities yet, but maybe that will come in the next fifteen years. . . . Let's look forward to them.

ARTHUR WINSLOW; "Dolphin Gates," Coggeshall Avenue, Newport, R.I.

For the Ten-Year Record, in keeping with the stated desires of the editors, I tried to preserve the light touch and be at least not too dull about the war years. The editors, however, evidently reversed and altered one small yarn so that it sounded pompous—which was to be avoided, I thought, even at the price of seeming frivolous—so I'm twice shy.

The fifteenth was missed due to ushering for my b-in-l's wedding in Cleveland last 16th of June, but I plan to make the 20th.

*Vital Statistics:* In 1948, I was married to the former Miss Jean Douglas, daughter of Mrs. Morris Duncan Douglas and the late Mr. Douglas of Cleveland.

I'm interested in private enterprise in general, which has taken many forms including writing, operating as a manufacturers' agent, and interest in an apartment house. Active in the Naval Reserve against the day which we hope not to see.

During 1952, I hope and trust to see a Republican Administration elected and my golf game brought into the low seventies, the former of which you may be relieved to know I consider more likely.

Address as above. The door is always ajar for '36.

WILLIAM B. WISE, 533 Greenhurst Drive, Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

I have fulfilled my ambition of owning my own business here in Pittsburgh—Mechanics Supply, Inc.,—specializing in distributing and selling all kinds of hand and power tools. See me for a discount, fellas! I can sell it to you "wholesale." The family is the same size, with our oldest of three daughters in college for one year and now my private secretary. Sorry I missed the last reunion. Took my family on vacation. See you on the Twentieth, I hope.

ALLING WOODRUFF; 556 East 87th Street, New York, N.Y.

I have continued in the corporation management consultant field since my release from the Navy in 1945 and am considered something of an authority on several obscure phases of this, especially the valuation for tax purposes of privately-owned family corporations. Am now a senior staff member and part owner of Management Plan-



ning of Washington, Inc., whose principal office is in Princeton, N.J., where I spit on the campus daily without fail. Believe a large part of the business population, especially lawyers and management consultants, make their way mainly by lousing up other peoples' affairs neatly enough to make themselves essential, an art they have developed with a good deal of finesse. Have two sons, aged nine years and nine months, respectively, both heavily under the Yale influence.

FRANCIS J. WOODS; 505 Waid Avenue, Muncie, Ind.

My position is that of district manager for the Indiana Bell Telephone Company at Muncie (address: 215 East Jackson Street). A young son, whom we've named John Philip, was added to the family group a week ago. Barbara Ellen is now four and Elizabeth Jane, two.

JOSEPH H. WOODWARD, 2d; 3852 South Cove Drive, Birmingham, Ala.

I was married on May 11, 1944, and have one child, Mary, age six years. My hobbies are hunting, fishing, golf, and history. I'm a Director of the Woodward Iron Company, Woodward, Ala.; and of the Wheeling Steel Corporation, Wheeling, W. Va.

CHARLES S. WOOLSEY; State of New York, Department of Public Works, Albany 1, N.Y.

I left the District Attorney's office in the summer of 1947 to become Counsel to the New York State Department of Public Works with the main office in Albany. This has involved a good deal of travel in all parts of the State on a wide variety of questions involving the Canal System, public biddings, state highways, and, more recently, the New York State Thruway. However, I anticipate returning to New York City for the practice of law within a reasonably short time.

THEODORE DWIGHT WOOLSEY; 111 West Underwood Street, Chevy Chase 15, Md.

The address above has been ours now since mid-1942, which indicates that this family is definitely settling down. (Just the other day we paid off the mortgage!) The explanation for this relative stability is that my job holds constant interest for me. Unless we have war, I hope to be in this line of work for many years to come, either here in Washington for the Public Health Service or for some other health agency.

Incidentally, if an interviewer should come to your door some time this September and ask whether anyone in your household has trouble with rheumatism or arthritis, treat her kindly for the sake of your classmate. We have contracted with the Census Bureau to

interview 25,000 households scattered over the United States to learn something about the prevalence of this group of diseases. If your immediate reaction is: "Yeah, and what is *this* going to cost the taxpayers?" then relax. The total cost is less than \$5,000.

We had given up hope that we would ever bring our family up to the ideal three; of course, that was when Tim came along. He was named after his great-great-great-great grandfather Timothy Dwight. He is now two years old, Abigail is eight, and George is eleven.

Adele and I don't seem to have a great deal of spare time, and, as long as the GOP-Dixiecrat coalition runs things, living expenses will take all our spare income; so most of our evenings are spent at home. Our extra-curricular activities are of the community type: P.T.A. meetings, square dancing, and the like. Like everyone, we worry about impending war, but sometimes I think that if I could just get the damn grass to grow, I could look on life with serenity.

HENRY RICHARDSON WRIGHT; General Precision Laboratory, Inc., 63 Bedford Road, Pleasantville, N.Y.

My employment, family status, and residence are the same as listed our Directory, '36S&E, of August, 1950.

My hobbies and other activities can all be grouped under the word "Landlord," which is a rather interesting job in these days when rents are low and prices high. If any of my classmates are looking for a good business in-the-red to offset their excess profits, attractive terms can be easily arranged!

THEW WRIGHT, JR.; 207 Bishop Street, New Haven, Conn.

In 1946, the hungry vigor of the returning hero reunited with his bride must have supplied the spark which age and cares had nearly suffocated and now have finally extinguished. Our second child, T.W. III, was born on March 25, 1947, and from now on it is up to him, because we seem to produce no more. But maybe there is hope. Last night a "flat-footed old codger" of thirty-seven—Jersey Joe—won the heavyweight boxing crown.

On January 1, 1948, being admitted to membership in a distinguished New Haven law firm, counsel for Yale, ought to have added dignity and did increase the income. But still it looks as if the kids will have to work their way through college.

How can you write about your spare time? I belong to more boards of directors than a Harvard goalie could shake a stick at—all charitable organizations, with no gold pieces at the dinner plate. No dinner plate either. Bring your own sandwiches.

If you mean from 6 a.m. to 7:30, I try to write. No reason to let



Hersey get all the money. If you mean from 8 p.m. to bedtime, then you have no family and shouldn't be sending out questionnaires.

Better you should give me advice on how to choose between a slippery Democrat and a dumb Republican.

I am not and never have been a Communist, a pro-Communist, or a Fellow-Traveller.

JOHN W. YOUNG, JR.; 2 Circle Way, Sea Cliff, N.Y.

I was discharged from the Army in June, 1946. I returned to legal practice as a member of the firm of Burke & Burke, 72 Wall Street, New York, N.Y. I married Lucille June Caton in New York on December 23, 1947. We have two children, Sarah Ann and John Wallace, III.

KARL YOUNG, JR.; Long Ridge Road, Stamford, Conn.

We settled down in a new house in Stamford in May, 1947, whereupon I knocked myself out painting the house, grading the yard, and planting a garden. Our third child was born in September, 1948. The box score is now: boy, nine; girl, five, and girl, three.

Occasionally I lunch with classmates who work in Manhattan, since I myself work in Radio City with the Shell Oil Company. I've attended and enjoyed several class dinners at the Yale Club.

For nine weeks in early 1947, I was sent abroad by the company, and visited England, Holland, Belgium and France. The liner *America* is a very fine ship. "Austerity" and electricity "blackout" in England were rather appalling—conditions worse than during the war. Other countries seemed to be doing all right.

I'm a member of U.S. Navy Organized Reserve, and attend meetings at the New York Naval Shipyard. Am very pessimistic about the Russians, and predict war in 1952, if not before.

As a practicing organic gardener, I've had quite good results so far, and I recommend the system to others who like fresh vegetables. The ultimate aim is to have a good garden without weeding or cultivating, which can be attained by mulching with grass and leaves.

In April, 1951, I was elected to the Stamford Board of Representatives from the 18th Voting District on the Republican ticket. There are four Yale men on the Board, two Republicans and two Democrats! I find the work on the Board interesting and satisfying.

LOUIS W. YOUNG, JR.; 90 Kent Road, New Britain, Conn.

I have been in the accounting department of Fafnir Bearing Com-

pany since 1933. In 1935, I married Helen Lilley and have two children, Caroline, born in 1936, and Peter, born in 1939.

RICHARD ZELLNER; Wesskum Wood Road, Riverside, Conn.

The last five years have gone by rather quickly, with no big changes in my way of life. We (the same wife and I) have the same children, now five and seven; we live in the same house, a little improved; and the same company, Young & Rubicam, employs me as its Television Art Director.

In slight detail, after thirteen years of marriage, Barbara shows pleasingly few of time's ravages—which is more than I can say for myself. Ann is in second grade, when she can get herself to school on time, and Fred is in kindergarten with most of his first teeth out. Our house has a dog, a sheltie called Ben, some more shelves and wall paper, a terrace, and half of a new bathroom constructed mostly by me—which explains why the rest of it isn't done yet. My job has been in TV for the last four years and concerns itself with commercials to the point where the plug often seems more interesting than the show (fairly faint praise).

Despite the sameness, the last five years have been more enjoyable than the previous five. The children are more fun now and more responsible, which contributes toward more parental leisure time for reviving old hobbies like tennis, skiing, and photography. Also we seem to be able to get in a little travelling (greatly desired by all) and some work for the local P.T.A.

In general, when something like writing this makes me think about it, there's a feeling of a little more definite direction in life, although the goals are probably still as distant as ever.



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